Serfojee Rajah 1817

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# MORDAUNT.

SKETCHES

OF

*LIFE, CHARACTERS, AND MANNERS,*

IN

VARIOUS COUNTRIES;

INCLUDING THE

MEMOIRS

OF

A FRENCH LADY OF QUALITY.

BY THE

*AUTHOR OF ZELUCO & EDWARD.*

VOL. I.

THE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

Ficta voluptatis causa sint proxima veris.

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1710

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MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

# *MORDAUNT.*

## LETTER I.

*The Honourable* JOHN MORDAUNT *to Colonel* SOMMERS.

MY DEAR SOMMERS, Vevay.

I FOUND your letter, as I expected, at the poſt-houſe at Bern, from whence I proceeded directly to Lauſanne. You will not be ſurpriſed at my having made a ſhort pilgrimage to this little town. You remember the perſon with whom I formerly *deviated from the common track* to this place. Poor ———! I could not refuſe this tribute to thy memory.

I wandered yeſterday among the mountains of this neighbourhood, more intereſting to me from the recollections they excited, than even from the ſublime beauties they ex-

hibited. It was late before I returned. As I paſſed the ſtable I heard Ben ſinging—

"Hearts of oak are our ſhips,
"Hearts of oak are our men," &c.

I went to bed thinking of Old England, and paſſed the night ſo agreeably with certain friends in London, that I was exceedingly vexed, when I awaked this morning, to find myſelf in Vevay.

If the pleaſing company in which I ſpent the night had not increaſed my impatience for ſetting out, I ſhould have been tempted to a longer ſtay here, on purpoſe to witneſs the happineſs of a young couple who are to be married within a few days.

The bridegroom is a ſtout young man, of the Pays de Vallais; the bride is niece to the landlord of the inn from whence I now write. In compliment, I ſuppoſe, to her huſband, ſhe has on this occaſion adopted the dreſs of the Vallaiſannes—Do you recollect it? A ſhort tight jacket, with a petticoat of a different

colour, a little ſilk hat, ſmartly fixed to one ſide of the head, and ornamented with a bunch of ribbons. This appears rather ridiculous on ſome of the blowzy ſhepherdeſſes of the Alps; but is becoming on a handſome well-ſhaped woman, which this bride is to a remarkable degree. The landlord invited me to the marriage-entertainment: I declined this *with regret*; not that I had the leaſt wiſh to invade the right of the bridegroom; for though I ſhould have liked very much to be, for ſome time at leaſt, actually him, I would not have uſurped his place, had it been in my power, convinced as I am that her heart is entirely his. I hate as much to ſpoil the happineſs of others as I love to be happy myſelf; and greater indications of felicity I never ſaw than in the countenances of this couple: I do not believe that he would exchange conditions with any king, nor ſhe with any queen, in Europe; though they probably think that kings and queens are happier than all mankind except themſelves.

Being now impatient to proceed on my journey, I ſet out pretty rapidly, but I had not got more than a couple of miles from Vevay when the axletree of my chaiſe broke, and with much difficulty it was dragged back to the inn, where I muſt be detained this day, and perhaps all to-morrow, before it can be repaired in ſuch a manner as to ſtand the reſt of my journey.

This very common accident, which every man who travels in a poſt-chaiſe may expect, put me ſo much out of temper that I could not njo y the company of the happy couple at the inn; I preferred another ramble among the mountains, whoſe melancholy gloom would better accord with the unſociable humour in which I felt myſelf. I ſcrambled half way up the hill, which overhangs this little town: there ſtands the church in which the body of Ludlow was depoſited. Had Gray written his Elegy in that church-yard, it would probably have been enriched with ſome ſtanzas deſcriptive of the ſublime ob-

jects within his view; from no ſpot could he have had a more wonderful proſpect—I did not enjoy it long; dark clouds gathered in the ſky, and obſcured the face of a morning which had ariſen in brightneſs. This new incident, ſtill more common than the former, brought back that ill-humour which the varied ſcenes in my view had begun to diſſipate.—The horizon growing darker and darker, and the rain increaſing every moment, I perceived the neceſſity of returning to the inn—I thought myſelf the moſt unlucky fellow on earth—" The axletree to give way at a place where it could not be put to rights in leſs than two days; and, to crown all, a confounded rain to come on and deprive me of the only reſource I had left, how was I to get over to-morrow! I ſhould expire with *ennui* if I remained all day at the inn, and I ſhould be drowned if I went out; for as for the rain ceaſing I was in too ill luck to have any hopes of that."

With ſuch pleaſing contemplations I de-

ſcended the hill pretty rapidly; but before I had got quite to the bottom my foot ſlipped, and, in the effort I made to recover myſelf, my ancle received ſo violent a twiſt, that for ſome time I was unable to ſtand. After ſitting on the ground till I was completely drenched with rain, by the aſſiſtance of two peaſants who happened to paſs, I was with difficulty brought to the inn. The pain was ſo acute, when I put my foot to the ground, that I had not the leaſt doubt but ſome bone was broken; the ſurgeon, however, aſſured me of the contrary, giving me to underſtand at the ſame time that it would be abſolutely neceſſary for me to ſit on a couch, with my leg in a horizontal poſition, until the inflammation and ſwelling are greatly abated; and this could not be expected in leſs than eight or ten days.

As I had fretted ſo much at the idea of ſtaying another day till the axletree was mended, you may think that the ſurgeon's declaration threw me entirely into deſpair. On the contrary, I was ſo glad to hear that no bone was

broken, that the idea of being fixed for ten days to a couch gave me no uneasiness. An hour before, I thought myself extremely unfortunate: now I considered myself in high good luck. What had happened to produce this happy change?—I had sprained my ancle, been soaked with rain, and was in acute pain.—What! shall I never be able to bear small misfortunes with equanimity till I am threatened with great ones? Could I not have retained my good humour just as well when my ancle was easy, and in its natural state, as now, when it is swelled, and exceedingly painful?—Certainly I could, if I had pleased.—Well, I am determined to please in future; I am determined to bear small disappointments, and trifling cross accidents, with as much composure of mind as I now find, by experience, I can support misfortunes of greater magnitude. Few people profit from the experience of others; I hope, however, to reap some benefit from my own—I shall be a philosopher at last.

In the midſt of theſe meditations on my couch, I began to feel ſome ſymptoms of my old diſtemper—*ennui*. I called for books—there were none to be had. In this extremity I recollected that you often complain of the brevity of my epiſtles, and I recollected alſo that *your* company, my dear Sommers, had always proved an antidote againſt the diſtemper above mentioned; and being diſabled from any new excurſion among the mountains, I reſolved to take a long ramble of a different nature, and to carry you with me.

Obſerve that I do not pretend to write for your amuſement, but my own: I have no ſweet Juliet to ſtrew my couch with roſes, as you had during great part of your long confinement. How I do honour that lovely woman! Had ſhe been married to you before you were wounded, I ſhould not have admired her ſo much: indeed I do not know which moſt to admire—you, for poſtponing the ceremony, after obtaining her long ſoli-

cited confent, and declaring her free from all engagement to you, when your regiment was ordered abroad; or fhe, who was ready to marry and make over her whole fortune to you before you went, and at your return, as I have been affured, declared "That fhe found fhe had been miftaken in thinking you completely graceful before you received the laft wound; for the *halt* which that occafions had rendered you in her eyes the moft graceful man in England."

Adieu! my dear colonel—I muft paufe here a little. Where I fhall carry you when I refume the pen is not yet determined.

Yours ever moft fincerely,

Jo. MORDAUNT.

## LETTER II.

*From the Same to the Same.*

Vevay.

I HAVE often wondered, my dear Sommers, that the guardian-angels of man permitted that yawning fiend *Ennui* to crawl into this fair world—for people may abuſe the world as they pleaſe; but for my part, I find it a very pleaſant world: not that I think, with Dr. Pangloſs, that this is the beſt of all poſſible worlds; but I muſt acknowledge, that I do think it far better, on the whole, than moſt of us deſerve. Some people are extremely difficult to pleaſe in worlds as well as in every thing elſe. Indeed it often happens, that thoſe who ſhow moſt diſcontent have the leaſt cauſe to do ſo. It would be difficult to diſcover, what right ſuch grumbletonians have to a better world; and, in the opinion of many, they run a riſk,

at the firſt remove, of exchanging it for a worſe.

Such people are pleaſed with nothing, from firſt to laſt. I am of a diſpoſition, as you know, my friend, to be pleaſed with a great many things *at firſt*: the miſery is, that few of them pleaſe me long, and almoſt all diſpleaſe me at laſt. After enjoyment, they are apt to become flat and unprofitable: I ſicken at the continued repetition; I am ſeized with a malady which I know not how to name—a kind of ſleeping in the blood. Sir John Falſtaff would have called it a whoreſon tingling. Unleſs it is friendſhip, my dear Sommers, I do not know a ſingle pleaſure of which I have not become tired: and what is very lamentable, the pleaſanter a pleaſure is, the ſooner I am apt to tire of it; and then it becomes a pain, or worſe than pain, the ſource of *ennui*.

> It is the conſtant revolution, ſtale
> And taſteleſs, of the ſame repeated joys,
> That palls and ſatiates.

But I am very ſenſible that the fault does

not lie in the world, but in myſelf: for how many worthy citizens of London have I known, who live ſnug and warm and comfortable, with no greater variety than their counting-houſe affords through the day; the club, conſiſting of the ſame company, and enlivened with the ſame jokes, every evening; and a country-houſe, on the road-ſide, for weekly excurſions from Saturday till Monday, with the ſame wife to the end of the chapter.

Whereas all my enjoyments, even thoſe of the higheſt flavour, ſoon terminate in inſipidity, and I have no reſource but in variety.

Senſible, therefore, of this capital fault in my conſtitution, I am determined to remain for ever a bachelor, in ſpite of the admonitions of my relations, and ſome very tempting offers made by my brother; for you cannot imagine how much he in particular is ſet on my marrying.

But why ſhould I render a woman of

worth and ſenſibility unhappy? For, unleſs ſhe were both, I ſhould never think of her: and I know enough of myſelf to be convinced, that, were ſhe an angel, I ſhould repent my marriage in a month.

Has it not been always ſo with me? What ſituation have I ever been in, without wiſhing for a change? When at Eton, you remember how impatient I was to get to Oxford. I got there, and I thought it a paradiſe; and how very ſoon after did I find it a purgatory.

London then became the true paradiſe. How exultingly did I uſe to drive thither; and you muſt recollect, that after paſſing two riotous nights there, when I awakened you one morning at my return, you exclaimed—

> Even ſuch a man, ſo faint, ſo ſpiritleſs,
> So dull, ſo dead in look, ſo woe-begone,
> Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night.

If I was ſick of Oxford even during the time you remained, I leave you to gueſs how much more ſo I became after you left it, on

obtaining your firſt commiſſion. There, however, I was under the neceſſity of remaining a couple of years longer. I ſhould never have been able to make out the laſt had I not fallen in love with Miſs Pourvis, of that city, which renewed my taſte for Ovid, and Horace, and Tibullus, and produced a variety of imitations by my muſe, in praiſe of her beauty. What I particularly admired was her hair, which ſhe wore in great ſplendor and profuſion; and I might have continued her poet and admirer longer, had not a female couſin of hers, and her moſt confidential friend, aſſured me, that inſtead of twenty, the age that my miſtreſs acknowledged, ſhe really was within a few months of thirty, and that two thirds of her hair was falſe; to convince me of which, ſhe contrived to looſen the cuſhion to which that portion was attached, and to whiſk it entirely from her head, as if by accident, in a fit of romping.

The rape of this lock had very nearly coſt

the malicious couſin dear, for my miſtreſs's nails were as piercing as her eyes; but the incident cured me of my paſſion. I threw my ſonnets to Lydia in the fire, and left the univerſity the week following. After leaving Oxford, I lived above a year with my brother, partly in town, partly in the country. The town was remarkably dull. I don't remember that I ever had ſo ſtrong a propenſity to yawn as during the courſe of that winter, particularly when I went to a new comedy; for I have no reliſh for ſtage-tricks by any actor but Harlequin. I muſt acknowledge, however, that, during the very dulleſt part of the ſeaſon, we were relieved by the laughter excited by one tragedy.

In the country, I became ſo fond of ſhooting and hunting, that, in ſpite of all my paſt experience, I thought I never ſhould tire of them. When I began to be convinced of my miſtake, I was informed that you had obtained leave of abſence, and that you would accompany me to the continent. I can never forget the joy

I felt on that information.—The grand tour! Gracious Heaven, what happineſs did my imagination anticipate! With what impatience rolled we on to Dover! How nauſeated we the croſs winds that prolonged our paſſage to Calais! How curſed the tall, lumbering poſtillions, ſtumbling bidets, broken roads, and breaking tackle, that retarded our arrival at Paris. We arrived at laſt—and, for a longer time than uſual, the hours danced along more gaily than ever; for it muſt be confeſſed, that, before the revolution, Paris was a tolerably amuſing place.

In Folly's cup ſtill laughs the bubble joy.

But when the cup is filled too often, the ſparklings on the ſurface become fewer, and but a poor compenſation for the nauſeous dregs at the bottom. Beſides, we could not always remain in France—it was abſolutely neceſſary that we ſhould proceed to Italy. Away we went. We traverſed the Alps in very good ſpirits: we had efforts to make,

difficulties to overcome, and were in expectation of much enjoyment. Our hopes were not a little damped, however, by the uniformity and etiquette of Turin. I felt my old diſeaſe coming faſt upon me, which obliged us to quit that place a fortnight ſooner than we had previouſly reſolved on; indeed there was no poſſibility of remaining after I had been detected in the act of yawning in the royal preſence.

All the peculiar enjoyments of Italy were ſtill before us; the muſic, the paintings, the ſculpture, the antiquities. I fondly flattered myſelf that I ſhould find ſuch delight in ſome, or in all of theſe, as would entirely cure me of yawning; and I had the ſatisfaction of knowing, that whatever propenſity I might retain for that offenſive habit, I could be in no danger of relapſing into it in the preſence of a crowned head until we arrived at Naples. As I contemplated the paintings of the great maſters with real admiration, I began to imagine that I was ſomewhat of a

judge of that charming art; but after my return to England, having imprudently avowed a confiderable degree of admiration for the works of certain artifts of that country alfo, and what was ftill more provoking, of fome who are ftill alive, I found that my judgment was held in contempt by connoiffeurs: this was increafed, no doubt, by my having been feized with my old habit of yawning, on one or two occafions, when fome of thofe gentlemen were expatiating on the fubject of painting.

The inimitable fpecimens of fculpture, of which Italy could at that time boaft, afforded me very great delight; though I could not declare, as I have heard fome do, that "I never could tire of contemplating them; and that the oftener I vifited them, the more pleafure I received." Such people have greatly the advantage of me: unfortunately, the repetition of my vifits diminifhed my enjoyment very fenfibly; and had I continued them much longer, there is reafon to fear that I fhould

have betrayed the ſame ſymptom of *ennui* in the preſence of the Apollo of Belvidere which I had unfortunately exhibited in that of his Sardinian majeſty.

I hardly think it poſſible for any mortal to contemplate the ſublime objects of nature, or the beauties of variegated landſcape, with more admiration and delight than I have done: yet the Alps, and the Vale of Arno, became, before I left them, Highgate-hill and Turnham-green to me.

I have alſo received much pleaſure from reading maſterly and elegant deſcriptions of picturesque countries; but when repeated too often in the ſame book, the frowning mountain, the terrific rock, the deep ſhade of the woods, the bright verdure of the meads, the headlong torrent, the meandering river, the bluſh of morn, glow of noon, and purple tint of evening, the bright ſtars, twinkling through luxuriant branches, the pale face of the moon, and all the glory of the great ſun itſelf, become tireſome.

The pleaſing enthuſiaſm inſpired by a ſight of the remains of antiquity, and that moſt intereſting part of the ſcenery of Italy which recalls to the memory the works and actions of thoſe poets, philoſophers, and heroes, we have always admired, was what laſted the longeſt: but ſo unhappily fleeting is every ſource of enjoyment with me, that even this failed at laſt; and, before we left Rome, I aſcended from the old Forum to the Capitol with as little emotion as I ever walked up Ludgate-hill.

The poſt is juſt going to ſet out from Vevay. I cloſe this packet, therefore, and ſend it to you; directly after which I ſhall commence another; for (prepare yourſelf for a great compliment) what elſe can I do?

Yours,

Jo. Mordaunt.

## LETTER III.

*From the Same to the Same.*

DEAR SOMMERS, Vevay.

I CONCLUDED my laſt with an honeſt confeſſion, that I wrote becauſe, in my preſent circumſtances, it is my only reſource againſt *ennui*. I will not be honeſt by halves. My reaſon for addreſſing my letters to you is juſt as ſelfiſh. To whom elſe could I write with that freedom, which alone can make writing agreeable? To what other perſon could I pour out my thoughts as they occur, without ſelecting words or arranging phraſes? For, were I obliged to take that trouble, I well know—

> That in the midſt of hums and haws,
> And fatal intervening pauſe *,

the foul fiend above mentioned would be ready to take hold of me, and put an end to my ſcribbling at once.

* Congreve.

I was preparing to leave Italy with as much impatience as I had entered it, when the arrival of the Comteſſina from Madrid preſented to my eyes a new object of admiration.

Urit grata protervitas,
Et vultus nimium lubricus aſpici.
In me tota ruens Venus
Cyprum deſeruit.

Dazzled by her beauty, I miſtook affectation for elegance, coquetry for *naïveté*, and *aſſumed* paſſion for real love. So completely was I intoxicated, that I was on the point of binding myſelf to her for life. To you, my dear Sommers, I owe, and I ſhall never forget the obligation, that I eſcaped the ſnares of that woman, the atrocity of whoſe mind became afterwards more manifeſt at Vienna. There I formed the reſolution, to which I ſhall adhere moſt firmly, *never to marry*. I have been what is called in love twenty times ſince, and am now ſure of myſelf.

Germany was a new ſcene—the German armies a freſh object of contemplation. I was eager to be a witneſs of the wonderful

precifion to which military manœuvres have been brought in that country.

Soon after I had the misfortune to lofe you, the duties of your profeffion calling you home: I regretted this the more, becaufe, had you remained, I fhould have profited by your opinion on a fubject which you have ftudied with peculiar attention.

Having formed an acquaintance, however, with officers in the fervice of moft of the fovereign princes in Germany, I had opportunities of examining, pretty minutely, the grand military machine, fuppofed to be brought to fuch perfection in that country.

The great end and object of every government ought to be the happinefs of the governed. We conceive the diffufion of happinefs to be the grand purpofe even of creation. When the avowed object is the promotion of general happinefs in every government and inftitution, individual happinefs ought to have a proper weight. I queftion much if this is the cafe in the fy-

ſtem of military diſcipline, particularly in Germany.

The exhibition at a review is brilliant to the eye; but an inveſtigation of the ſprings on which its movements depend is moſt afflicting to the heart. The number of blows to which a recruit in the German ſervice is ſubjected is not to be counted; and the various ſeverities he muſt endure, before he can be brought to hold himſelf as erect as a pike, to wheel to the right and left with the agility of a harlequin, to bear reſtraint with the patience of a bramin, and to toſs his firelock with the dexterity of a juggler, are inconceivable.

"Poor fellows," ſaid I one day to an officer with whom I converſed, "how unhappy is their condition!"

"No," ſaid the officer, you are miſtaken; "it is not unhappy."

"No!" exclaimed I.

"Not at all," anſwered he; "by no manner of means."

"Why, how many blows of a cane may an officer order the corporal to give a soldier for a fault in the exercise?"

"Six," said he; "he must not exceed six for one blunder."

"But a man may make several blunders in one field-day," said I.

"If he were to make twenty," replied the officer, "he would receive only six blows for each."

"How often are the soldiers upon duty?" said I.

"They are very seldom off duty," answered he; "but they mount guard only twice or thrice a week in the time of peace."

"How do they employ the rest of their time?"

"O, they are never at a loss for the employment of their time; they have their firelock to furbish, their accoutrements to clean, and they must appear at the roll-calling night and morning. These different employments fill up most of their spare time,

and prevent them from ſpending their pay in gluttony and debauchery."

"They muſt repine ſadly at ſo much conſtraint?"

"Quite the contrary," replied he; "they muſt never repine: they would be puniſhed if they attempted to repine—beſides, they know that their condition is never to be altered, which ſaves them from repining."

"Why this is as great a ſlavery as that of the negroes in our colonies, in my opinion!" exclaimed I.

"So it is in mine," ſaid the officer.

"I thought you had denied that the ſoldiers were in ſlavery?" reſumed I.

"Never," anſwered he; "I never could deny what is manifeſt. I denied that they were unhappy, indeed, which is a very different thing."

Notwithſtanding the diſtinction made by this officer between ſlavery and unhappineſs, I hope our countrymen, my dear Sommers, will always conſider them as ſynonymous.

When we conſider the object obtained by

all this caning and revolting ſeverity, it ſeems moſt ſurpriſing that it ſhould be continued: all that it produces is a greater degree of quickneſs in the manual exerciſe than would take place without it. Soldiers are puniſhed an hundred times on account of ſome involuntary ſlip of their fingers for once on account of diſobedience to officers, or neglect of any eſſential article of duty. That ſoldiers ſhould be taught to handle their arms with dexterity, to wheel, to march, and preſerve order in their ranks; and, above all, that they ſhould be obedient and attentive, is abſolutely neceſſary; but that they ſhould perform certain motions half a ſecond ſooner or later is of no importance. That all the eſſential parts of military diſcipline are to be obtained without German ſeverity is proved by the armies of other nations; by the reſpectable appearance at preſent made by the militia and fencible regiments of Great-Britain; and would, I am perſuaded, be rendered ſtill more manifeſt, if volunteer corps

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were permitted to arm, which probably will be thought neceſſary, in caſe the French reject every fair offer of peace, and continue to threaten invaſion. The permiſſion of ſuch corps would, in my opinion, have the very beſt effects; it would quiet every apprehenſion reſpecting public liberty: for what government would put arms in the hands of thoſe it meant to enſlave? It would put an end to all dread of invaſion; for, on the almoſt incredible ſuppoſition that 50,000 French ſhould elude the vigilance of the Britiſh navy, and land in England, what could they do againſt three or four hundred thouſand armed Britons? If it can be ſuppoſed that the French could be victorious over ſuch a force, it muſt at the ſame time be acknowledged that they deſerve the iſland.

It is very probable, my dear Colonel, that, as a military man, you may deſpiſe my ideas reſpecting diſcipline, and be ſurpriſed that I ſhould have written a line on the ſubject: be pleaſed however to recollect, that in your

late letters, while you complain of the brevity of mine, you add, that you excuſe me from communicating news, and deſire that I may chooſe what ſubject I pleaſe, and ſend you my ſentiments juſt as they occur. What ſtruck me moſt while I was in Germany, and what perhaps is the moſt diſtinguiſhing feature in the national character, is the military diſcipline; and therefore I could not help ſaying ſomething on that ſubject; though I was ſo much ſhocked with ſome parts of it, that, after a tour into Hungary, I returned to Paris at the beginning of Auguſt 1792, and was witneſs to ſcenes of ſuch dreadful atrocity as might have made the moſt humane mind regret the want of German diſcipline in its utmoſt ſeverity. Of theſe I ſhall ſay ſomething in my next. Adieu!

Jo. MORDAUNT.

## LETTER IV.

*The Same to the Same.*

Vevay.

You have often hinted a deſire of ſome detail of the occurrences at Paris while I was there laſt; I as often determined to indulge you, according to the terms of your requeſt, *as ſoon as I ſhould have leiſure*, which however I was convinced would never happen till we ſhould meet. Now I have leiſure with a vengeance: indeed I have hardly any thing elſe but leiſure, and can do nothing elſe but write. The ſubject, however, is not agreeable; yet, as you have choſen it, you ſhall have what recollections may chance to flow from my pen.

I am entirely of the opinion you expreſs in the laſt letter I received from you, that "the maſſacre of the Proteſtants in the year 1572 was not more infamous than that of the

prisoners in 1792." Both proceeded from the premeditated wickedness of a few, and not the blind fury of the multitude, as the planners of the latter pretended. It may with as much justice be asserted, that the inhabitants of Paris rose and murdered their fellow-citizens in the night of St. Barthelemi, without the knowledge of Catharine and Charles, as that they slaughtered the prisoners in September without the instigation of Robespierre, Danton, and Marat. The pretence for the one was religion, for the other liberty: the spirit of religion certainly prompted the one transaction just as much as that of liberty did the other. Nothing can be a stronger proof of the intrinsic value of real religion and true liberty, than that both have been cherished in all ages, by the worthiest part of mankind, in spite of all the dreadful crimes for which they have both been made pretexts.

I happened to be in the Rue St. Honoré when the head of the princess Lamballe was

carried to the Palais Royal—I ſhall never forget the countenance of the wretch who carried the pike. Some of our countrymen dined with the duke of Orleans that very day: one of them told me the ſame evening that he ſtood with him at the window when it paſſed; the duke ſaid, "C'eſt la tête de "madame de Lamballe—Je la reconnois par "ſa chevelure."

All preſent were ſhocked at this horrid proceſſion: madame Buffon turned quite pale, and ſeemed to be occupied with melancholy reflections as long as the company ſtaid. It has often been aſſerted that the duke contrived the murder of the princeſs from avaricious motives.

From the idea I formed of his character during my ſhort acquaintance, and from the account I have received from ſome who were in the habit of intimacy with him, I believe this is without foundation. His mind was more frivolous than atrocious: though incapable of elevation or any great virtuous exer-

tion, it ſeemed alſo incapable of plotting a deed of ſuch enormous wickedneſs. He gamed more from habit than avarice: and notwithſtanding that the alterations made in the Palais Royal were generally imputed to his inſatiable covetouſneſs, I have been aſſured, by thoſe who had opportunities of knowing the truth, that he was with difficulty led into that meaſure by the importunity of thoſe who had expectations of gain by it. The crimes, as well as the follies of his life, proceeded from the ſuggeſtion or impulſe of others, rather than his own natural diſpoſition.

His education had been entirely neglected. What knowledge he poſſeſſed was caught in converſation; yet ſuch was his natural quickneſs, that he often diſplayed an acuteneſs of obſervation, and a pleaſantry in recounting, that approached to wit. On this account he was told by his flatterers, that he reſembled in character his anceſtor the Regent, who,

with all his profligacy, was indiſputably a man of wit.

In like manner all the kings of France who have ſhown great fondneſs for women have been compared to Henry IV.; and all their miniſters, of whatever character, to the duke of Sully, and were never told that they had loſt the reſemblance until they loſt the royal favour.

Though the duke of Orleans talked with plauſibility, he had no fixed opinions; ſo that, after ſupporting a particular argument one day, it was not unuſual to hear him ſpeak next day in the oppoſite ſenſe with equal plauſibility. He never had the leaſt taſte for reading of any kind; the moſt amuſing or intereſting narrative could not allure him to take that trouble. Though he paſſed his life in debauchery, he had not patience to peruſe even thoſe licentious books where ſuch ſcenes are deſcribed. An intimate companion of his aſſured me, that happening to make men-

tion of the *Liaiſons Dangereuſes*, it appeared that the duke never had read it, though written by his favourite La Clos, and deſcriptive of ſcenes highly to his fancy.

He was as devoid of ambition as of a taſte for letters, but was ſeduced into political intrigue by the ambition of Mirabeau and La Clos; and falling afterwards into the government of men of more atrocious characters, he was driven to meaſures of cruelty by terror. The ſhocking vote he gave in the convention was not prompted by revenge, or a wiſh to take away the king's life, but merely to ſave his own; which, however, it did not ſave; for he was afterwards dragged to the guillotine by the very monſters who had forced him to vote for the death of the king.

What may be thought the moſt ſingular part of his ſtory is, that he died with a degree of firmneſs far ſuperior to what he had ever diſplayed in the courſe of his life. Thoſe who conducted him to execution

made the cart ſtop before the gate of his own palace, the ſcene of his former magnificence and pleaſure. This was done, no doubt from a refinement in cruelty, that his anguiſh might be rendered more acute by the recollection of what he was going to be deprived of for ever. He did not affect to turn his eyes away, but looked up to it without any ſymptom of ſorrow or emotion; he ſeemed no way affected by the ſhouts and inſults of the moſt brutal of all mobs; he retained the ſame air of indifference the whole way to the place of execution, and ſubmitted to the executioner without a complaint or a ſigh.

The duke of Orleans well deſerved his fate, on account of his crimes againſt his ſovereign and his country, but not from the men who had driven him to thoſe crimes, and whoſe power was in a great meaſure the purchaſe of his money. The juſtice which was that day executed on him was, in thoſe who brought him to the ſcaffold, the height of injuſtice and villany.

From the moment I ſeized the pen, my dear Sommers, I determined to allow my fancy to range where it pleaſed without method or control.

When I began this letter I thought no more of the duke of Orleans than of Sardanapalus. You may think I have dwelt too long on a character ſo worthleſs: though worthleſs, however, there are traits of ſtriking peculiarity in it. Whatever relates to human nature, and tends to develop character, is intereſting to me: beſides, when a man of great ambition, wickedneſs, and ſtrength of mind, perpetrates crimes of the deepeſt dye to attain his objects, it is no more than what might be expected; but it may lead to more uſeful reflections, to ſhow that men of frivolous characters, devoid of ambition or any great ſtimulus to evil, may be gradually led, from want of thought and eaſineſs of temper, from one ſtep to another, until they arrive at the ſummit of wickedneſs. I think I have heard ſome perſons ex-

prefs furprife and horror at the guilt of the duke of Orleans, whofe character effentially refembled his, and who, in fimilar fituations, would have acted as he did in all refpects, except in the firmnefs with which he met death: that indeed forms fuch a contraft with the reft of his *own* character as is not eafy to account for.

His fate might however have been forefeen from the time that the name of Egalité was impofed upon him. Egalité was the cry of the populace when I was at Paris; and dreadful were the effects which that mifconceived term had on the minds of the multitude. In vain did Vergniaud, by far the moft eloquent man in the national affembly, explain its true import, and warn them of the horrid confequence of taking it in the fenfe in which Marat wifhed it to be underftood: "Un tyran de l'antiquité," exclaimed Vergniaud, "avait un lit de fer, fur lequel il faifait étendre fes victimes, mutilant celles qui étaient plus grandes que le lit, difloquant celles qui

l'étaient moins pour leur faire atteindre le niveau. Ce tyran aimait l'égalité, et voilà celle des tyrans qui nous dechirent par leur fureurs.

L'égalité pour l'homme ſocial n'eſt que celle des droits : elle n'eſt pas plus celle des fortunes, que celle des tailles, celle des forces, de l'eſprit, de l'activité, de l'induſtrie, et du travail *."

Though neither Robeſpierre himſelf, nor the moſt outrageous mountaineer of his faction, ever publicly diſputed this kind of explanation; yet what the lower orders of ſo-

* A tyrant of antiquity ordered men to be laid upon a bed of iron; ſtretching thoſe who were ſhorter to the full length of the bed, and amputating the legs of thoſe who were too tall; ſo that all were brought to equality, and thruſt into the bed. This tyrant was fond of equality: and ſuch is the equality which the tyrants who now torture us with their mad decrees would ſubject us to.

There can be no other kind of equality for men in ſociety but that of rights; there can no more be an equality of fortune, than there is of ſtature, of ſtrength, of underſtanding, or activity or induſtry.

ciety meant, when they roared for equality, certainly was that they ſhould be put on a footing with the rich, not that the pooreſt ſhould be put on a level with them.

At the commencement of the revolution, when men of candour in every country of Europe wiſhed well to it, becauſe they thought it would confine the power of the monarch within juſt limits, and might favour the cauſe of rational freedom all over the world, certain individuals, of the higheſt orders in France, gave proofs of their diſintereſtedneſs by the ſacrifices they made with a view to the general good, which thoſe of the middle or inferior orders, with all their patriotic declamations, could not do.—By the middle order I do not mean the Robeſpierres, the Marats, the Dantons, the La Croix, the Couthons, or any of that horrid gang, who ſeem to have been ſolely prompted by the ſpirits of ambition, rapacity, and vengeance; but I do mean the party of the Gironde, which

is generally allowed to have been the moſt enlightened, the moſt moderate, and the beſt intentioned: few of them had any ſacrifice in the article of fortune to make; they had little or nothing to loſe by the revolution, except their lives indeed, which moſt of their leaders loſt accordingly.

Almoſt the only thing that pleaſed me during my reſidence at Paris at that period was the eloquence of Vergniaud, which made ſo deep an impreſſion on my memory, that I remember many paſſages of his ſpeeches: in one particularly, in anſwer to a deſtructive motion of Robeſpierre, he made the following obſervation, which the ſubſequent events of the revolution have often recalled to my remembrance:—" Vous vaincrez vos ennemis—je le crois; mais la nation fatiguée des diſſenſions, mais la France, épuiſée par les efforts faits pour vaincre ſes ennemis exterieurs, dechirée par les factions, ſera encore épuiſée par les hommes, par l'argent qu'il aura fallu tirer de ſon ſein et craignez qu'elle

ne reſſemble à ces antiques monumens qu'on retrouve en Egypte. L'étranger, qui les aperçoit, s'étonne de leur grandeur; s'il y pénètre, qu'y trouve-t-il?—des cendres inanimées, et le ſilence des tombeaux *."

Robeſpierre haſtened to fulfil this prophecy: at his inſtigation, a deputation from two of the ſections of Paris brought to the bar of the convention a petition for a decree of accuſation againſt twenty-two members, of which number Vergniaud was one. In his ſpeech on that occaſion he makes the following lively and prophetic obſervation:—"Il eſt permis de craindre que la révolution, comme Saturne, dévorant ſucceſſivement tous ſes enfans, n'engendre enfin le

* You ſay, you will conquer your enemies: I am convinced you will—but France, exhauſted by her efforts to conquer external enemies, torn by internal factions, and drained at once of men and money, muſt be brought to ruin; and may be compared to thoſe ancient monuments to be ſeen in Egypt. The ſtranger, beholding them at a diſtance, is aſtoniſhed at their grandeur; but if he enters them, what does he find?—inanimated aſhes, and the ſilence of the tomb.

deſpotiſme avec les calamités qui l'accompagnent *."

This laſt remark of Vergniaud brings to my recollection a curious ſally of Tom Travers, who, knowing my intention of returning by Paris, came and met me, though he never liked the French, and particularly abhorred their proceedings at that time.

We happened to dine in company with two of our countrymen, and ſeveral of the deputies to the convention: one of the latter, who was a phyſician, told a ſtory, with a little variation, which I had often heard before, of a French ſtudent of medicine, who had lodged in the ſame houſe in London with a man in a fever. This poor man was continually teaſed by the nurſe to drink, though he nauſeated the inſipid liquids that were preſented to him. At laſt, when ſhe was more importunate than uſual, he whiſpered in her ear—" For God's ſake,

* There is reaſon to dread that the revolution, having, like Saturn, devoured its own children, will at laſt produce deſpotiſm and the calamities that accompany it.

bring me a ſalt herring, and I will drink as much as you pleaſe!"

The woman indulged him in his requeſt: he devoured the herring, drank plentifully, underwent a copious perſpiration, and recovered.

The French ſtudent inſerted this aphoriſm in his journal:

*A ſalt herring cures an Engliſhman in a fever!*

On his return to France, he preſcribed the ſame remedy to the firſt patient in a fever to whom he was called.

The patient died: on which the ſtudent inſerted in his journal the following caveat:

*N. B. Though a ſalt herring cures an Engliſhman, it kills a Frenchman!*

Some time after, the prediction of Vergniaud being mentioned, the deputy who had told the ſtory ſaid " he hoped it would prove falſe, and that the French revolution would prove as beneficial to France as the revolution in the year 1688 had done to England.

"J'en doute *," ſaid Travers, abruptly, and in a pretty loud voice.

"Et pourquoi donc, Monſieur † ?" ſaid the deputy.

"Parceque," anſwered Travers, "une révolution reſemble un peu a un hareng ſallé, qui s'accorde mieux avec notre conſtitution qu'avec la votre : auſſi y-a-t-il une grande différence entre un Anglais et un Français ‡."

"Une très-grande différence, aſſurément § !" rejoined the Frenchman.

Travers, who did not reliſh the ironical air with which the deputy ſaid this, exclaimed, in an angry tone—"Qu'entendez-vous dire par la, Monſieur || ?"

The Frenchman, thinking he had as much

* I doubt it.

† Wherefore do you doubt it?

‡ Becauſe a revolution is a little like a ſalt herring, which agrees better with our conſtitution than with yours : and beſides, there is a great difference between an Engliſhman and a Frenchman.

§ A very great difference, indeed!

|| What do you mean to ſay by that, Sir?

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reaſon to be angry as Travers, replied in the ſame tone:

" J'entends dire, qu'il y a, Comme vous le dites vous même, une grande, et très-grande différence * !"

Seeing them likely to quarrel, I interfered, ſaying—" Ne vous échauffez donc pas tant, Meſſieurs; où, ſi vous voulez abſolument avoir un querelle, que ce ſoit pour un autre raiſon que celle d'être l'un et l'autre du même avis †."

This put the two diſputants in better humour; and it was evident enough, that the whole company, French as well as Engliſh, were fully ſatisfied that it ſhould be received as an indiſputable truth, that there is a great difference between Engliſhmen and Frenchmen.

* I mean to ſay, what you yourſelf have already ſaid, That there is a great—ay, and a very great difference, between them.

† Don't be ſo violent; or, if you are determined to quarrel, let it be on ſome other account than becauſe you are both of one opinion.

This is the only time in which I ever found ſo many individuals of thoſe two nations of the ſame way of thinking.

Adieu!

J. MORDAUNT.

## LETTER V.

*From the Same to the Same.*

Vevay.

WHATEVER difference there may be between the Britiſh natural character and the French, I am convinced there is not a greater than between France as it now is, and as it formerly was.

Inſtead of that gay metropolis, the ingenuity, the taſte, and even the abſurdities of whoſe inhabitants afforded inſtruction, entertainment, and laughter, to the reſt of Europe, Paris ſeems now to be the abode of terror and cruelty, from whence the neighbouring nations are menaced with devaſtation and ruin!

Who could have imagined, that a nation ſo fond of amuſement and pleaſantry would have been the abode of ſo much miſery?

It were to be wiſhed, that France could, with truth, ſay to the reſt of Europe what Scarron, the huſband of madame Maintenon, ſaid to his relations, weeping round his death-bed :—" I ſhall never make you weep ſo much as I have made you laugh."

That France herſelf has as much reaſon to weep as any other country is no great conſolation.

The choice of members for the national convention gives no favourable idea of ſo very popular an election. What ſhare of learning, eloquence, taſte and humanity exiſted in that aſſembly almoſt excluſively belonged to the party which went under the name of the Gironde. This party ſeemed to have the lead for ſome time in the convention; but they were ſoon overſet by the furious faction of the Mountain, ſupported by the Jacobin clubs and the ruffians of the ſuburbs.

At the time when the twenty-one mem-

bers of the Gironde were executed, the whole nation of France were under the absolute dominion of the Jacobin society of Paris; for the national convention durst not then disobey the mandates of the *conseil général de la commune*; which, on its part, was equally obedient to the decrees, however furious, of that society, which had been abandoned by all who possessed any share of moderation; and was composed entirely of ignorant, brutal enthusiasts, prompted by a few wicked and ambitious men.

Nothing could be more absurd than the accusation brought against the Girondists; namely, that they conspired to restore the monarchy: and their having opposed the execution of the king was urged as a clear proof of the accusation.

They were also accused of federalism: the import of which their judges themselves did not understand. When one of them was asked what it meant, he said "He was no

grammarian, but that it *sounded* like a very heinous crime."

The crimes, which might with juſtice have been ſtated againſt Briſſot and the Girondiſts, were, their having overthrown the conſtitution which they had ſworn to ſupport, and their having calumniated the king, in order to render monarchy odious to the nation, and to pave the way to a republican form of government.

That meaſure, however, was precipitated on them ſooner than they expected, by Colot d'Herbois, who was not of their party, and who afterwards became one of their greateſt enemies. What could be a greater proof of the levity of the national convention than their decreeing a republican form of government, on the firſt day of their meeting, at the motion of a man unknown before to the public, except as a very indifferent actor.

To give France the name of a republic is ſoon done: to communicate to Frenchmen

the character ſuitable to republicans will be found more difficult. One great objection ſtated by them againſt monarchy is, that the ſovereign may be an infant, and of courſe kept under tutelage; but they have found, by ſad experience, that their *peuple ſouveraign* is always an infant, and requires to be always under tutelage. They have alſo found, that converting the monarchy into a republic, though it for a ſhort time pleaſed the vanity, never relieved the miſery of the people of France itſelf, yet it has proved a fruitful ſource of miſery to other nations.

The French revolution is a convulſive diſorder, which ſome people imagined might have been uſeful to France, by removing other complaints to which her conſtitution was liable; but being of a contagious nature, there was danger of its infecting nations who ſtood in no need of ſo violent a remedy: it might therefore have been prudent to have formed a line of circumvallation around

France, like what is drawn around towns infected with the plague, and ſo have cut off all intercourſe with the people of that country, leaving them to find a remedy for their own diſorders as they beſt could, and never to have opened the communication until the convulſions were cured, and the danger of infection at an end.

If however the French broke over the line by force, as many aſſert, or if other nations interfered with the ſole view of curing the diſorders of France, as they themſelves declared, the interference muſt be acknowledged to have been neceſſary in the firſt caſe, and moſt generous in the ſecond.

Whether leaving the French entirely to themſelves would have precluded any of the calamities of Europe can never be perfectly determined; but the civil war, which it is probable foreign interference prevented, could not have ſurpaſſed in horrors thoſe which have occurred in the progreſs of the revolution—horrors which have diſgraced

the caufe of liberty all over Europe, and diminifhed the averfion to arbitrary power, even in England.—When two calamities threaten, terror of the moft favage and moft impending is apt to difperfe all thought of the other.

It is indeed as furprifing, that the dreadful executions, which began with the murder of the king, and continued for fifteen months, fhould have been quietly beheld, in a metropolis like Paris, as that they fhould ever have been decreed.

If, to account for this, it is alleged, that the fpirit of loyalty was at that period much cooled in the breafts of the Parifians, it muft alfo be granted that the fpirit of republicanifm feems to have been in the fame ftate fome months after, when twenty-one members of the Gironde party were beheld, with equal coolnefs, carried to execution through the ftreets of that capital, with whofe inhabitants they had lately been fo popular. But what is ftill more aftonifhing (for thofe

inhabitants may have been perſuaded, in the firſt inſtance, that their mild and merciful king was a tyrant; and, in the ſecond, that the Girondiſts were traitors;—but what, I ſay, is ſtill more aſtoniſhing, and revolts the heart of man, is, that the Pariſians ſhould, with equal paſſiveneſs, have beheld *women* treated in the ſame barbarous manner; that, unmoved by all the ſufferings of the unfortunate queen, they could bear to ſee her dragged, with every mark of indignity, to the ſcaffold; and that, contrary to the dictates of common ſenſe as well as common humanity, and without the ſhadow of political intereſt, they could bear to ſee the pious, inoffenſive, unaſſuming princeſs Elizabeth, dragged to the ſame ſcaffold.

There is ſomething inexplicable, as well as atrocious, in the character of this Robeſpierre: he does not ſeem to have been actuated by the ſame motives which are generally ſuppoſed to have influenced other monſters of cruelty.

The uſual incentives to deeds of that nature with tyrants, or men poſſeſſed of unlimited power, are, the fear of being deprived of it, avarice, bigotry, revenge, and ſometimes a diabolical kind of enjoyment in beholding torture. The common motives to deeds of cruelty in men in private life are, jealouſy, revenge, covetouſneſs, and ambition: but Robeſpierre was not avaricious, was not a bigot, had no injuries to avenge, was never preſent at an execution, was never in love—yet he extended the moſt horrid acts of cruelty to thouſands, who ſtood not in the way of his ambition, and continued them after his ambition was ſatisfied, and his power quietly ſubmitted to. Wicked politicians often uſe religion as a cover for crimes, without any ſentiment of religion in their heart: this man evinced a contempt for religion, and directed his cruelty peculiarly againſt thoſe who ſhowed a reverence for Chriſtianity. Enthuſiaſts are capable of criminal actions, without any ſentiment of

wickedneſs in their heart: though Robeſpierre was thought an enthuſiaſt, this could not be ſaid of him. Could any human creature, without the moſt wicked of hearts, during the fifteen dreadful months his power laſted, exerciſe more acts of cruelty than any tyrant, ancient or modern, ever exerciſed in the ſame ſpace of time. By his order, or with his approbation, many thouſands of men, women, and even children, of all ranks, were confined in loathſome priſons, treated with the moſt ſhocking barbarity, until they were, in troops of fifty in a day, dragged to execution. Many thouſands of inoffenſive peaſants, who did not underſtand what the word revolution meant, were drowned in the Loire; numbers of the inhabitants of Lyons driven into incloſures, to be torn in pieces by grape-ſhot; and many of his own moſt intimate acquaintance, not only thoſe who were of a different party, and oppoſed his horrid cruelty, but thoſe

who had long aided and ſupported him in his plans of bloodſhed and devaſtation, he ſent, on the firſt appearance of diſapprobation of his meaſures, without remorſe, to the guillotine: and what ſeems as ſingular and unaccountable as all that has been enumerated is, that a ſpirited people, excited by enthuſiaſm for liberty, ſhould, while their enthuſiaſm was at the height, have quietly ſubmitted, for fifteen months, to the tyranny of an obſcure, canting, capricious madman, though exerciſed with more wanton cruelty than had been ever diſplayed by the moſt deſpotic of their monarchs.

You may again accuſe me of dwelling on a man of a wicked character: but, remember you requeſted me to write of the French revolution, in paſſing over that ground, without ſeeking characters of *ſuch diſlike*, as Falſtaff ſays of Worceſter's rebellion—*They lay in the way, and I find them*.

But, after all, I muſt confeſs that every

ſpecies of ſingularity of character is attractive to me; and what character was ever ſo horribly ſingular as that of Robeſpierre?

He ſeems to have relied ſo entirely on the efficacy of terror, for confirming his deſpotiſm and ſecuring his power, that he was at little pains to ſuppreſs certain literary productions, which, by creating a ſtrong ſympathy in favour of the oppreſſed, tend to rouſe indignation againſt the oppreſſor: perhaps he fell a ſacrifice, at laſt, to this ſecurity.

Poetry is a very powerful inſtrument of this nature. Even popular ſongs, with but a very ſmall portion of poetical merit, have been known to produce an important effect. Many ſongs in honour of certain victims of Robeſpierre's cruelty, and elegies lamenting their fate, were circulated in Paris during his bloody reign.

A poetry of a different kind, and more congenial with the ſpirit of the French revolution, has lately been introduced into France from Germany. Several German

plays have been tranflated, and were acted to crowded audiences, about this time, at Paris: they are a kind of tragi-comedies, in which men in defperate fituations, and of daring and wicked characters, are introduced fpeaking appropriate language. The hero declaims virtuoufly, and acts criminally: their drift is to fhow that murder, robbery, and other crimes, which in the vulgar opinion are committed by confummate villains only, may be committed by the moft benevolent, generous, and heroic people on earth. It appeared, from the applaufe, that this moral was relifhed by many of the audience. It muft indeed have been peculiarly flattering to thofe patriots who cleared the prifons in September 1792.

Some of the German ballads have alfo been tranflated: they are generally founded on nurfery-tales of apparitions, animated fkeletons, raw heads, and bloody bones. I have heard of one poetical romance that is very much admired: it records the adventures of

a demon of the feminine gender, who, about three hundred years ago, was permitted to try her fortune in the capital of Bohemia, and to aſſume any ſhape ſhe pleaſed.

As the ſeduction of men was her object, ſhe choſe the form of a beautiful woman; and, according to the ballad, ſhe was very ſucceſsful. It was no unuſual ſtratagem of hers to tempt men to commit crimes, for which they were impriſoned; and then, conveying herſelf through the key-hole, to tempt them to mortgage their ſoul to Satan, in order to obtain their liberty; which they no ſooner did, than, the roof of the priſon riſing to infernal muſic, the deluded miſcreant was conveyed ſeveral leagues through the air, and then daſhed againſt ſome deſert rock, or dropped into the ſea and never more heard of.

In this romance there is a pathetic account of a rendezvous which ſhe gave to one young man; and, at the inſtant in which he imagined that ſhe was yielding to his embraces,

ſhe was metamorphoſed into a ſkeleton, and he found a parcel of naked bones in his arms.

The author of the ballad declares, that to deſcribe the ſurpriſe and diſappointment of this young man is beyond his ability; but that all, to whom the ſame adventure has happened, will have a juſt idea of them.

He then proceeds to record, that this demon might have extended her ſeductions to a greater number than ſhe did had it not been for a ſulphureous ſmell, which ſhe could not entirely diveſt herſelf of, and which ſhe found it difficult to overcome, even for a ſhort time, by all the perfumes and eſſences ſhe uſed. On this account, however much ſhe pleaſed at firſt ſight, none could endure a laſting attachment to her; until a young Scottiſh nobleman, in paſſing through Prague on his way to Vienna, was ſo faſcinated with her beauty, and ſo little annoyed with her ſmell, that he intended to have taken her into keeping, had not his valet, an old

Highlander, who had travelled with his father, and was endowed with the ſecond ſight, aſſured his lordſhip, that, in ſpite of her beauty, his miſtreſs was a devil.

This blaſted her reputation ſo effectually, that ſhe was obliged to fly from Prague, and was never heard of ſince till the publication of the ballad in queſtion.

I am, my dear Sommers,

Very ſincerely, &c.

J. MORDAUNT.

## LETTER VI.

*The Same to the Same.*

Vevay.

In my laſt I was led by the German ballads and romances from the tyranny of Robeſpierre and the numberleſs executions he ordered, many of which were as contrary to prudence or policy as to humanity. On what principle, then, are we to account for them?

Is it poſſible to conceive that many of the executions were ordered from no other view than to gratify the taſte which the mob of all nations have for ſcenes of that kind? It muſt be remembered, that thoſe who always influenced in the Jacobin ſociety, and often controlled in the general counſel of the commune, ſome who were even created judges in their horrid tribunals, were literally mob, and had the ſame taſte with their brethren. This taſte for executions and bloody ſpectacles

of all kinds increaſes by being gratified, as is confirmed by common obſervation, and was proved in the inſtance of the populace of ancient Rome, to whom the ſanguinary ſcenes of the amphitheatre, from an occaſional gratification, became almoſt a neceſſary of life; and who preferred the ſight of gladiators, mangling each other, to every amuſement, except that of beholding captive kings and queens led in chains through the ſtreets of Rome.

The French republicans, who affect to imitate the Romans in ſo many things, will be proud, no doubt, to imitate them alſo in this, when their power ſhall be equal to their ambition.

To check the towering ambition of France is the evident intereſt of all the nations of Europe, and that of Great-Britain as much as any. All diſputes regarding the neceſſity of commencing the war are at preſent idle and ſuperfluous: the plain intereſt of every honeſt well-meaning individual in Great-Bri-

tain is, cordially to join, to the utmoſt of his capacity, againſt the ambition and rapacity of the French republic. The wild ſpeculations, the intemperate decrees and madneſs of whoſe government has already done a great deal, and will probably do ſtill more, in counteracting the effect of their victories.

Their cruelty to the king and royal family ſhocked the hearts of all humane republicans, and rouſed a ſpirit of loyalty, which for ſome years preceding the French revolution ſeemed rather benumbed all over Europe. Their attacks on religion of every denomination gave univerſal diſguſt. Infidels ſeemed to have become Chriſtians, that they might not be thought to favour the loathſome writings of Chaumet, or the exceſſes of his ruffian admirers. The democratic bias, which had been gaining ground, was, by the tyrannical and rapacious conduct of the French, checked in all the countries of Europe, particularly in Great-Britain. The

very chimney-ſweepers in London have become ariſtocrats, from hatred to their brethren the blackguards and ſans-culottes of Paris. The French nation have indeed ſhewn themſelves ſo diſorderly and ferocious when they had any degree of liberty, and ſo polite and ſubmiſſive under tyranny, that we are almoſt tempted to believe that there is ſomewhat in the very eſſence of the French which renders a deſpotic government neceſſary for them, whether the form be monarchical or republican. There are animals of ſo wild a nature as not to be kept from miſchief by any other means than chains, muzzles, and iron cages. However tame and careſſing they may appear when under control, they will tear the very hand they uſed to lick the inſtant they are unmuzzled and free.

Lewis the Eleventh and Lewis the Fourteenth governed France in the moſt deſpotic manner: they oppreſſed their ſubjects in various ways, and ſqueezed much greater ſums from them by taxation than any of their pre-

deceſſors had ever done; yet both were ſubmiſſively obeyed during their long reigns, and died quietly in their beds; the one being the firſt to whom the title of Moſt Chriſtian King was given, and the other the only monarch of France on whom his ſubjects beſtowed that of Great.—Whereas the reigns of ſome of the wiſeſt and moſt moderate of their princes were diſturbed by inſurrections, and ſome of the eaſieſt-tempered and moſt amiable were aſſaſſinated.

When France was converted into a republic, the only party which poſſeſſed any degree of humanity, and ſeemed deſirous of governing with moderation, was inſulted, abuſed, and, in a ſhort time, ſaw its leaders dragged to the ſcaffold; nothing like public tranquillity appeared in France till Robeſpierre eſtabliſhed the awful tranquillity of deſpotiſm. Since which time, thoſe who have had the direction have at different periods acted as if they had been bribed by the kings of Europe to raiſe a general horror

againſt republics, not only by their cruelty and rapacity, but by an abſurd and abominable zeal for the diffuſion of Atheiſm.

You muſt have heard of thoſe ridiculous fêtes appointed by the French government, particularly thoſe entitled Fêtes de la Raiſon, where the goddeſs of Reaſon was repreſented by a proſtitute; but perhaps you never heard of what I am aſſured is true, that, at one of thoſe fêtes de la Raiſon, a man mounted the pulpit in the church of St. Roche, and pronounced a diſcourſe in favour of Atheiſm; and, to put the matter out of all doubt, he poured forth many ſhocking expreſſions regarding the Deity, defying him to prove his exiſtence by inſtantly ſtriking the blaſphemer with thunder: and becauſe the mercy of the Supreme Being was ſuperior to this wretch's impiety, he pronounced this wiſe inference:— "If there were a God, my friends, as mankind from the beginning of the world have fooliſhly believed, you muſt be ſenſible that, after what you have heard, I ſhould have

been blaſted to aſhes by his thunder; but as I remain alive, and in good health, it is demonſtrated that there is no ſuch being: ſo you may all diſmiſs your fears, and be as happy as Atheiſm, which is the only comfortable religion, can make you."

Though it would have been fortunate for mankind if they had always left it to the Almighty to avenge his own cauſe, yet there is ſomething ſo horrid in the conduct of this fellow, that one cannot help wiſhing that the audience had dragged him from the pulpit. He would in all probability have been torn in pieces in any other part of the world; and his being allowed to withdraw, without any inſult, is a ſtronger inſtance of the terror by which the natural impulſe of the audience was checked, than all I have mentioned.

The endeavours of government to efface religious impreſſions appears to me as impolitic as wicked. Religion not only gives weight to teſtimony on oath in courts of

juſtice, but it is a great ſupport to obedience to government: if it has little weight with certain individuals, it operates on the m aſs.

Toleration to all religions ſeems as equitable as the belief in one is natural and neceſſary: notwithſtanding the variety of worſhips, they all admit a Supreme Being, who, ſooner or later, puniſhes and rewards men according to their conduct in life. There is a ſtrong preſumption againſt the innocence of any perſon's life who *wiſhes* to diſbelieve in this doctrine.

Since this revolution there ſeems to be an increaſe of every kind of wickedneſs, except hypocriſy. Whether the exception is an advantage may admit of doubt. I remember being in company with a lady who was very much painted. When ſhe withdrew, a gentleman obſerved, "that it was a pity ſhe painted."

"I am of a different opinion," ſaid Travers.



MAHARAJA SERFOJI

"To me," rejoined the gentleman, "ſhe ſeemed frightful with her paint."

"So ſhe did to me," ſaid Travers; "but not quite ſo frightful as ſhe does without it."

One of the moſt avowed apoſtles of Atheiſm in the convention was a kind of madman, who aſſumed the name of Anacharſis. It was the mode at one time for the moſt violent Jacobins to adopt the names of ſome ancient worthies, to whoſe characters they affected to have ſome reſemblance. During my laſt viſit to Paris, the name of my ſhoemaker was Brutus, and I had two Gracchi among my other tradeſmen. No man could have leſs reſemblance to the Scythian philoſopher, the diſciple of Solon, than the modern Anacharſis.

The firſt was a man of moderation, of auſtere manners, one who wiſhed to introduce the religion of Greece into his native country; the ſecond was a hot-headed profligate, who wiſhed to baniſh all religion out of

the world. He was a Pruſſian by birth; his real name was Clootz. I firſt ſaw him at the houſe of Robert the Traiteur, in the Palais Royal, where he frequently dined, and ſometimes harangued the company on the ſubjects of government and divinity. He declared, that "his hatred to tyranny or monarchical government, two terms which, in his opinion, were ſynonymous, had made him leave Pruſſia, and eſtabliſh himſelf in Holland; that from the beginning of the French revolution he had conceived hopes that it would end in a republic; that in thoſe hopes he had left Holland, and come to Paris to aſſiſt in the great work of overſetting the new French conſtitution and founding a republic on its ruins. The republican form of government," he aſſerted, "was the only one that could ſecure mankind complete freedom, internal tranquillity, and external peace." When he was put in mind of the frequent diſſenſions and wars among the different ſtates of Greece, he anſwered, that "they were entirely owing to

their being *ſmall* republics; but that if all had been united into one they would have had no diſſenſions and fewer wars." When he was deſired to recollect that the Roman republic was *greater* than that which all the united ſtates of Greece could have formed, and yet that the Roman republic was almoſt conſtantly at war with its neighbours, the force of the obſervation did not diſconcert him in the leaſt: he ſaid that "the reaſon was obvious; namely, that, previous to the deſtruction of Carthage, the Roman republic was too ſmall, and under the neceſſity of conqueſt, to acquire ſufficient ſtrength; and that, after the deſtruction of Carthage, the Romans had no neighbours except kings, which it is the intereſt and duty of all republicans to deſtroy; and he was happy to think that the *Great Nation* would find ſome pretext or other to make war on them, until the whole race were extirpated, their kingdoms revolutioniſed, united as departments of France, and forming one univerſal indeviſable republic;—then,"

added he, "and not ſooner, the world will enjoy perfect freedom, internal tranquillity, and external peace."

From this ſpecimen you may form a notion of Anacharſis Clootz's ideas on government: they were equally profound on divinity.

I overheard a very curious dialogue between him and a plain ſenſible-looking man, who drank coffee at the ſame table with him one day after dinner at Robert's.

This man happened to ſay that ſomething, I don't remember what, "was as certain as that God had made the world."

"Pſhaw!" ſaid Anacharſis ſnappiſhly, "he did not make the world."

"No!" cried the man, ſtaring with ſurprize; "Who made it, then?"

"Why nobody. It never was made," anſwered Clootz."

"How came it here, then?" ſaid the other.

"How came it here—Why it has been here from all eternity."

"I ſhould never have gueſſed it to be ſo old," rejoined the man: "but ſtill you have not informed me how it exiſts."

"By chance," ſaid Clootz.

"By chance!" exclaimed the other.

"Yes, unqueſtionably, by mere chance," added Clootz. "You have no notion of the power of chance."

"The power of chance!" repeated the other.—"Chance is blind."

"Blindneſs does not diminiſh power," cried Clootz, with an air of triumph;" for even, according to your Bible, Samſon was able to pull down a houſe, and ſmother three thouſand Philiſtines after he was ſtone-blind."

"Sneering is one thing, Mr. Clootz, and reaſoning is another."

"Then let us reaſon," reſumed Anacharſis.—"I ſpeak for the power of chance.—Were a thouſand dice put into a box, and thrown out often enough, there can be no doubt but ſix thouſand would be thrown at laſt; nay, if a hundred thouſand were to be

rattled, and thrown without ceaſing, ſix hundred thouſand would appear in proceſs of time at one throw. Why, therefore, may not this world, ſuch as we find it, have been caſt up by the mere rattling of atoms?"

"I ſhould humbly conceive," replied the other, "that it rather was the production of an Almighty intelligent Maker."

"Your Maker explains nothing," ſaid Clootz; "it is only ſhoving in a ſuperfluous tortoiſe to ſupport an elephant."

"Now I perceive the drift of your reaſoning," rejoined the other: "but although I cannot explain what is above human comprehenſion, citizen Clootz, yet, as there is no neceſſity in the nature of things that this world and all the creatures in it ſhould have exiſted at all, it ſeems clear to me that they muſt exiſt by the will of a Superior Being; and I am fully convinced that order, uniformity, and exquiſite adaptneſs, muſt be the work of intelligence and wiſdom as well as power.

"Nec Deus interſit niſi dignus vindice nodus."

"What do you think of that maxim of Horace?" ſaid Clootz.

"I think it a very good one as he applied it," replied the other: "but I am convinced that Horace, though a heathen, would not have brought it into ſuch an argument as the preſent."

"Perhaps not; for, as you ſay, he was an *ignorant* heathen, and believed in Gods."

"Had he lived at preſent he would have confined his faith to one; for, independent of the Chriſtian religion, all the improvements that have been made in ſcience ſince his time lead us to acknowledge a firſt intelligent Creator and Governor of the Univerſe."

"They lead me to no ſuch thing," ſaid Clootz. "I adhere to chance, and acknowledge no other God. What do you ſay to that?"

"I ſay," replied the other, "that were I to utter ſuch an impious expreſſion, I ſhould be afraid of going to hell."

"There again!" cried Clootz. "Why there is no ſuch place."

"How can you be ſure of that?"

"Becauſe the thing is impoſſible," anſwered Clootz."

"Did you not aſſert, a little ago, that this world was made by chance?"

"I aſſert ſo ſtill!" exclaimed Clootz.

"Then how can you be ſure that ſuch a place as hell is not made by chance alſo?" rejoined his opponent.

This unexpected queſtion ſeemed to diſconcert the philoſopher, which the other obſerving, he added with a very ſerious air:—

"Citizen Clootz, I would not have you to truſt entirely to ſuch reaſoning, which is wicked as well as inconſiſtent: and permit me to add a piece of advice, which it greatly imports you to follow—Renounce impiety, that in caſe there ſhould, by chance or otherwiſe, be any ſuch place as hell prepared for blaſphemers, you may not be ſent to it."

Having pronounced this in a ſolemn man-

ner, the man roſe and walked out of the room. Anacharſis remained ſilent till he was gone; and then endeavouring to recover himſelf, he looked at me, and ſaid:—

"By his inſolence and his preaching I take that fellow to be both an ariſtocrat and a prieſt—Don't you think ſo?"

"As for his inſolence," I anſwered, "it entirely eſcaped me; ſo I can ſay nothing about it. But whether he be a prieſt or not, I muſt acknowledge that I have heard worſe ſermons."

"I have a great mind to denounce him as a ſuſpected perſon," ſaid Clootz, "and have him taken up."

"You had much better take the advice he gave you," ſaid I.

Thoſe who overheard us expreſſed the ſame opinion, on which Clootz declared he had no intention to accuſe him.

I hope he did follow the counſel which this man gave him; for the wretched Anacharſis had the misfortune a ſhort time after to fall

under the displeasure of Robespierre, who ordered him to the guillotine.

The impiety, whether real or affected, that prevails at present in France, is more disgusting to me than superstition: though I like neither, I wish to believe in religion by my reason, not by renouncing my reason.

Yours,

J. MORDAUNT.

## LETTER VII.

*The Same to the Same.*

Vevay.

I do not know what effect this ramble has had on you, Sommers, but it has been of ſervice to me: it has hitherto kept the demon of tedium from me. Though the ſky was ſo diſmal while I was writing my two laſt letters, that I was obliged to uſe candle-light at mid-day, yet I ſtill ſcribbled on about the French revolution: the weather ſeemed to ſympathiſe with my ſubject. Laſt night there was no ſleeping for thunder.

From your London thunder no idea is to be formed of the loudneſs of the peals and perſeverance of the reverberation of thunder in the Alps. It is

"——————As if this frame
Of heaven were falling, and the elements,
In mutiny, had from her axle torn
The ſtedfaſt earth."

You remember the young man from the Pays-de-Vallais, that was betrothed to the pretty girl of this inn: they were married yesterday. My landlord has just informed me, that all this nocturnal uproar and insurrection of the elements was unnoticed by them: they were surprised to hear their acquaintance talking so much about it this morning.

I gave a small collation to the young couple, and a few of their relations, in my room: they sat round my couch. The contemplation of happiness is extremely pleasant—I passed a most agreeable day. What good-humoured contented people those Swiss are!—I hope their governors will have the wisdom to keep the French contagion from them. The peasants themselves seem endowed

"With hearts resolv'd, and hands prepar'd,
The blessings they enjoy to guard."

I never was in a happier company: all the men seemed to enjoy the happiness of the bridegroom, all the women that of the bride.

"I hope," ſaid I to my landlord, "that your niece and her huſband will be as fond of each other a year hence."

"Don't fear, ſir," replied he; "for he is one of the beſt-humoured young fellows in the world, and his wife is as virtuous as ſhe is handſome: beſides, I am as fond of my wife now as I was the day I married her, and ſo is ſhe of me—Are you not, Janeton?"

"That I am, my good friend; and well I may," cried Janeton, holding forth her hand to her huſband, who pulled her, *nothing loath*, towards him, and embraced her in the moſt affectionate manner.

This is a phenomenon which I do not comprehend. The loving couple have been married twenty years! I hope your Juliet and you, my dear Sommers, will always think it natural, and eaſy to be accounted for. I ſhall now reſume my travels.

After having become ſo ſoon tired of Germany and Italy, you will be ſurpriſed that I ſhould have remained ſo long in ſuch a coun-

try as France was at that period. The truth is, that the extraordinary nature of the incidents that were daily occurring excited my curiosity, in spite of the pain they often communicated; and when I determined at last to leave the country, I found a great deal of difficulty in accomplishing my purpose. I succeeded at last, however; and I acknowledge that I never felt myself more comfortable than at my arrival at Dover.

Nothing contributes so much to give an Englishman a renewed relish for his native land as passing a few years in other countries. Yet, with more cause to relish life than any other people, the English are much belied if they do not enjoy it less. This has been imputed to the climate: but that will not explain the matter; for do you not recollect that we used to meet our countrymen, in every province of France and Italy, fretting and frowning, with all the luxuries of life at their command, while the peasants of the one country were dancing and singing in rags,

and thoſe of the other ſtretched on the ground, ſatisfied with the luxuries of ſunſhine and cheſnuts.

Of what avail is their boaſted philoſophy to the Engliſh, if they are behind other nations in the great ſcience of happineſs? It is pretty generally allowed, even among ourſelves, that we do not make the moſt of life; that is, that we do not enjoy it with all the ſatisfaction that other nations do. Many of us tire of life before it is half over; and a greater proportion abridge its duration voluntarily than of any other country. Beſides this *permanent* gloom, certain malignant particles, either ariſing from the ſoil, or tranſmitted, like the peſtilence, from another country, ſeem, at particular periods, to infect the minds of our countrymen with the ſpirit of diſſenſion, and impair the happineſs that might be expected from the excellence of their conſtitution, and other advantages which they enjoy over every other people.

This was peculiarly the caſe ſoon after I

laſt arrived in England. As the French revolution, at its commencement, ſeemed only to aim at a limitation of the power of the ſovereign, without overturning the monarchy, it was beheld with complacency by many of the friends of the Britiſh conſtitution, all of whom muſt be the friends of liberty.

But when this revolution came to be defiled by bloodſhed, and ſupported by the moſt ſhocking acts of rapacity and oppreſſion, a horror aroſe in Great-Britain againſt all who had any hand in bringing about what had produced ſuch dreadful conſequences: the ſame horror took place where your regiment was, and in different degrees was felt, no doubt, all over Europe. But meaſures regarding France were adopted in England, the political expediency of which was not viewed in the ſame light by all the nation. The ſame difference of opinion aroſe on ſubjects regarding the Britiſh government itſelf. Certain alterations, relating to elections of members of parliament, had been thought neceſſary very lately by ſome, who

now declared them dangerous, on account of the particular circumſtances of the times. I ſoon found the minds of many of my friends alienated from and exaſperated againſt each other on thoſe queſtions: they reciprocally accuſed one another of deſigns, which, I am convinced, none of them harboured. Could I have given credit to their mutual accuſations, I ſhould have thought their reciprocal hatred well founded; for thoſe who could endeavour to eſtabliſh a power ſuperior to law, in other words, *arbitrary power*, in England, are traitors as well as thoſe who could abet the deſigns of France: though of the two, perhaps, the laſt is the moſt criminal; becauſe ſome people may be abſurd enough to think an arbitrary government expedient in the preſent times. But no man of common ſenſe can believe that the French wiſh well to Great-Britain, or that they would not be as zealous to effect its ruin under a republican form of government as under that which it at preſent enjoys.

The political conduct of ſome men is entirely guided by what they conſider as their intereſt, though contrary to their real opinion of right and wrong: but the *real* opinions of the majority are gradually modelled by conſiderations of intereſt; ſo that, in political matters, they come at laſt to think *that* conduct the beſt which is the moſt convenient. The adherents of oppoſite parties, on former occaſions, in Great-Britain, may have acted on ſuch principles; but at preſent, independent of every ſentiment of patriotiſm, and prompted merely by the ſuggeſtions of common ſenſe and ſelf-intereſt, one would imagine that the cordial union of all parties cannot be doubted againſt an enemy who threatens the immediate pillage and permanent debaſement of the country. The zealots of one party however inſinuated, that the meaſures of the adminiſtration evidently tended to national ſlavery and bankruptcy; and thoſe of the other aſſerted, that the principles of their antagoniſts would immediately introduce anar-

chy and all the atrocities of the French revolution. Many of both parties made theſe declarations from conviction: but the loudeſt clamours, and moſt malignant perſonal accuſations, came from mercenary hirelings, and men whoſe political opinions depended entirely on their relation or connexion with ſome leading perſon of the one party or the other.

The violence which took place, both in public and private debates, on political ſubjects, never went higher than at this period. In ſome, however, this violence was in *manner* only, and without perſonal animoſity. One diſtinguiſhed member of the upper houſe, by the impetuoſity of his manner of ſpeaking in parliament, and by ſome unguarded expreſſions, gave great offence, and made his real character entirely miſunderſtood; for thoſe who are thoroughly acquainted with him know, that his natural diſpoſition is as friendly and benevolent as his mind is penetrating and acute; and that his heart is ſo

devoid of rancour or ill-will, that he would not neglect any opportunity of doing a service to the fiercest of his political opponents.

Tired and disgusted with the scandals and calumnies which were daily spread, I determined to withdraw for some time from the country. The first I could have endured: all who mingle much in general society are familiarised to scandal: it gives a relish to conversation, more to many people's taste than even wit; and it is infinitely more at such people's command. Besides, scandal only circulates the faults it suspects, or has heard mentioned by others. Calumny is more wicked: it imputes crimes which it knows to be false.

Pretending, therefore, to adopt the fears of my brother, and some other of my relations, respecting a cough I had at that time, I agreed to go to Lisbon. As soon as Travers heard of my resolution, he fell a-coughing directly, and feed the physician,

who attends his uncle, to prefcribe a voyage to Lifbon as the fole means of curing it. The uncle became fo impatient for Tom's departure, that I was under the neceffity of embarking with him a week fooner than I intended.

Adieu!

J. MORDAUNT.

## LETTER VIII.

*From the Same to the Same.*

Vevay.

We had a delightful paſſage to Liſbon; Travers loſt his cough as ſoon as we got aboard the packet, and mine left me a little after our arrival at that city.

What remains of the old town gives no favourable idea of what it was before the earthquake in 1755. The ſtreets being narrow, winding, and naſty. In planning the new town, care has been taken to preclude many of the inconveniences of the old: the laſt-mentioned ſeems to have been leſs attended to than the others; but the newly-built houſes are larger, the ſtreets wider, and more regular than thoſe of the old; and in various places they lead into ſquares, of which the old town was deſtitute. The moſt extenſive and moſt magnificent ſquare is *that*, one of whoſe

ſides is formed by the Palace of Inquiſition: it would be thought the moſt agreeable, if the mind were capable of any agreeable idea while in contemplation of that building.

By raiſing the ground where it was too low, and flattening it where too high, the rapid aſcents and deſcent of the ſtreets, ſo fatiguing in the old town, are diminiſhed in the new.

Some of the moſt diſguſting cuſtoms that are the ſource of the naſtineſs with which the ſtreets of Liſbon are covered ſtill continue. Boots may protect the feet of the ſtreet-walker from the filth of the ſtreets; but it is neceſſary to be in a cloſe carriage to have the head equally ſecure from that which is thrown from the windows.

The lanes and narrow ſtreets are never cleaned; in conſequence of which ſome are almoſt entirely choked up: the other ſtreets would be left to the ſame fate, were it not abſolutely neceſſary to clean them previous to the ceremony of proceſſions.

Several of the new ſtreets, though planned,

are not entirely built; many vacancies are ſtill to be ſeen.

The houſes in general, previous to the earthquake, 1755, had the melancholy appearance of priſons, with ſmall windows, very often without glaſs, from which thoſe within could ſee the paſſengers in the ſtreet, but could not be ſeen by them: on this account they were called *zeloſias*, or jealouſies, their peculiar ſtructure being ſuppoſed to have originated from the jealouſy of huſbands. Indeed they are in ſome reſpects emblematic of that paſſion, as it formerly manifeſted itſelf among the Spaniards and Portugueſe, and ſtill appears among the Turks, who ſeem to have no regard to what the inclinations of their women are, provided they can, by walls, and locks, and eunuchs, ſecure their perſons to themſelves.

So the contrivers of thoſe zeloſias ſeem to have had no objection to their wives contemplating the paſſengers in the ſtreet, provided no paſſenger in the ſtreet could obtain a ſingle

peep at them. Yet, ſurely, a man of but a moderate ſhare of refinement or delicacy could have little enjoyment in a woman whom he holds by conſtraint only, and whoſe heart he knows to be with another.

The houſes ſince the year 1755, and particularly thoſe lately built, have large and convenient windows, and are in general four or five ſtories in height.

I expreſſed ſurpriſe to one perſon that they ſhould have ventured to raiſe houſes to ſuch a height in a town ſo lately overthrown by an earthquake.

"It is becauſe it has been ſo lately overthrown," he replied, "that we venture: for as other capitals in Europe deſerve an earthquake as much as Liſbon, and none of them have been alarmed with more than the firſt ſymptoms hitherto, it is reaſonable to believe that they will all have their turn, according to their deſerts; and, of courſe, it will be a long time before it comes round to Liſbon again."

There are no agreeable public walks belonging to Liſbon, though no ſpot in Europe unites ſo many requiſites for forming an extenſive and delightful walk as the banks of the Tagus near that city. A ſcheme for this purpoſe, I am told, was once in agitation, but it was dropped on account of the ſtrange indifference of the inhabitants for ſo deſirable an object.

In the days of jealouſy the women were not permitted to go to public walks, which, of courſe, were not much frequented by the men; and now, when there is leſs jealouſy, and the conſtraint is in a great meaſure removed, the habit of keeping within doors continues with both ſexes.

The Portugueſe women are extremely indolent: their ſtaying ſo much at home does not proceed from attention to their domeſtic concerns; their chief employment and common amuſement is ſitting at the window, beholding the paſſengers, who are now permitted to behold *them* alſo.



MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S

There is a great number of domeſtics in the uſual eſtabliſhment of a family in tolerable circumſtances at Liſbon: thoſe domeſtics are poorly paid, tawdrily clothed, ſcantily fed, and as inſolent as their maſters. When a Portugueſe lady goes abroad, if ſhe can at all afford it, ſhe uſes a carriage; thoſe who go to maſs a-foot are generally attended by three or four female ſervants.

That the Portugueſe ſhould entertain a ſuperfluity of ſervants is the more ſurpriſing, becauſe a great number of ſpies are employed by the intendant of police at Liſbon, and becauſe there is reaſon to fear that ſome of thoſe very ſervants are engaged for that infamous purpoſe. Were it the object of a government to vitiate the national character and depreſs the national ſpirit, it could not uſe a more effectual means than by encouraging and rewarding domeſtic ſpies; the infallible conſequence of which is, to tear aſunder all the bonds of mutual confidence among men, to ſpread diſtruſt, hatred, and

terror, into every breaſt, to make them tremble at the ſight of the moſt ſubaltern agent in office, to render men unhappy, and to deprive them of every claim to be otherwiſe.

In ſpite of many natural advantages, it is certain that, by the debaſing influence of deſpotiſm and the moſt abject ſuperſtition, Portugal has degenerated into one of the weakeſt kingdoms in Europe. The common people ſeem to be more oppreſſed and miſerable than in any other country I am acquainted with: their miſery is apparent in their dejected looks, and in their meagre bodies, covered with rags and naſtineſs. Thoſe willing to work are not paid for their labour ſufficient to maintain them; many of them are kept from ſtarving by ſoup, chiefly conſiſting of the waſhings of the plates of convents, after the monks have dined.—Is it ſurpriſing that they thieve, rob, and ſometimes aſſaſſinate?

The influence of the monks (for I am told that the ſecular clergy are in leſs eſtimation)

is greater in Portugal than in any Roman-catholic country in Europe. I am aſſured that there are not a great many families in Liſbon of which ſome monk or other has not the chief direction.

Religious proceſſions form the grand and moſt intereſting amuſement of the inhabitants of Liſbon; and few things can convey a ſtronger preſumption of the inſipidity of their uſual ſtyle of life than their finding any amuſement in thoſe dreary ſpectacles, which conſiſt of a multitude of men of all conditions, dreſſed in robes of different colours, with a white ſtick in each of their hands, ſlowly following the ſtatue of ſome ſaint, with bands of muſic at intervals, and the whole cloſed by the monks, of whom the foregoing ſaint is the patron.

Yet to thoſe ceremonies the inhabitants of Liſbon flock in crowds, and behold them with admiration. The ladies in particular ſpend ſeveral days, previous to ſuch ſolemnities, in

preparing their richeſt attire; and on the morning of the happy day, having exhauſted all the arts of the toilet to draw forth their charms, they place themſelves at the windows and balconies by which the proceſſion is to paſs, perhaps ſeveral hours before it does paſs, and there exhibit, no doubt, a much more brilliant and agreeable ſpectacle than they behold.

On the feſtival of St. Antony of Padua, his ſtatue is carried in proceſſion, ſuperbly dreſſed in robes of ſilk, embroidered with gold, and ſtudded with diamonds and precious ſtones, borrowed from the moſt opulent families of Liſbon. As thoſe jewels are ſuppoſed, after having touched the ſtatue of the ſaint, to acquire the power of preſerving the perſon who wears them from various diſeaſes, it is not ſurpriſing that their proprietors ſhould be exceeding willing to lend them. But how it can be thought that St. Antony, who was of all mankind the moſt humble, who turned his eyes from the vanities of this world, and who,

to the muſt ſumptuous robes, preferred the coarſe habit of a Franciſcan, ſhould have ſo greatly altered his taſte in dreſs ſince he went to heaven, as to chooſe that of a coquette, is a little unaccountable.

What ſhould induce the ladies to aſſiſt ſo patiently at thoſe proceſſions has in ſome degree been explained. The aſſiduous attendance of the men with their cloaks and white ſticks muſt be imputed entirely to ſuperſtitious motives. A notion prevails, that by following ſome of thoſe proceſſions, in that manner, during ſeven ſucceſſive years, a man ſecures himſelf from the hazard of dying in a ſtate of reprobation.

After what I have written, you will not be ſurpriſed that I did not find the climate ſo effectual a remedy for my old complaint of *ennui* as for my cough.

There is little variety at Liſbon; one week is like the whole year, and the whole year like the firſt week. I do not believe the Portugueſe themſelves could ſupport ſuch uni-

formity were it not for their religious ceremonies.

Religion ſeems to be as neceſſary to mankind as water; the pureſt of both is the moſt ſalutary; yet, in that ſtate, neither pleaſe the vulgar palate. In all ages mankind have been fond of adulterating both with foreign ingredients: thoſe ingredients are often of an intoxicating quality, which perverts their beneficial nature, heats men's brains, renders them quarrelſome, ſometimes furious, and makes what was intended as a bleſſing operate as a curſe.

Adieu! my dear Sommers.

J. MORDAUNT.

## LETTER IX.

*From the Same to the Same.*

Vevay.

THE capital of Portugal differs from London in many reſpects: in none more than in the inhabitants of the former ſeeming to be all of the ſame way of thinking on the two grand ſources of diſpute among mankind—religion and politics. You may be ſure I ſpeak only of the natives: Engliſhmen diſpute every where, except, perhaps, at court. The ſame friendly profeſſions, and the ſame apparent unanimity, exiſt at this court as at our own: whether there is the ſame ſincerity, I cannot, on ſo ſhort an acquaintance, aſcertain.

The ſame ſhort acquaintance precludes me from a thorough knowledge of the national character. What qualities are likely to predominate among a people, whoſe native

energy is controlled by defpotifm, and depreffed by fuperftition?—Diffimulation, fraud, jealoufy!

There is no mixing with the natives, unlefs it be at the entertainments given by the men in power, or by fome of the diplomatic body: at the former the company is generally too numerous to admit of converfation, and too well pleafed with the entertainment to differ in opinion from the entertainer.

Whatever falls from the tongue of Monfieur le Duc, or le Marquis, though the moft common-place of all obfervations—what, to ufe an expreffion of doctor Johnfon, *has been echoed by plebeian mouths*, yet is fure of being heard with tokens of admiration and applaufe.

At the houfe of one rich individual, entertainments of a more agreeable nature were fometimes to be found. This perfon had travelled, and had married a foreign lady of great beauty, and a very amiable character.

The husband was at once vain of his wife, and jealous: for the first he had great reason, for the second none at all. The conflict between those discordant passions kept the unhappy man in continual agitation: the one prompted him to give frequent entertainments, the other made him suspect every man who entered his house.

His lady had, on various occasions, satisfied him that his suspicions were entirely without foundation: but it was not always in her power to effect this before he had rendered himself ridiculous by betraying them to public observation.

The lady was so much amused with the natural manner and humorous remarks of Travers, that she took particular pleasure in his conversation. The husband became jealous. This silly disposition of the man had prompted several people, who otherwise would not have dreamt of such an attempt, to try to involve him in the misfortune he so much dreaded. He furnished Travers

with an additional motive, by not only manifesting his jealousy of him in particular, but also by doing it in a rude manner. Travers determined to take his revenge by the means of the lady. I endeavoured to turn Tom from this project; being convinced, from the whole of her behaviour, that she was a woman of sense as well as of virtue; and, of course, that he would be repulsed as soon as he made the attempt.

I am no great believer in the seduction of married women. I greatly suspect that many, who are said to have been seduced, have first thrown out some lure, some invitation, to the seducer; or, on his making the first advance, have met him part of the way.

The moment a man mentions his love to a *married* woman, she cannot but see his drift; after which, if she permits him to continue or renew the subject, what construction can be made, but that it is agreeable to her?

The same holds, when a *married* man

talks love to an unmarried woman—if ſhe is not a child or an idiot, ſhe muſt know that he cannot mean honourable love; ſhe muſt know what he really means: and ſhe who allows herſelf to be led, though by a circuitous path, to the point ſhe has in her eye, cannot be ſaid to be ſeduced; unleſs it is thought that a woman may be ſeduced without being deceived.

I have known ſome men renowned for gallantry, and conſidered as powerful ſeducers, who, while they imagined they were triumphantly *ſeducing*, found themſelves miſerably *ſeduced*.

Flattery and eloquence are not the only arms of ſeduction: a woman, by her manner, by looks, and a thouſand ſilent manœuvres, can expreſs her inclination as well as by words. When thoſe are directed by a lady to any particular man, before he ſpeaks of love, *ſhe* muſt be conſidered as the aggreſſor: without ſuch encouragement, a man of diſcernment will not addreſs her on the ſubject.

In what language can a man mention his paſſion to a woman whom he cannot marry. Let him vary the expreſſion as much as he pleaſes, ſhe muſt know that what he ſolicits would infallibly lower her in the eſtimation of the world, and probably render her unhappy for life.,

How then could he make a propoſal of this nature to any woman who had not, in ſome part of her conduct, betrayed a prediſpoſition to grant it. Fools and coxcombs may do it every day; but no man of ſenſe, though devoid of principle, will riſk it to a woman whoſe uniform conduct announces her to be virtuous.

You will obſerve, my friend, that I do not comprehend the unmarried in the argument; becauſe an unmarried woman may be induced to liſten to a ſpecious villain, in the ſame ſituation, who addreſſes her on an honourable pretence: nor do I include children, even although they be married; for in this

clafs women of twenty years of age, whofe underftandings are only equal to thofe of ten, may be fairly comprehended.

In the prefent inftance, however, Travers was not mifled, as many are, by felf-conceit; but he was convinced that the hufband's unreafonable jealoufy would provoke the lady to a degree that would overpower every other confideration.

She knew that her hufband had behaved with unpolitenefs to Travers, and that Travers had borne it with great temper and moderation. On meeting him, therefore, at the houfe of one of her friends, while the miftrefs of the houfe was otherwife engaged, fhe made an apology to him for her hufband's behaviour, adding, that "he was now fenfible that he had been in the wrong."

"He has been fo often in the wrong, *in that way*, madam," faid Travers, "that it is high time that you fhould put him in the right."

He then inſinuated, pretty diſtinctly, that he would be extremely happy to go halves with her in this act of juſtice.

The lady was a good deal confounded at the hint.

Travers attempted to demonſtrate how richly her huſband deſerved this kind of treatment at her hands.

"In matters of this kind," ſaid ſhe, with a ſevere air, "I do not conſider ſimply what another deſerves, but alſo what is becoming for myſelf; for which reaſon, I muſt now inform you, that I never expect to ſee you again at my huſband's houſe."

"Nay, my dear madam," reſumed Travers with coolneſs, "in the hint I threw out I had an eye to your benefit as well as my own, and in my opinion nothing can be more equitable: but if *you* have ſcruples, there is an end; for, in all tranſactions, I am I am clear for making every allowance for tender conſciences."

So ſaying, he made a very obſequious bow

to the lady, and joined the reſt of the company with ſuch a careleſs air, that nobody ſuſpected that there had been any thing ſingular in the dialogue, eſpecially as the lady herſelf could not help ſmiling when he left her.

Though ſhe had removed all her huſband's ſuſpicions of Travers, ſhe could not prevent new ones ariſing. The brain of this unfortunate huſband was a loom in which jealouſy was continually weaving ideal webs of cuckoldom.

> ———Break one cobweb thro',
> He ſpins the ſlight, ſelf-*teaſing* web anew *.

When Travers informed me of the *éclairciſſement* he had had with the lady, he obſerved that it would be difficult to decide whether the huſband or wife was the greateſt original; ſhe, in continuing faithful to ſuch a huſband, or he in being jealous of ſuch a wife. " Or, indeed," added he, " in tormenting himſelf ſo much about the matter, al-

* Pope.

though his ſuſpicions were better founded. The man has lived in other countries," continued Travers, " beſides Portugal and Spain. Is it not aſtoniſhing, that a reſidence of ſeveral years in France, his having viſited moſt of the courts of Europe, has not familiariſed his mind to an accident to which the worthieſt of mankind are expoſed, and of which, during his travels, he muſt have known ſo many inſtances: beſides, he might know that it is a misfortune that is moſt likely to befall thoſe who live in the greateſt dread of it, and who take the greateſt pains to prevent it. For my part, I do not find fault with the lady for not reliſhing me, becauſe taſtes are not to be diſputed; but if her huſband continues to teaſe, and treat her in a manner ſhe ſo little deſerves, I hope ſhe will at laſt have the ſpirit to make him what, if common juſtice had been done, he would have been long ago."

" Do you not perceive, my dear Travers," ſaid I, " that what you call juſtice cannot be

executed on this man, without deſtroying his wife's peace of mind."

"If ſo," replied he, "I am glad I was not the executioner of juſtice—though I think it is pity, that a man who ſo richly deſerves it cannot be dubbed a cuckold without diſturbing his wife's peace of mind; and I muſt regret my ill-fortune in meeting with a woman of ſo peculiar a way of thinking."

All endeavours to ſatisfy caprice are vain. Though the huſband had expreſſed diſcontent at Travers's viſits, he no ſooner remarked that he abſtained from making them, than he told his wife, it would have a ſtrange appearance to the world if Mr. Travers did not come to his houſe as formerly, that it might afford calumny a colour for inſinuating that he himſelf was jealous: he therefore deſired ſhe would preſs Mr. Travers to come to their houſe as uſual.

Though the lady had never given the leaſt hint to her huſband of what had paſſed be-

tween her and Travers, yet ſhe poſitively refuſed this; telling her huſband, that as the gentleman had ſtaid away on account of his behaviour, it was his buſineſs to invite him, if he wiſhed him to return.

The huſband invited Travers accordingly, and in my preſence.

Travers thanked him; but ſaid, at the ſame time, "that he would not avail himſelf of the permiſſion, becauſe one great object of his viſits, he now found, could not be accompliſhed."

"I am ſorry for that," ſaid the huſband.

"So am I," rejoined Travers.

"Pray, what is it?" ſaid the huſband.

"It is not worth mentioning," replied Travers.

"I ſhould do all in my power to promote your views, if I only knew what they were," ſaid the huſband.

"You have done that already; but all will not do," replied Travers, and then walked away.

"He is a ſtrange kind of a man, this friend of yours," ſaid the huſband, after Travers was gone.

"He was thought a little ſingular," replied I, "even in England."

Soon after this we made arrangements for our journey to Spain, of which I ſhall give you ſome account in my next. Meanwhile,

I am, &c.

J. MORDAUNT.

## LETTER X.

*The Same in Continuation.*

Vevay.

I REMEMBER you made heavy complaints, my dear Colonel, of the brevity of my letters from Portugal and Spain; and as I referred you to Travers for a more particular account of theſe countries, you wrote to me, after his return to England, that I might juſt as well have referred you to a courier who had paſſed through them once: that the ſum of what you learnt from Travers was, that "the Portugueſe were the moſt zealous and moſt vindictive Chriſtians he had ever known; that they profeſſed the forgiveneſs of injuries, and aſſaſſinated their enemies: that the men in Spain were proud and lazy; that the women were not ſo reſerved as the men, danced the fandango with great ſpirit, and would be more attractive if they would forego

the uſe of garlic."—I muſt aſſure you, my friend, that Travers's account is not ſo defective as you ſeem to imagine. I do not know that I can make any eſſential addition. It would be ridiculous in one, who did little more than paſs through thoſe countries, to attempt a very circumſtantial deſcription of their manners; but, in compliance with your requeſt, ſo earneſtly made, particularly in your laſt letter, you ſhall have my *recollections*.

When every thing was prepared for our journey to Spain, I hired a boat for Aldea Gallega, where we landed in about three hours. I immediately made an agreement with a muleteer, for the tranſportation of ourſelves and baggage to Badagòs, the frontier town of Spain; but I neglected to have the terms put in writing and ſigned. I found the ill conſequences of this omiſſion when we arrived at Eſtremos; for he there inſiſted on having the whole money advanced immediately, declaring, at the ſame time, that I

had bargained to give him double the ſum for which I had in reality agreed.

Though I deteſt all kind of wrangling with inn-keepers, poſt-maſters, and poſtillions, and ſubmit, as patiently as moſt people, to their extortions on a journey, yet I was ſo provoked with the impudence of this fellow that I determined to complain to a magiſtrate.

It required all my influence with Travers to prevent him from making a good cauſe a bad one, by threſhing the muleteer. I perſuaded him, at laſt, to leave the ſettling of the buſineſs to me, while he amuſed himſelf by ſauntering through the town; which, by the way, is a very pretty one.

I was conducted to the houſe of a judge: he happened to be in the middle of his afternoon's ſleep. I do not know that I could have prevailed on any of his family to have awakened him, had I deſired it; but all my impatience to obtain juſtice, and have the raſcally muleteer puniſhed, was not ſufficient to make me venture on a meaſure which might

have ruined the beſt cauſe, not in Portugal only, but in any country in Chriſtendom. I therefore begged that his worſhip might not be diſturbed.—I will not aſſert that I waited *patiently*, for he took a monſtrous long nap; but I certainly waited until he awoke.

I had reaſon to flatter myſelf, from the length of his repoſe, that I ſhould find him in very good humour, and diſpoſed to do juſtice at leaſt. When I entered the room, where he ſat upon a bench, he did not riſe, nor ſeem to take any notice of me. "This judge," thought I, is a man of little ceremony; but men of plain manners are often more equitable than thoſe who are over polite. I was confirmed in my favourable opinion of him, when I ſaw him ſtretch out his hand towards me. As I imagined he wiſhed to ſhake hands with me, I held forth mine to him: he evaded laying hold of it, and in a ſurly accent ſaid—"I want your agreement with the muleteer."

"I have no written agreement," ſaid I.

"Why then came you here? Send the muleteer to me, and come yourſelf afterwards."

I had not time to make any obſervation on this abrupt deciſion, for the judge inſtantly roſe and withdrew.

Inſolence, I believe, raiſes ſtronger indignation than even injuſtice. If this fellow had behaved with civility, and decided in favour of the muleteer, I ſhould not have been half ſo much provoked as I was at the inſolence of his manner.—How comes this? For no better reaſon, I am afraid, than becauſe pride is leſs wounded by the one than the other. For the ſame reaſon a continual obſervance of little attentions makes more friends than real ſervices. Real ſervices relieve our wants, attentions flatter our pride: our wants are removed, our pride remains.

When I returned to the inn, I found two men ſtanding by my baggage; on my aſking their buſineſs, they told me that they had been placed there to prevent any of it from being

removed. I thanked them for their care, and was at the ſame time going to take up a ſmall box, in which ſome letters and other papers were; but one of them interpoſed, ſaying, "that no part of the baggage muſt be touched, either by me or any other perſon, till my diſpute with the muleteer was decided."

In the mean time the muleteer having, as I afterwards underſtood, borrowed ſome money from the inn-keeper, ſet off for the houſe of the judge. I received an order ſoon after to attend his worſhip alſo.

A good deal aſtoniſhed at thoſe proceedings, and having ſmall hopes that the judge would be more inclined to do me juſtice after the repreſentation of the muleteer than he was before, I wiſhed to tell my ſtory to ſome diſintereſted and reſpectable inhabitant of the town.

I ſtepped to a ſervant who ſtood at the door of a houſe of a genteeler appearance than ordinary; and being informed that the maſter was within, I deſired to ſpeak to him. When

I was admitted, after puſhing his wife and daughters out of the room into an inner one, he aſked what was my buſineſs?

"I am an Engliſhman, ſir," ſaid I, "and finding myſelf in danger of being groſsly impoſed on by the muleteer whom I hired at Aldea Gallega, I have taken the liberty to call on ——".

"You muſt apply elſewhere," ſaid he, interrupting me; "I am no juſtice of the peace."

"The maſter of this houſe ought to be a gentleman," ſaid I, "which I am certain the juſtice whom I applied to is not. In England, ſir, if you, or any ſtranger, were to claim the protection of a gentleman againſt impoſition, you would be ſure of obtaining redreſs."

"I have no intention of ever going to England," replied he, and immediately went into the inner room, ſhutting the door after him.

In the whole courſe of my life I never had a greater deſire for any thing than I had to

ferve this fellow as Travers would have ferved the muleteer: if he had not difappeared fo expeditioufly, a difagreeable fcene would affuredly have taken place.

On returning to the ftreet I met a clergyman. Men are never fo ready to think of the next world, and to apply to thofe who are fuppofed to have an intereft in it, as when they meet with injuftice in this;—there was befides an expreffion of good fenfe and benignity in this man's countenance, which induced me to accoft him.

When he had heard my ftory, he faid, "That after the marquis de Pombal had banifhed the Jefuits for meddling in temporal affairs, the clergy were commanded to leave entirely to the juftices, who were appointed and paid by the queen, the fettling of every difpute of this nature." While he was fpeaking to me, a ftout friar, with an expreffion of countenance very different from that of the ecclefiaftic with whom I converfed, happened to pafs.—"Do you know," faid he, in a loud

and furly tone, "that you are talking with an Englifh heretic?"

"That is his misfortune," replied the other. "It would be ftrange for one of our cloth to refufe to fpeak with a man becaufe he is unfortunate."

The friar having no anfwer to make, walked on, frowning.

"I hope," refumed the other, in a low voice, and looking after him, "the Englifh heretic is a better man than the catholic friar."

He then told me, that he was the vicar of the parifh, and would be glad to be of fervice to me; "but," added he, "the government is now as jealous of men of my cloth interfering in matters of the nature you complain of as ever the inquifition was of laymen meddling in affairs of religion.—Indeed, fir," continued he, "honefty is not confidered, in this country, as effentially connected with religion. To infufe the fpirit of benevolence, and prevail on men to

regulate their actions by ſtrict integrity, is a more difficult taſk than to perſuade them to the performance of certain ceremonies, by which they compenſate for a failure in moral duties. The vulgar mind cannot imagine that the Deity is not better pleaſed with pompous proceſſions in honour of himſelf than ſimple fair dealing of men with each other: the ſpeedieſt way of convincing the multitude is by inflaming their paſſions. It is generally fruitleſs, and ſometimes not very ſafe, to endeavour to perſuade them that the ceremonies of religion are of little benefit without probity. The very judge of whom you complain is a conſtant attendant at maſs, and repeats his prayers which much apparent piety; yet I am of opinion that a ſmall bribe will diſpoſe him more to do you juſtice than all the religion he poſſeſſes."

"You lay more ſtreſs on a man's moral conduct, father, than on his religious ſentiments," ſaid I.

"I lay more ſtreſs on a man's moral con-

duct than on his religious *professions*," replied he. "Yet ſtill religion is of more importance than morality, becauſe in genuine religion morality is included; whereas in morality religion is not included, though abſolutely neceſſary for men's happineſs. I am convinced, therefore, that it would be of infinite importance to the moraliſts to have more religion; and I believe alſo it would be good for many profeſſors of religion to have more morality."

The frank and friendly behaviour of this prieſt pleaſed me greatly.

"I have a great notion, father," ſaid I, "that you are not a native of this country."

He threw his eyes on the ground, and ſighed.

"Indeed, ſir," replied he, "I am not. I was born in Ireland. I came hither very early in life. You muſt know, that in that country it was a crime formerly, in the eye of the law, for a catholic parent to educate his offſpring in the catholic religion, though he

might think that his children's ſalvation depended on it. You probably think this opinion falſe, ſir; but you muſt admit that it was a dreadful hardſhip on thoſe who believed it to be true: the puniſhment for infringing it was impriſonment and confiſcation of property. My father however ventured to ſend me to a catholic ſchool at Liſbon: this, in ſpite of the pains taken to conceal it, was diſcovered by the rector of the pariſh, who was alſo a magiſtrate, and whoſe living, a very conſiderable one, was derived from the tythes of my father's eſtate, and from his catholic tenants. This man cauſed my father to be apprehended, and thrown into priſon, for having ſent his ſon into a popiſh ſchool abroad.

"The rector had formerly attempted to perſuade a catholic relation of my father's to become a proteſtant; but he had failed—the man aſſerting that he was fully convinced of the truth of his own faith. After my father's impriſonment, however, he began to ſee things

in a different light, and liſtened with more complacency to the arguments of the rector, who in a ſhort time perſuaded him of the errors of popery, and had the honour of converting him entirely to the proteſtant religion. The new convert immediately filed a bill of diſcovery againſt my father's eſtate, and, as his neareſt proteſtant relation, got poſſeſſion of it. My poor father died in priſon, and I continued in this country."

I obſerved, in anſwer to him, that many of the laws of which he complained were no longer enforced.—"You are too well informed, father," continued I, "not to know that perſecution has been oftener and more ſeverely exerciſed *againſt* proteſtants than by them. The horrid practice, I hope, is near an end on both ſides; and the time at no great diſtance, when your countrymen, of both perſuaſions, will be equally ſenſible that it is their common intereſt to unite againſt a foreign enemy, who, with a contempt for both religions, has no other view than to ſeize their

property and enſlave their country. As ſoon as your catholic countrymen have ſhown that this is their way of thinking, I dare ſay they will be put, in all reſpects, on a footing with thoſe of the eſtabliſhed religion."

"Heaven grant it!" replied the prieſt; "for I have ſeen enough of the world to be convinced that there are good men and bad men in all religions; that men ought not to be puniſhed on account of their opinions, becauſe opinion does not depend on will, and becauſe conſcientious and intrepid people only are the ſufferers by ſuch perſecution, thoſe of a different character being ſure to pretend a change of opinion from intereſt, or through fear. Of this I have ſeen ſo many examples in this country, and have heard of ſo many in the country I originally came from, that I am fully convinced that perſecution can neither make converts in religion nor in loyalty, though it daily makes hypocrites in both. I have heard, though I can hardly give credit to it, that it has been propoſed in

Ireland, that no Roman-catholic ſhould be allowed to ſpeak to a proteſtant with his hat on. This device for making converts is certainly preferable to perſecution, and may be conſidered by ſome as being every whit as ingenious as it is new; yet, after all, it will appear a little prepoſterous to allure men to a religion which recommends humility by addreſſing their vanity.

"Theſe ſentiments, ſir, plain and obvious as you may think them, I am cautious of declaring in this place; but, in ſpite of the original injuſtice which obliges me to reſide here, my heart warms and opens as often as I meet with a countryman; and I never have had reaſon to repent of the confidence I placed in any of them."

While I was expreſſing the ſenſe I had of the kind and frank behaviour of this worthy Iriſhman, he interrupted me, ſaying,—"Now, my dear ſir, I believe I can be of ſervice to you. I am acquainted with that officer," continued he, "whom you ſee coming up the

ſtreet: he is a Frenchman by birth, has a command at Elvas, and has it in his power to do you ſpeedy juſtice; and I am ſure he will have it in his inclination, for he is a man of honour."

The vicar introduced me to the officer, and told him my ſtory. He returned with me to the inn, and ſent an order for the judge to attend him there, which he inſtantly obeyed, with an air very different from that with which he had a little before received me in his own houſe; all his inſolence was converted into obſequiouſneſs. The officer told him, in pretty ſharp terms, that he muſt be conſcious that the muleteer's demands were more than double what was reaſonable, and exceeded the uſual price in a ſtill greater proportion. The judge acknowledged this, made a very humble apology for having paid too much attention to the repreſentations of the muleteer, and directly ordered him to priſon for having deceived him. The officer then invited Travers and me to a ſeat in his carriage

to Elvas, which lay on our way to the frontier of Spain. Of this we accepted, after having interceded for the muleteer, who thought himſelf very fortunate to be quit for two hours impriſonment, and the full price for which I had bargained.

Leaving our baggage to the ſervants, who were to travel with the mules, we proceeded in the officer's carriage to Elvas.—" Though you are conſcious," ſaid he, " that there has been no oppreſſion or injuſtice exerciſed in the preſent inſtance, but, on the contrary, that fraud has been prevented, the ſummary and arbitrary manner in which this matter has been decided naturally ſurpriſe Engliſhmen, who are accuſtomed to regular and tedious legal proceſſes. Such formal proceedings would not do here. The Portugueſe, inſtead of employing an advocate to plead his cauſe, endeavours to bribe the judge, or whets his ſtiletto, and waylays the witneſſes. I remember that, thirty years ago, when I firſt came into this ſervice, a proceſs was begun againſt a man for theft:

the judge appointed a future day for examining ſeveral witneſſes, who, it was aſſerted, would prove the man's guilt: before that day arrived *all* the witneſſes were aſſaſſinated.

"The generality of the people have no diſtinct idea of juſtice; they do not conſider the equity of a ſentence, but how to preclude it, or how to be revenged on thoſe who, by their teſtimony or judgment, have ſubjected them to it.

"When the upper ranks of the nation have any litigation, their chief endeavour is to gain the judge, which is uſually accompliſhed by out-bribing their opponent; or, if they cannot do that, their next care is to apply to ſome perſon of influence at court, who, they imagine, can controul the judge. This they call *empengho*, or protection; and he who is ſo fortunately connected, that he can bring an irreſiſtible power of this *empengho* into action as often as he has a cauſe depending, would be thought a fool if he omitted to do ſo."

I obſerved to the officer, "that, with all the

inconveniences of delay and expenſe attending law-ſuits in England, our method of adminiſtrating juſtice was preferable to that of the Portugueſe."

To this the officer readily aſſented; but Travers, who is the moſt reluctant aſſenter I was ever acquainted with, ſaid, "that there was not ſo eſſential a difference as appeared at firſt ſight; becauſe thoſe who are obliged to put up with injuſtice, on account of not being rich enough to fee lawyers, and bear the expenſe of a lawſuit, are as much injured as thoſe who ſuffer in the ſame manner on account of the judge being bribed, or becauſe their antagoniſt has more intereſt at court."

We were treated in the moſt hoſpitable ſtyle by our conductor, on our arrival at Elvas, which is a pretty little town, containing about two thouſand inhabitants. The citadel was completed by the count de la Lippe, when he commanded in Portugal.

The preſent commander ſhowed us every thing worthy of obſervation in the place.

Nothing could be more engaging than the manners of this gentleman, who to the frankneſs of the military character joined the vivacity of the French, tempered by age and reflection. The officious politeneſs of young Frenchmen is often teazing to Engliſhmen, who are apt to think that it is diſplayed merely to ſhow themſelves off, without any deſire of obliging; but the attentions of this officer ſeemed to proceed from a good diſpoſition and a love of hoſpitality.

We proceeded next day to Badagòs, which is the frontier town of Spain.

Yours very cordially,

J. MORDAUNT.

## LETTER XI.

*The Same in Continuation.*

Vevay.

THOUGH I conveyed you in my laſt from Liſbon to the frontiers of Spain, yet you ſee, my friend, that I am ſtill at Vevay. I regret this the more, becauſe the happy new-married couple at the inn have left us. They croſſed the Lake to the native country of the bridegroom a few days ago: my landlord and all his family have been in low ſpirits ever ſince. Nothing is more infectious. While the young couple remained I was kept in good humour with the ſight of their happineſs: now every body elſe I ſee has an air of dejection. I became ſo impatient to be gone, that, in ſpite of the remonſtrances of the ſurgeon, I determined to try how my ancle, which had become a little eaſier, would bear the motion of my carriage.

I was carried down ſtairs, placed in it, and driven a couple of miles on the ſmootheſt part of the road. The conſequence of this wiſe experiment was, that I could hardly ſleep a wink laſt night with pain; and though that is now abated, I find the ſwelling of my ancle and my ill-humour mightily increaſed. The hope of being able ſpeedily to purſue my journey had hitherto acted as a palliative to the ſharpneſs of my impatience. When people are in ill-humour they are apt to quarrel with their beſt friends—"They talk of Hope," cried I, "as the greateſt bleſſing beſtowed on man; I have found Hope the greateſt of all deceivers."

In ſoliloquies like this, and in fretting like a child, I have paſſed part of this morning: I at laſt reflected on the inutility of fretting, as, whether I keep my temper or loſe it, ſtill I muſt remain here till I am able to go away.

The ſtrongeſt of all arguments for a man's bearing the evils of life with good-humour is,

they muſt be endured, whether his humour is good or bad—

Æquam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem.——

This to be ſure is an excellent advice; and well would it be for men if they were wiſe enough to follow it.'

Connais-tu quelque Dieu qui faſſe un tel prodige?

Mahomet's anſwer to Zopire is:

——————— La néceſſité,
Ton intérêt.

Recollecting this anſwer, and convinced of its truth, I wiſh to apply it to my preſent circumſtances, and have been endeavouring to ſummon back my philoſophy, which this new diſappointment baniſhed ſo abruptly from my couch.

My couch! Yes, here I lie, to be ſure, on a very good couch. Many a man in this world would be glad of ſuch another, and would require nothing better than to be allowed leiſure to repoſe upon it. The love of

repoſe keeps many people in a buſtle all their lives,—*Otium Divos rogat*, &c. &c. &c. Such people are active becauſe they love repoſe: I wiſh to be active becauſe I hate it; or I hate to lie, becauſe, being obliged to it, I cannot repoſe.—Would to heaven our plump friend at Oxford were in my place! He never loved to put any part of his body in action, except his organs of digeſtion. Milton's Satan ſays, '*Evil be thou my good*;' and I find, by experience, that *action* of body or mind is my *repoſe*. I cannot form an idea of that torpid ſtate of tranquillity in which ſome people paſs their lives, with ſo very little movement of either the one or the other. Fatigue of body never gave me *ennui*; long reſt ſometimes has; and *ennui* is, of all things, the moſt fatiguing. How is it to be kept off? Exerciſe and books are the beſt antidotes.—I am deprived of both—Is there no other remedy? Yes, your own reflections. A man of few ideas, I have heard, goes to crowded aſſemblies to elude the tedium of himſelf; whereas

a man of a cultivated mind avoids the tedium of crowded aſſemblies, to enjoy his own reflections.

I fear, my dear Sommers, that, after all, I muſt claſs myſelf, though I cannot bear that any other ſhould, among the men of few ideas; for I certainly would prefer a crowded aſſembly to my preſent ſolitude.

Though I never was paſſionately fond of ſolitude, yet I could paſs a day or two by myſelf formerly as well as many of my neighbours. But the duration of my ſolitude on this occaſion, I dread, will have an effect on me, ſimilar to what Travers ſays his being obliged to read too much at ſchool had on him: "He has ever ſince had an averſion for opening a book."

I remember being preſent when his tutor at Oxford aſſured him, "that our moſt refined pleaſure, and the moſt permanent happineſs of life, proceeded from our ideas;" and told him, at the ſame time, "that they were not innate." "I am ſorry for it," ſaid Tom; "for if they

had, we ſhould not be put to the trouble of reading for them."

Where Travers finds his I never could diſcover. He has not a vaſt many, to be ſure; but what he has are at leaſt uncommon; and I cannot expreſs to you how much I would give to have the honeſt fellow with me at preſent. But I will not indulge in vain wiſhes; that would be the moſt likely means to bring back fretfulneſs, and drive away that ſmall portion of philoſophy which I have been able to acquire, and which tells me, that, in my preſent forlorn condition, confined to the ſame place, almoſt to the ſame poſture, without that variety of objects which might give new impreſſions and generate new ideas, without books, or the company of any one whoſe converſation could intereſt me, my beſt chance for amuſement, either for you or myſelf, is in the reſources of memory.—And ſo, after this long digreſſion, which you may think ſuperfluous, but which I found abſolutely neceſſary for

putting me in proper frame, I now refume in tolerable temper.

Having forced you to be my companion in this journey, the leaft you can expect is, that I fhould be good-humoured, if I fhould fail to be entertaining.

You will remember that we had juft arrived at Badagòs, which is a town on the frontiers of Spain, containing about five or fix thoufand inhabitants. It is a place of no trade; but it has the honour of being the refidence of a bifhop.

As I had a letter of introduction from the commandant at Elvas to his lordfhip, I propofed to Travers that we fhould wait on him together. He faid, "he never had waited on a bifhop in his life; but that, when he found himfelf inclined to cultivate the acquaintance of any of that order, he fhould certainly begin with thofe of his own country."

I was obliged, therefore, to pay my vifit

alone, while Travers took a ſolitary lounge through the town.

When I arrived at the gate of the epiſcopal palace, which ſtood open, I aſked the porter whether his lordſhip was at home? The man ſeemed ſurpriſed at the queſtion. "At home!" ſaid he—"Where would you have him to be?" This queſtion was as unexpected by me as mine could be by him. I made no anſwer, and he reſumed: "Why, ſir, he will not begin the viſitation of his dioceſe this month to come; of courſe, you may be aſſured he is at home:—pray walk up ſtairs, if you have buſineſs with him."

I did as I was deſired; and, in the antichamber, found two young clergymen in their gowns. Addreſſing myſelf to one of them, I deſired to know if any of his lordſhip's ſervants were at hand, to carry a letter to him from me. I was told that they themſelves always attended for ſuch purpoſes. One of them took the letter, and returned

directly, saying "the bishop wished to see me."

He was still reading the letter when I entered the room. He immediately came to the door, and received me with a frank affability, which at once pleased and surprised me; placing me in an arm-chair at his right hand, and questioning me, in a friendly manner, respecting my journey. In the mean time the dinner-bell rung, and in a few minutes the room was crowded with a variety of ecclesiastics in their canonicals.

I rose to take my leave. The bishop told me that I must not think of going till I had dined; adding, with a smile—"Perhaps the dinner of a Spanish bishop will not prove so palatable to you as I could wish; but I'll be better prepared to-morrow, when I shall expect the pleasure of another visit from you; for I understand that there is a French cook in town, who lived a long time in England: he shall dress some dishes in the English taste for you. Mean-time you shall partake of

what we have :"—ſo ſaying, he led me to the dining-room, and ſeated me at table next himſelf.

There were ſixteen perſons at table, all clergymen: the dinner was abundant; but, to my taſte, horribly ill-dreſſed, from the prevalence of onions, garlic, and oil. The whole converſation was confined to the biſhop and myſelf: all the reſt of the company obſerving the moſt profound ſilence. Eating is ſaid to be a ſerious buſineſs with the clergy of England; I aſſure you it is more ſo with thoſe of Spain, though much ſooner over, if the Spaniſh eccleſiaſtics in general follow the example of thoſe I ſaw at the biſhop's table. The greater part, particularly the juniors, had given over eating a conſiderable time before the biſhop himſelf; who, without eating much, ſeemed rather to protract his dinner, and very frequently preſſed me to a glaſs of wine, in which a few of the reſt of the company joined: moſt of them drank water only.

I imputed this to a different reaſon at the time; but I now underſtand, that the biſhop protracted his dinner, and invited me to drink wine, merely in complaiſance to what he conſidered as my taſte as an Engliſhman: for the time of dinner in Spain, even among people of the higheſt rank, ſeldom exceeds half-an-hour, or three-quarters at moſt; after which the company riſe from table, and go into another room to drink coffee. As for wine, the Spaniards of all ranks uſe it in very great moderation; and I underſtand the biſhops, at their dioceſes, live pretty much in the ſame manner.

After dinner the biſhop invited me into another room: we were followed by the dignified clergy only. We remained there, converſing, ſome time; during which I was aſked a variety of queſtions. If an idea of the importance of Great-Britain was to be formed from the information that thoſe gentlemen have thought it worth their while to

acquire of it, its conſequence would dwindle wonderfully: moſt of them, indeed, ſeemed as ignorant of the nature of our government, laws, and cuſtoms, as of the interior provinces of China. The biſhop ſeemed by far the beſt inſtructed among them. On my expreſſing ſurpriſe at the extent of his knowledge, he ſaid he owed it to a Britiſh ſubject, of whom he ſpoke with great affection, who had been his ſchool-fellow, and his companion at college.

One of the pages entered to inform him that his ſiſter was arrived to pay him a viſit. After making an apology to me, he withdrew to what was called the receiving-parlour. In a few minutes I had a meſſage to go to him. I was then conducted to a room contiguous to the outward gate; for no woman is known to be admitted into the interior of a biſhop's palace in Spain. He introduced me to his ſiſter, who is a very lively engaging woman, a little paſt the middle age. She was

accompanied by her daughter, who never uttered a ſyllable—Spaniſh young ladies ſeldom do in the preſence of their mother. Iced water, ſweet-meats, and chocolate, were ſerved; and, after two hours ſtay, the lady and her daughter withdrew.

The biſhop then led me through the different apartments of the palace.

While we were thus employed, a relation of the biſhop, a colonel in the army, joined us. I was preſented to him as an Engliſh gentleman, in whom his friend, the commandant of Elvas, was intereſted. After ſhowing me what is moſt remarkable in the palace, the biſhop ſaid that he had ordered an apartment for me, which he hoped I would make uſe of during my ſtay at Badagòs; directing two ſervants, at the ſame time, to go to the inn for my luggage. I thanked him for this very obliging offer; but declined it in the beſt manner I could. He ſaid—“ You ſhall do as you pleaſe as to that article; but



MAHARAJA SERFO

I muſt abſolutely inſiſt on your dining here to-morrow. To this I agreed. He then told me that the duties of his office would occupy him the reſt of the day, and he left me with the officer.

Yours, always,

J. Mordaunt.

## LETTER XII.

*The Same in Continuation.*

Vevay.

THE gentleman with whom the biſhop left me ſeemed to be about fifty years of age; he had travelled, and ingrafted ſome ſhare of French vivacity on the formal manners of his native country. "I ſuppoſe you thought," ſaid he, "that if you had accepted of an apartment in the palace, you would have been obliged to hear long prayers, and go early to bed?—No ſuch thing. His lordſhip's clergy, indeed, are expected to be all in the palace every night before ten; but as for ſtrangers, who are invited to lodge in the palace, they may enter at any hour."

He then told me, that he had met the biſhop's ſiſter, who had commiſſioned him to bring me to paſs the evening at her houſe. As I wiſhed to ſee as much of the manners

of the country as I could, I accepted of this invitation with pleaſure.

When we came within a few yards of the houſe, we heard the muſic of the guitar, with the rattling of caſtanets and dancing.

They generally begin by dancing country-dances, and finiſh with the fandango, which is performed in a moſt indecent manner by the common people, but in a ſtyle leſs reprehenſible by the higher ranks. This information I had from the colonel. He introduced me into a large room, where nine or ten couples were dancing the fandango, every couple having a pair of caſtanets in each hand, which they rattled with great dexterity, and in exact time. The movements of this dance are more lively than graceful; and the dance, upon the whole, is ſuch as a modeſt Engliſh woman would not chooſe to excel in. Some of the females whom I ſaw performing on this occaſion were of an age which might have made them decline it, independent of any other conſidera-

tion. Nothing can form a greater contraſt than that between the ſerious and ſolemn manners of the Spaniards in general and this popular dance. I own it ſurpriſed me exceedingly to ſee, at the houſe of a woman of character, the ſiſter of a biſhop, an exhibition by ladies in reſpectable ſituations of life, which would certainly be thought reprehenſible by an Engliſh biſhop, even in opera-dancers.

Swift ſays, "that a nice man is a man of naſty ideas." But delicacy on a different ſubject cannot be imputed to impure ideas: if it were, the inhabitants of Spain would be conſidered as leſs ſuſceptible of them than thoſe of the cold climate of Great-Britain.

From this hall the colonel conducted me into a room where there were three or four card-parties, at ſo many different tables. The converſation here was carried on in ſingle words, moſtly monoſyllables, entirely relative to the games. At one table the game ſeemed to be a kind of lottery, at the others

ombre. The ſpectators kept a profound ſilence.—The colonel, obſerving that I ſhowed no inclination to remain long in the number, led me into a great ſaloon, in which between twenty and thirty perſons of both ſexes were aſſembled.

The lady of the houſe came directly, and welcomed me in the moſt obliging manner; ſaying, "ſhe hoped I would make her houſe my own as often as I found her brother's too dull for me."—In Spain a viſit is always ſuppoſed to be made to the lady of the houſe.

Forgetting that the biſhop had told me that he was to employ the remainder of the evening in the duties of his office, I aſked if his lordſhip was in the aſſembly? "Holy Virgin!" exclaimed ſhe: "How can you ſuppoſe ſuch a thing? If a Spaniard had aſked ſuch a queſtion, I ſhould think him mad.—Do your biſhops in England go to aſſemblies?"

I begged that ſhe would excuſe the ignorance of a foreigner; adding, "that I had

been drawn into the blunder by two perſons dreſſed like clergymen, who I ſaw in the room."

"Ah! theſe," ſaid ſhe, "are two Carmelite friars, of my huſband's acquaintance, who are travelling through the country: one of them is my huſband's relation; the other frequently paſſes this way, to various parts of Spain: he ſometimes goes alſo into Portugal:—he is a very great traveller."

This friar joined us a little after. She introduced me to him, ſaying, "that, as we were both travellers, we might naturally wiſh to have ſome converſation together." When the lady left us, the friar ſaid, "he feared that I had found the roads but indifferent in Portugal?" I anſwered, "that I had found them better in ſome other countries."

"I underſtand," ſaid he, "that you have been in Germany?" I told him "I had."

"The metropolis of that country is very large?" added he.

Though I was not certain what town he meant, I anſwered—" Very large."

" And pray, ſir," continued he, " are the roads from England to Germany tolerably good?"

This queſtion, from ſo great a traveller, ſurpriſed me a little; however, I anſwered very gravely—

" Sometimes they are ſmooth, and at other times exceedingly rough."

" Aye," ſaid he, " it is the ſame in Spain—It depends a good deal on the weather and the ſeaſon of the year, I ſhould ſuppoſe?"

I aſſured him, " that his conjecture was perfectly well founded;" and having a curioſity to aſk a queſtion or two, in my turn, of ſo enlightened a perſon—" Pray, father," ſaid I, " are there any good bookſellers in this town? I have occaſion, at preſent, for ſome book of geography?"

" I really cannot tell," replied he; " for

although I was once a great reader, I have not now the leaſt occaſion for books."

I expreſſed a great curioſity to know how one, who had been ſo great a ſtudent, could all at once find no occaſion for books.

"Why," replied he, "I am *jubiliated* in my order."

I told him I did not underſtand the import of that phraſe.

"I am exempted," ſaid he, "from all the duties in my order, and of courſe have no need of books." So ſaying, he got up haſtily, and croſſed to the other ſide of the room.

The colonel joined me: he was acquainted with all the company, and converſed with many of them; but, to the beſt of my recollection, I have given you already the moſt inſtructive part of the converſation I heard that evening.

When ſupper was announced, part of the company withdrew. The dancers came into the ſupper-room capering, rattling their caſ-

tanets, and ſeated themſelves at the table. The ſupper was ſoon over; and each lady was conducted by a gentleman, who was furniſhed with a lantern to light her home.

Though I had ſent word to Travers that I was kept to dine at the palace, yet I expected to find him in ill-humour on account of my ſtaying ſo long. I was agreeably diſappointed on my return to the inn.

He told me, that, in ſpite of a bad dinner, and but indifferent wine, he had been better entertained than he had ever been at the Portugueſe nobleman's houſe at Liſbon. He alſo had been amuſed with the fandango. While he was contemplating two or three couple who were dancing it, in a kind of open court at the inn, he had been accoſted by an old Frenchman, a ſtill greater traveller than the Carmelite friar; and, according to my friend's account, a mighty obliging perſon. He was a native of Marſeilles: his father had been a tumbler, his mother a dancer on the tight-rope; and he himſelf had been

bred to both profeſſions, which he had practiſed with applauſe at Paris, London, and Madrid. He had been particularly admired at the latter; on which account he had remained longer in that capital than in the other two; but finding his joints begin to ſtiffen, and unable to ſupport his former fame, he had retired to Badagòs, where he could repoſe on his laurels at little expenſe.

With all the eaſe natural to his country, he had addreſſed Travers in his native language; ſaying—"That as Milord ſeemed to have a partiality for that dance, he believed he could procure him the pleaſure of having it performed in a far ſuperior ſtyle than could be expected from any of the *canaille* he was then looking at."

Travers had accepted his offer: the man had been as good as his word:—and ſo much was our friend pleaſed with the amuſement this fellow had procured him, and the account he gave of his adventures in the various countries he had reſided in, that he de-

termined to hear the ſequel of his ſtory the following day, and made not the ſmalleſt objection to my dining a ſecond time with the biſhop.

Here I muſt bid you adieu.

J. MORDAUNT.

## LETTER XIII.

*From the Same in Continuation.*

My new acquaintance the colonel called at the inn, and we went together to the epiſcopal palace. Both the dinner and the company were very different from what they had been the preceding day. The French cook had performed his part well—the dinner was ſplendid. The company conſiſted of military men as well as of eccleſiaſtics. The converſation was no longer confined to the biſhop and me; each took a ſhare, and cheerfulneſs prevailed, though the bottle did not go round. His lordſhip aſked nobody to drink except myſelf: he drank water, and his example, in this article, was followed by moſt of the company. The Spaniards are very abſtinent both in eating and drinking. The ſole reaſon of his inviting me ſo frequently to

drink was his having heard that the Engliſh are addicted to the bottle. He left the reſt of the company to do as they pleaſed; there was abundance of wine on the table.

Though we continued a great deal longer at table than the former day, yet, in England or in France, this would have been conſidered as a curtailed repaſt.

When we withdrew into another apartment the converſation was carried on by different groups, and in ſome with a good deal of vivacity. My friend the colonel introduced me to one gentleman, who, he ſaid, was a native of Biſcay. While we were talking together, another of the company, who I afterwards underſtood was a Caſtilian, joined us: this gentleman's features expreſſed ſhrewdneſs, with an ironical caſt.

" It is natural," ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to the Biſcayan and me, " that the natives of the lands of liberty ſhould aſſociate."

Seeing the latter bow, as if it had been a compliment, I did the ſame, though I did not

well comprehend how a Spaniard could be called a native of the land of liberty.

" He means that as a joke againſt the peculiar fondneſs which my countrymen," ſaid the Biſcayan, " have ever ſhown for liberty; but I receive it as a panegyric, becauſe I know it to be a truth."

" I ſhould imagine," ſaid I, " that the king of Biſcay and the king of Caſtile would be inclined to render the inhabitants of each equally happy?"

I immediately perceived, by the fluſhing of the Biſcayan's countenance, that my obſervation diſpleaſed him; while an arch ſmile played in the features of the Caſtilian.

" King of Biſcay!" ſaid the former, with a tone of indignation; " let me inform you, ſir, that Biſcay never had a king, and I hope never will. The Biſcayans love and reſpect the king of Caſtile, of Leon, and Arragon, &c. &c. &c. as much as the inhabitants of any of his kingdoms; but he is not *king*, he is only ſeñor of Biſcaia."

"I should not think that the name could make any very essential difference?" said I.

"We Biscayans are a free people," said he.

"So are we English," added I.

"But we are governed by our own laws," said the Biscayan."

"So you might be," resumed I, "although you had styled the señor of Biscay king."

My Biscayan seemed astonished at this assertion.

The Castilian observing this,—"Why, my good friend," said he, "you not only seem, in imitation of the ancients, to annex no idea but that of tyrant to the word king, but also to imagine that none but kings can be tyrants; yet I can assure you that I have known sovereigns, under the names of margraves, landgraves, and dukes, exercise as much tyranny over their subjects as any king in Christendom."

"And we all know a nation," added I, "over which, under the name of republic,

the moſt inſulting and cruel deſpotiſm has been exerciſed that ever the world knew. The name of a government, therefore, may be changed, and the eſſence remain the ſame, or even be rendered more intolerable than it was before. My countrymen, ſomewhat more than a century ago, did the reverſe of this; they made eſſential alterations in their government, though they found it highly convenient to allow the name, and moſt of the forms, to remain as they were: and I do moſt ardently hope that they will always adhere to the ſame wiſe conduct."

"As for us," reſumed the Biſcayan, "we have not found it neceſſary to alter either the name or nature of our government. The king of Spain is ſeñor of Biſcay, and the Biſcayans are governed by their own laws: we contribute to the exigencies of the empire by aſſeſſments, impoſed at the general convention of the ſtates, by repreſentatives ſent from the different cities and diſtricts. We have no cuſtom-houſe nor exciſe officers."

"No, nor biſhops," ſaid the Caſtilian,

turning his eye archly towards the biſhop, who had juſt joined us.

The biſhop heard this with a good-natured ſmile, without interfering in the argument.

"But we might have them, if we pleaſed," replied the Biſcayan.—"Our attachment to our religion is undoubted; and we are ſatisfied that our clergy ſhould be ſubjected, in ſpiritual matters, to the neareſt biſhop reſident in Caſtile, who exerciſes the ſpiritual authority of a dioceſan over them with as much propriety as a biſhop eſtabliſhed in Biſcay itſelf could do."

"The women of your country have a particular averſion to revenue officers, as I have heard," ſaid the Caſtilian, "and treated ſome who were ſent, a few years ago, among them, with a cargo of ſtamps, with uncommon ſeverity *."

"Whether the ſtory to which you allude

* The Caſtilian here alludes to certain revenue officers, ſent by order of the court into Biſcay, and ſaid to have been attacked by the women of Bilboa, and to have undergone an operation ſeldom performed in the weſtern world, though common in the eaſt.

be true or falſe," replied the Biſcayan; "or whether the perſons who inſulted the revenue officers at Bilboa were really women, or men in women's clothes, I cannot tell: but I am not diſpleaſed that it ſhould be believed, becauſe it may prevent projectors from adviſing his majeſty to attempt levying taxes in Biſcay contrary to the laws and conſtitution of that province.—The ſeñor of Biſcay," added he, "is naturally juſt; and, I dare ſay, will never have it in his inclination to overturn our rights."

"That the king of Spain and ſeñor of Biſcay," ſaid I, "will never have ſuch a thing in his inclination, ought not to be diſputed; nevertheleſs, it will be wiſe in your countrymen to take care that it ſhall never be in his power."

Here the biſhop, thinking, perhaps, that the converſation had extended far enough into politics, ſtood up; the company did the ſame, and ſoon after began to retire.

My friend the colonel having hinted that

he had ſome buſineſs with the biſhop, which would detain him a little after the company were entirely gone, the Biſcayan ſaid "he would be glad to accompany me, if I were inclined to take a walk through the town."

I accepted his offer, and we directly withdrew.

This walk, my dear Sommers, I ſhall repeat with you, if you pleaſe, to-morrow morning; but at preſent I find myſelf rather inclined to ſleep.

Good night.

J. MORDAUNT.

## LETTER XIV.

*From the Same to the Same.*

The ſtreets of Badagòs are narrow, filthy, and generally ſilent—no ſign of induſtry of any kind. I obſerved, however, ſome men with cloaks around their ſhoulders, each of whom ſtood before a ſeparate door, and ſeemed to have no other object but to gaze at the paſſengers.

"Pray what claſs of men are thoſe?" ſaid I to the Biſcayan; "they ſeem too idle to be tradeſmen."

"You conjecture right," replied he;—"they would be highly affronted if they imagined you could ſuſpect them of exerciſing any kind of trade."

"They are men of independent fortune, then," ſaid I.

"Almoſt their only property," ſaid he,

"is the wretched houſe they inhabit, which, being tranſmitted from father to ſon, is inalienable, and conſtitutes what in this country is called an Hidalgo, or Hijo-de-Algo (the ſon of ſomebody): they would conſider it as a degradation to follow any mechanical employment."

"How are they prevented from ſtarving?"

"Why they are not prevented from what you would call ſtarving in England," replied he:—"but I will tell you how they prolong their life.—Obſerve that man going from his own door, with ſomething under his cloak; you will ſee him ſtop at the private door of that magnificent building, which is a convent, and one of the richeſt eſtabliſhments in this province: he carries under his cloak a veſſel, into which he receives an allotted portion of broth, with vegetables and meat of different kinds, which he carries back for the ſupport of his family; and the ſame is regularly done by a number of theſe Hidalgos every day. Thoſe who are thus ſerved at the private door

of the convent are called the bafhful or gentlemen beggars. As for the others, I do not well know how to denominate them—they cannot be called the poorer fort, and ftill lefs the meaner; for nothing can be meaner than what I have related of thefe Hidalgos: but, as the others are not Hidalgos, we may diftinguifh them by the appellation of 'the fons of *nobody*:'—all of that clafs then receive alms at the *public* gate."

"It feems furprifing," faid I, "that men who are afhamed to work for their bread fhould not be afhamed to beg for it; for you may call him as bafhful as you pleafe, but the man ftruts to the convent with as ftately a ftep as if he were the proprietor of the whole building."

"As for his ftrut," rejoined the Bifcayan, "that belongs to him as an Hidalgo. With regard to men's being lefs afhamed to beg than to work, I muft inform you that begging has been confidered as an honourable employment ever fince the mendicant friars were eftablifhed in Spain."

"Since the Spaniards are ſo prone to follow the example of friars," ſaid I, "it is a pity that ſome ſocieties of *working* friars are not eſtabliſhed."

"Whether it proceeds from the difficulty of finding materials for ſuch an eſtabliſhment," replied the Biſcayan, ſmiling, "or from ſome other cauſe, nothing of that kind has been founded hitherto: but the other eſtabliſhment has gained to ſuch a degree, that you will find men of high rank, in various parts of this country, begging from door to door, for the benefit of one convent or another. It is thought a moſt meritorious occupation. Had you been at Badagòs a week ago, you would have ſeen the Confraternity of Charity, as it is called, into which none but noblemen and gentlemen of fortune are admitted, begging all over the town to defray certain expenſes for the benefit of a criminal who was executed that morning."

"Suppoſe," ſaid I; for we may ſuppoſe any thing, however improbable, "that a ſet of *induſtrious* working friars were really to

appear, do you imagine that the nobility would be as ready to follow their example as they have ſhown themſelves to imitate the *indolent* begging fraternity?"

"That is a queſtion," replied he, "that it is needleſs to anſwer, becauſe the caſe you ſuppoſe will aſſuredly never occur; but on this you may rely, that no ſuch idleneſs nor beggary is ſeen in Biſcay. My countrymen are induſtrious, becauſe they are free and allowed to reap and enjoy the fruits of their labour.

"You muſt not imagine that in every part of Spain the ſame lazy beggarly diſpoſition is attached to the inhabitants that you have ſeen here. In Catalonia, for example, the people are in general induſtrious: that province is well cultivated: not only the plains, but even the mountains, to the very tops of which the inhabitants carry baſkets of earth for that purpoſe. As the Catalonians do not enjoy the ſame privileges with the inhabitants of Biſcay, their induſtry cannot be imputed to the ſame cauſe. But there are

no more convents in Catalonia than what ſeem neceſſary for the aid of the parochial clergy in the offices of religion. If there were the ſame eſtabliſhments for the feeding of beggarly Hidalgos, and a lazy peaſantry, that you ſee here, there would in all probability be as little induſtry."

The Biſcayan and I ſtopped to contemplate the cathedral as we paſſed. One would imagine that the deſcription of a church was mighty amuſing, from the number to be found in different tours.—Do you wiſh to have a ſpecimen?

"The cathedral is a large building, probably pretty ancient, as the architecture is evidently in the Gothic ſtyle; the ſpire conſiderably higher than the ſummit of the higheſt houſes, though not ſo high as the ſpire of Straſburg. The external ornaments of the front muſt have coſt a great deal of labour as well as money; and had their admirers, no doubt, when they were in their prime; but now they are rather in their decay: for, as Ovid very truly obſerves—

"Tempus edax rerum, tuque invidiosa vetuſtas,
Omnia deſtruitis."———

I dare ſwear you think this ſpecimen ſufficient.

The Biſcayan and I afterwards took a pretty long walk into the country. Do you inſiſt on a deſcription of the country around Badagòs? I can aſſure you that it has as ſtrong a reſemblance to many other countries you have ſeen, or of which you have read deſcriptions, as the foregoing cathedral has to other cathedrals. For example: "the mountains, in general, are lofty, and the vallies low: the meadows, particularly after rain, are verdant; not indeed ſo green as thoſe of England, but ſtill they muſt be allowed to be of a greeniſh colour: and moſt of the rivulets, to the beſt of my remembrance, flow with a kind of murmuring ſound, and in a ſerpentine direction. The country would produce more, if it were better cultivated; and it would, in all human probability, be better cultivated, if the inhabitants were more induſtrious."

Farewell, my dear Colonel.

J. MORDAUNT.

## LETTER XV.

*The Same in Continuation.*

Vevay.

AFTER having, with expreſſions of gratitude, taken leave of the worthy biſhop, and my other acquaintance at Badagòs, Travers and I proceeded on our journey. That ſame day we met with a ſpecies of hoſpitality ſtill more unexpected, and far more extraordinary than what we had received from his lordſhip.

Before we could arrive at the inn where we intended to ſleep we were overtaken by the moſt violent ſtorm of thunder, lightning, and rain, I ever witneſſed. During an interval of the former, ſeeing Travers more annoyed than any of the company, I ſaid—"This is the greateſt *bore*, Tom, that you ever experienced."

"Forgive me," replied he, "I was once obliged to you for experiencing a greater."

"Where?—When?" exclaimed I.

"At Poplar-bank," anſwered he: when, after promiſing to return directly, you left me a long ſummer evening with your eternal aunt, lady Barbara Voluble."

"Nay," rejoined I, burſting into laughter, "do not attempt to make my poor aunt paſs for the greateſt of all poſſible bores, as long as your uncle, Mr. Plaintive, is in exiſtence."

The muleteer was ſurpriſed, and, I fancy, thought it ſinful that we ſhould laugh in the midſt of ſuch a ſtorm. He ſhook his head, and was heard to mutter—"*Los Ingleſes avian de reir aun en purgatorio* *."

But I believe you do not know this uncle of Travers's. I muſt make you a little acquainted with him, before we proceed a foot farther.

Samſon Plaintive, eſq. is a man of about

* I believe thoſe Engliſh would laugh, even in purgatory.

forty-ſeven years of age, above ſix feet in height, and of a very robuſt conſtitution; but, unfortunately for him, he had been left heir to a conſiderable eſtate.

His father died when little Samſon was only five years old, leaving him entirely to the care of his mother, a woman exceedingly whimſical about her own health. This good lady was likewiſe ſo anxious about that of her ſon, that, partly from affection to him, and partly from hatred to Travers's mother, who was the next heir, ſhe often brought the child to the brink of the grave, through ſolicitude to keep him out of it. Yet, in ſpite of the pains ſhe took to preſerve him from the *cold air*, in ſpite of the clothes with which ſhe loaded him when he went abroad, and in ſpite of all the drugs ſhe obliged him to ſwallow, ſuch was the natural ſtrength of his conſtitution, that he was, in all appearance, a very ſtout healthy man at the age of twenty-three, when he loſt his mother. I ſay in appearance, be-

caufe he afferted at that time, as he has done ever fince, that his conftitution was remarkably delicate, and wonderfully fufceptible of all manner of difeafes.

Mr. Plaintive's mind was not fo vigorous as his body: though the latter had withftood all the efforts of his mother, the former became their victim. He gradually was infected with all her whims; and at laft his chief, indeed his only care, was that of his health; and, according to his own account, no man ever beftowed his care to lefs purpofe; for he always declared himfelf to be in bad health; andnothing provoked him fo much as hinting that he was in good health, or likely ever to be fo.

As he kept much within doors, he was obliged fometimes to have recourfe to books as an amufement, and took fome delight in reading hiftory and romance. Yet the narrative of no battle, however obftinate, or no adventure, however furprifing, delighted him fo much as that of fome fevere diftemper,

in which the ſymptoms were faithfully delineated, and the ſufferings of the patient forcibly recorded.

Mr. Plaintive was continually conſulting practitioners in phyſic of every denomination, though he never admitted that any of them had done him any permanent ſervice. Thoſe of the profeſſion, who adviſed him to give over ſwallowing drugs, and to look for a cure in exerciſe, amuſement, and temperance, he diſmiſſed as theoriſts and men unacquainted with the *common practice* of medicine.

Mr. Plaintive was fond of telling long ſtories: he was generally the hero of his own tale: and being of the opinion of thoſe who think that great men ſhine moſt in adverſity, his hero was always as miſerable as he could make him. His heroiſm being of a paſſive nature, however, and his ſufferings always in the ſuperlative degree, which admits of little variation of phraſeology, the incidents of the narrative were ſeldom entertaining.

That any perſon, who has lived to the age of manhood in this world, and had opportunities of obſerving how completely mankind are occupied with themſelves, and how little with others, ſhould imagine that the hiſtory of his complaints, real or imaginary, could intereſt his whole ſet of acquaintance, would ſeem impoſſible, if we did not meet every day with people, who, by their fondneſs of repeating ſuch hiſtories, ſeem to be of that opinion. Thoſe who are continually occupied about themſelves are generally the moſt intolerable to others; and in thinking that an account of their ſtate of health can greatly intereſt their acquaintance, they muſt believe all their acquaintance of oppoſite characters to themſelves, as they muſt be conſcious that they never beſtow a thought on any body's health but their own.

Indeed nothing elſe, whether of a public or private nature, can much intereſt them: a victory, a maſſacre, the dethronement or

murder of kings or queens—in ſhort, the greateſt calamity that can happen to any individual, or to any number of individuals, intereſt ſuch people little, in compariſon with a fit of the tooth-ache, or a pain in their own little-finger.

As Mr. Plaintive's favourite theme of diſcourſe was always tireſome, and often diſguſting, he found it difficult to obtain ſteady liſteners, except in ſuch as had ſome perſonal intereſt in being ſo. This conſideration firſt ſuggeſted to him the thought of marrying. An agreeable-looking young woman, of no fortune, but of an accommodating diſpoſition, ſtruck his fancy, and he paid his addreſſes to her.

The young lady was not mightily captivated with her lover: but her relations aſſured her, that ſhe was a moſt fortunate woman; that ſuch an huſband was a far more valuable prize than the higheſt in the ſtate-lottery; that, to ſecure her own happineſs,

all ſhe would have to do was, to liſten to her huſband's narratives with a patient ear, and a ſympathiſing countenance.

As Mr. Plaintive was a very ſtout-looking man, ſhe thought that his complaints could not be many: ſhe therefore yielded to the entreaties of her relations, and accepted his hand.

But it happened, unluckily, that Mrs. Plaintive, from her childhood, which with her laſted longer than the uſual period, had been noted for an inceſſant propenſity to prattle: this diſpoſition, fortified by habit, ſhe retained till the day of her marriage. From that time, in compliance with the injunctions of her relations, and to ſecure her own happineſs, ſhe allowed her huſband to engroſs the diſcourſe, which generally conſiſted of a hiſtory of his complaints.

Though ſhe thought that ſhe had ſome reaſon to complain as well as her huſband, yet ſhe had the reſolution to hold her tongue.

But it was ſoon evident that the cha-

racter of a liſtener, in which ſhe had never before appeared, but in which ſhe made ſtrong efforts to ſhine, did not agree with her conſtitution: this was obvious to all the world, except to Mr. Plaintive. He was ſo occupied with his own feelings, that he paid no attention to thoſe of his wife; but engroſſed the converſation every day ſo unmercifully, with his own doleful narratives, that ſhe hardly ever could find an opportunity of throwing in a ſingle ſentence; and the poor woman died of the ſhock occaſioned by this unnatural retention, within a few months after her marriage.

The ſame unfeeling diſpoſition, which had proved fatal to his wife, hindered Mr. Plaintive from ſuffering ſeverely on account of her death. He ſeemed to be much annoyed, however, by the lamentations of ſome of her relations; and he had a great diſlike to wearing black: thoſe two circumſtances made him ſwear, that no conſideration ſhould prompt him to marry a ſecond time, that he

might never more be ſubjected to the ſame inconveniences.

As Travers was his uncle's natural heir, all his friends had now better hopes than ever of his ſucceeding to his fortune; an expectation which, I do in my conſcience believe, occupied the mind of Travers leſs than it did ours.

We all adviſed him to pay more attention than ever to his uncle; and I prevailed on him, ſome time after, to renounce a jaunt to North Wales, and to paſs the month he had deſtined for it with his uncle, then at his houſe in the country.

Though no man ever had leſs ſympathy to beſtow, none was ever more fond of receiving it than Mr. Plaintive. His complaints, no doubt, were often imaginary; but it is equally certain that he ſeldom imagined them to be ſo bad as he wiſhed his friends to think them: this appeared by his habitual exaggerations, in the anſwer he returned to all meſſages reſpecting his health. He ſometimes announced that he was indiſpoſed, when even he himſelf knew that

nothing ailed him, merely to have the pleasure of receiving ſympathiſing inquiries concerning his health; and if he obſerved from the window any acquaintance coming to call on him, he has been known to throw himſelf under the cover on the bed, and declare to his viſitor that he was unable to move acroſs the room.

At other times, when he really was in bed, and had not been heard to make any uncommon complaint that morning, if he heard the foot of a friend, who was to be admitted to his bed-ſide, he would groan ſo loud, that the viſitor heard him before he entered the chamber.

In this, as in almoſt every thing elſe, Mr. Plaintive differs from his nephew, who, of all things, can leaſt endure any lamentation or expreſſion of compaſſion, whatever illneſs or unlucky accident may happen to him.

It is wonderful in what different and oppoſite manners the paltry quality of affectation appears. There are men who affect an infinitely greater indifference about every

thing that regards their health, than in reality they feel. In their indifference, however, they are pretty ſure of having more people to ſympathiſe with them than in the other. But my friend Travers belongs to neither of thoſe claſſes of men. I never was acquainted with any of the human race more completely free than he is from every kind of affectation.

When he lived with his uncle in the country, he uſually went out on horſeback every morning, ſeveral hours before Mr. Plaintive roſe, and returned in time to breakfaſt with him.

As he began to aſcend a hill on his return one morning, he ſaw two horſes, without a driver, dragging a poſt-chaiſe down the hill, at full gallop.

Several people, before Travers on the road, flew to the right and left, as the horſes approached, thinking it a ſervice of too much danger to attempt ſtopping them. A man and woman were in the chaiſe; the latter

ſcreaming, and extending her arms from the window. Travers diſmounted, ordering his ſervant to do the ſame, and to hold the horſe, in a line with his, acroſs the road, ſo as to ſtop the chaiſe. The declivity was conſiderable; yet this appearance, in ſome degree, checked the horſes.

Travers had the addreſs to catch the reins, which trailed on the ground, and at laſt to ſtop the horſes entirely; but, in the midſt of his efforts, he was overſet, and he received a ſevere bruiſe on the temple, of which, however, he himſelf made light. The poſtillion, who had been all this time running after the chaiſe, ſoon joined them. Something belonging to it had gone wrong at the top of the hill; he had diſmounted to put it right, which while he was doing the horſes had taken fright, and galloped down the hill.

The gentleman and lady came out of the chaiſe to expreſs their acknowledgments to Mr. Travers for the important ſervice he had rendered them: he ſaid, once or twice, it

was not worth mentioning, and would have ſtayed to hand the lady into the chaiſe; but on her perſiſting in expreſſions of gratitude, he mounted his horſe, and rode to his uncle's, without ſaying a word.

At his arrival, he was told that Mr. Plaintive had paſſed a bad night, and had ſent for a phyſician.—Travers found him at breakfaſt notwithſtanding.—Mr. Plaintive immediately began to give a very circumſtantial account of his ſufferings through the night; but on obſerving a conſiderable ſwelling on his nephew's temple, he could not help expreſſing ſome ſurpriſe, and aſking how it came.

"It is a mere nothing," ſaid Travers, "not worth minding; a little warm vinegar will carry it away in a day or two."

Mr. Plaintive reſumed his own ſtory, which he continued till the phyſician arrived.

Mr. Plaintive having heard that this phyſician, who was newly-created a knight or baronet, I don't know which, had been called to ſee a patient in his neighbourhood, ſeized

the opportunity of consulting him before his return to the capital. As soon as he was seated, he repeated to him the same dismal tale that he had just told to his nephew; and when he had done—

"How do you find my pulse, doctor?"

"Upon my word, much better than could have been expected after what you have told me."

"How does my tongue appear?" said he to the doctor.

"Very clean, indeed!"

In short, to every question which the patient put, the doctor, who was a man of veracity, gave an answer that indicated perfect health.

"Alas!" said Mr. Plaintive, in a whining voice, "what renders my cure so hopeless is, that there is no symptom to lay hold of and prescribe for."

"I acknowledge," replied the doctor, "I should be much at a loss."

"Though my whole system is deranged,

yet all the particular parts are in good order; are they not, doctor?"

"They really seem so."

"What a pity it is, doctor, that I never have had the gout; that is a disease, I understand, which removes others that have resisted every method of cure."

"A fit of the gout certainly does sometimes remove other complaints," the physician answered.

"Cannot you, then, give me a fit directly?" said Mr. Plaintive.

"Indeed I cannot," answered the physician.

"Yours seems to be a very unfortunate profession, doctor," said Travers: "for although you deal entirely in diseases, yet you are neither certain of removing them from those who have them, nor of giving them to those who have them not."

"What you observe is very true," replied the physician, smiling and turning to Travers, whom he had not before attended to;—"but,

my good ſir," continued he, " what is the matter with your face ?"

" Nothing, nothing at all," ſaid Travers..

" It is a good deal ſwelled," rejoined the doctor.

" My face has a habit of ſwelling."

" A habit of ſwelling !"

" Yes," rejoined Travers, a little peeviſhly. " But pray ſay no more about it."

Mr. Plaintive, thinking his nephew treated the doctor with too little ceremony, ſaid, " I aſk pardon, Tom, for not preſenting Sir —— —— to you."

The two gentlemen having bowed to each other—

" A good many of your profeſſion have had the honour of knighthood conferred on them of late," ſaid Travers.

" A great many ſir," anſwered the phyſician, with a ſmile.—" By-and-bye," continued he, " I ſuppoſe no man will preſume to practiſe medicine without it."

" As in the days of chivalry," rejoined

Travers, " when no man could lawfully kill on the highway till he was dubbed a knight."

This ſally ſet the phyſician, who was one of the beſt-natured men in the world, into a fit of laughter, and intereſted him more than ever in the ſwelling of Travers's face—

" I am really concerned, ſir, for that ſwelling," ſaid he.

" It is not worth your while," replied Travers.

" I fear it may become troubleſome," ſaid the doctor.

" It would not be in the leaſt troubleſome, if you would let it alone," ſaid Travers.

" Do you not feel yourſelf at all the worſe for it ?"

" No ; I feel myſelf rather the better for it," replied Travers, angrily, and going directly out of the room.

" This ſeems to be a very ſingular gentleman," ſaid the phyſician.

" You never met with a man ſo whimſical, I ſuppoſe," replied Mr. Plaintive.

"Forgive me," rejoined the phyſician, ſlyly—"I think I have.—But you really ought to adviſe him to ſend for a ſurgeon, and loſe ſome blood; for, beſides his temple, which is much ſwelled and inflamed, his leg is hurt, for he halted a little as he walked out of the room."

"But what do you intend to preſcribe, doctor, for my own complaints? You muſt be ſenſible that there is no time to be loſt," ſaid Mr. Plaintive.

"True, ſir," replied the doctor (ſeeing that he could not be ſatisfied otherwiſe)—"I ſhall order you ſome reſtorative draughts: but I muſt aſſure you, at the ſame time, that their good effect will be greatly aſſiſted by your riding on horſeback three or four hours every day before dinner."

"You mean when the weather is fine," ſaid Mr. Plaintive.

"I mean in all weathers," anſwered the phyſician.

Travers having returned to his uncle after the phyſician was gone—

"It ſeems very extraordinary, Tom," ſaid Mr. Plaintive, "that the doctor ſhould have paid more attention to the bruiſe on your face than to all my complaints, though he muſt be ſenſible that internal diſeaſes are far more dangerous than external."

"Horace accounts for that," replied Travers:

> "Segnius irritant animos demiſſa per aurem,
> Quam quæ ſunt oculis ſubjecta fidelibus."

"Poh!" ſaid Mr. Plaintive, "Horace was no phyſician."

"He occaſionally gives ſome tolerable good rules for preſerving health, however," replied Travers; "particularly in the ſecond ſatire of the ſecond book."

When Mr. Plaintive afterwards looked into that ſatire, he was not a little diſpleaſed with his nephew, both on account of his quotation and the reference; becauſe he found in the firſt an inſinuation that his complaints were

imaginary, and in the ſecond an opinion that they would be more effectually removed by exerciſe and temperance, both of which he hated, than by drugs; in which he delighted.

While he ſtill remained in this ſour temper of mind, which it was not in the nature of Travers, from any conſideration of intereſt, to endeavour to ſweeten, an accident occurred which produced a breach between them.

After Travers had nearly recovered of his bruiſe, he went out pretty early with the harriers; and finding better ſport than uſual, he did not return till the time of dinner, when he found ſome company at table with his uncle.

After making a very hearty dinner, Mr. Plaintive began the hiſtory of his own caſe, in which he was more circumſtantial that day than uſual, for the benefit of a ſtranger, who liſtened with a ſympathiſing face of attention. But in the moſt pathetic part of the ſtory Travers unfortunately fell aſleep, and, more unfortunately ſtill, began to ſnore ſo loud,

that one of the company burſt into laughter, which infected others, and at laſt caught the ſympathiſing ſtranger himſelf.

You will pleaſe to obſerve, Colonel, that this fit of merriment broke forth at the very inſtant when Plaintive had arrived at the climax of woe; when he flattered himſelf that he had melted the moſt obdurate heart in the company, and was in poſſeſſion of their full ſympathy.—You will not be ſurpriſed, therefore, that he was too much ſhocked to reſume his narrative—he was ſtruck dumb with indignation, which the company perceiving, ſoon withdrew. As the laſt of them was going out of the room, Travers awoke, and, rubbing his eyes, aſked "What was the matter?" To this queſtion he received from Mr. Plaintive ſo rude an anſwer, that he immediately roſe, and, calling for his ſervant, ordered his carriage, and drove to an inn within two miles of his uncle's houſe, went to bed directly, ſlept very ſound, and ſet out next morning for London: ſince which time the uncle and ne-

phew have never met. I have endeavoured ſince to prevail on Travers to make advances, and uſe ſome means to regain his uncle's friendſhip, but hitherto without ſucceſs. He ſays nothing would do except acknowledging that he had given him juſt cauſe of offence, and patiently liſtening to the long catalogue of his complaints, as often as they met, which he thought too dear a purchaſe for the eſtate.

However indifferent he may appear on the ſubject, I cannot bear the thought of the honeſt fellow's ſuſtaining ſo great a loſs; and therefore I perſiſt in my endeavours to bring about a reconciliation, in which I find more difficulty from the uncle than the nephew: and this is not ſurpriſing; for mankind more eaſily forgive thoſe who tire them than thoſe to whom they are tireſome.

Now, my friend, if you ſhould be diſpleaſed at being ſo long detained by Mr. Plaintive, when, perhaps, you languiſhed for the end of our journey, I can only plead that the offence was unpremeditated; for when I began this

letter I had as little idea of being ſtopped by that gentleman as you had: he came on me as unexpectedly as the ſingular inſtance of hoſpitality I promiſed to give you an account of, but which I muſt defer till the next opportunity.

Adieu!

J. Mordaunt.

## LETTER XVI.

*The Same in Continuation.*

Vevay.

You will remember that our muleteer was a good deal ſurpriſed, and a little angry, at ſeeing Travers and me laughing in the middle of the ſtorm. He moved on rather ſulkily; but before we could arrive at the inn, where we intended to paſs the night, we perceived a lone houſe in the midſt of underwood, at the foot of a mountain, and at a conſiderable diſtance from the high road. The muleteer declared that it was impoſſible for his cattle to proceed to the inn during ſuch a ſtorm, and that the beſt thing we could do was to take ſhelter, for the night, in that houſe.

As I had been told that all thoſe frontiers were inhabited by gangs of ſmugglers, who are the moſt deſperate fellows in Spain, and

ſometimes act as robbers, I was not very fond of the propoſal. I mentioned this to Travers, who, ſhrugging his ſhoulders, ſaid, " he would do as I pleaſed; but that it was better to be robbed than drowned." Meanwhile a ſtout fellow, well mounted, rode by us towards the houſe: he had a gun on each ſide, ſlung in the manner in which a dragoon carries his carabine, and the man had under him a well-filled package of conſiderable bulk.

The muleteer aſked him whether he might be permitted to ſhelter his mules from the ſtorm.

" Do you think that my houſe is inhabited by Moors?" ſaid the man.

The muleteer drove directly up to the houſe, unharneſſed his mules, put them into the ſtable, which ſeemed to be the firſt room of the manſion; for through it we paſſed to the kitchen, where we found three men and two women, with a blind muſician, ſitting by the fire, ſtrumming a guitar, which he accompanied by occaſional ſtanzas through his noſe.

The company were ſo attentive to the muſic, that they took little notice of Travers and me, till the perſon we had ſeen on the road, and whom we found to be the maſter of the houſe, came in.—"Why do you ſtand apart, like intruders?" ſaid he, in a loud and rather ſurly tone: "I invited you to my houſe, which you ought therefore to conſider as your own."

We bowed, and approached nearer to the fire. In a ſhort time ſupper was laid upon a long table in the ſame room. The landlord made Travers ſit on one ſide of him, and me on the other: he preſſed us to every diſh on the table. The principal one conſiſted of pieces of mutton and kid, ſtewed with abundance of hog's lard, and ſtrongly ſeaſoned with garlic: there was alſo a large diſh of ſallad, ſwimming in rancid oil, called a *gaſpacho*. All the company eat voraciouſly of both, except Travers and me. Neither our own appetite, though keen, nor the landlord's invitation, could overcome the repugnance excit-

ed by the flavour and appearance of thoſe two diſhes. To make amends, however, we eat abundantly of the bread, which was very good, and of oranges, of which abundance are to be found in every cottage. We would have drank more of the wine had it not been extremely ſtrong and fiery.—Our landlord miſtook the reaſon of our giving a preference to the bread, and frequently aſſured us that we were juſt as welcome to the higheſt-ſeaſoned diſh on the table as to that.

The ſupper being ended, the company wrapped themſelves in their great cloaks, and laid themſelves on the ground, except one man, who preferred the table, and another, who choſe the ſtone bench next the fire.

I happened to ſay ſomething to the muleteer concerning our baggage; this was overheard by the landlord—"Señor," ſaid he, bluntly, "you are in my houſe: it is my buſineſs that all your things be properly taken care of."

He then deſired Travers and me to follow

him, which we did, into a room where there was a bed.—" This is the only bed in the houſe," ſaid he : " as you are ſtrangers, it is for you—*Buenas noches* ;" ſo ſaying he left the room.

" If this man, after all, ſhould prove a knave, I ſhall be much ſurpriſed," ſaid I; " ſo much has he the manners of an honeſt man."

" It is the buſineſs of knaves to make others believe that they are honeſt," rejoined Travers.

" This man has ſucceeded with me," ſaid I.

" Do you think he has ſucceeded with himſelf?" ſaid Travers.

" I am perſuaded he has," anſwered I.

" Then depend upon it he *is* an honeſt man," added Travers ; " for though a man may deceive the reſt of the world in that point, yet, were he as cunning as the devil, he cannot deceive himſelf."

" Right, Tom," rejoined I, ſtruck with

his obſervation: "and thus a knave can never be ſecure, even in this life; for, in ſpite of all his circumſpection to keep his wickedneſs concealed, there is always one perſon in the world acquainted with it; and it is wiſely ordered, that when nobody elſe could, that ſingle witneſs very often betrays him, and brings him to ſhame."

I happened to ſtep out of our bed-chamber after this, and was highly pleaſed to find the ſtorm entirely abated; but a good deal ſurpriſed, at the ſame time, that every perſon ſeemed faſt aſleep, though all the doors of the houſe, even that to the fields, were open.

When I returned, however, I thought proper to ſhut that of our bed-chamber, and then lay down in my clothes beſide Travers, who was already ſtretched on the bed.

We were awaked early in the morning by the muleteer, who informed us that every thing was ready. After breakfaſting on bread and wine, I went in ſearch of our landlord, whom I found already mounted and accou-

tred, as he had been the day before, with his two guns.—I aſked him what was to pay.

He looked diſpleaſed, and ſaid, "his houſe was not an inn."

I thanked him for his hoſpitality;—but ſtill," ſaid I, "you will be ſo good as to give this to the maid who dreſſed our ſupper, and the man who aſſiſted the muleteer, neither of whom I can find."

"I pay them their wages," ſaid he, refuſing the money, and directly riding off.

While I amuſe myſelf, and endeavour to amuſe you, my friend, with what I can recollect of the moſt ſtriking occurrences of this journey, I do not pretend to give you a view of the general manners or character of the Spaniards: were I in other reſpects qualified for that, the ſhort ſtay I made in the country would render me inadequate to ſuch a taſk. The impreſſion left on my mind, however, by what I obſerved during this journey, is, that the Spaniards are of an honeſt, hoſpitable, and generous nature, and capable of

making as respectable a figure as any people in Europe, if ever their minds should be freed from that absurd and debasing superstition, which chills their energy, and tends to check every species of improvement— more than all the other circumstances to which their poverty and degeneracy have been imputed. This, however, is conjecture; but what you may rely on as fact is, that a Spanish bishop, and a Spanish smuggler, treated two English travellers as has been mentioned.

To-morrow, if you please, we shall proceed on our journey. In the mean-while I remain

Yours, &c.

J. Mordaunt.

## LETTER XVII.

*The Same in Continuation.*

Vevay.

THE ſecond day after we left the houſe of the ſmuggler we arrived at Merida: it is a difficult matter to travel above ſix and thirty or forty miles a day in this country. Merida, formerly a Roman colony of great opulence (as many fragments of triumphal arches, and other pieces of exquiſite architecture, indicate), is now the reſidence of idleneſs, poverty, and filth.

We ſhould not have ſtaid longer than was abſolutely neceſſary in this wretched town, if I had not had a letter from the commandant of Elvas to an Iriſh officer in the Spaniſh ſervice, who, having married a lady of ſome fortune, in the neighbourhood of Merida, found it expedient to reſide there at that time.

After the civilities we had received from the commandant, we thought it proper that we ſhould wait on his correſpondent, and deliver the letter into his own hands.

We found him a lively intelligent man: he immediately invited us to ſleep at his houſe. On my hinting our determination to proceed on our journey next morning,—"I do not expect, gentlemen," ſaid he, "that any thing I can offer will prevail on you to make a long abode in ſuch a place as this; but I ſhall be mortified, indeed, if you will not do me the pleaſure of giving my houſe the preference to the inn, while you do ſtay."

He afterwards perſuaded us to agree to remain all the following day, part of which we employed in viewing the Roman antiquities; and found our new acquaintance not only to be an hoſpitable landlord, but alſo an inſtructive Cicerone. The fortune neceſſary for acting the firſt of theſe characters are not more rare, in this decayed town, than the knowledge requiſite for the ſecond.

After we had viewed what was thought moſt worthy of inſpection, as we walked by the ſide of the river which ſeparates part of the ſuburbs from the town, obſerving that the river was choaked up at both banks, ſo as to confine the current within a few yards at the centre, I ſaid, "May not many remains of Roman ſculpture, and fragments of architecture, lie buried beneath the rubbiſh on each ſide of this river?"

"It is highly probable," replied the officer; "and a countryman of mine, a Roman-catholic clergyman, was ſo much of that opinion, that, as he paſſed this way, on his return to London from Madrid, ſome years ago, after as accurate an examination as he could conveniently make, he wrote to the miniſter of Spain, recommending it ſtrongly that his excellency ſhould take meaſures for having the rubbiſh cleared away, as there were many reaſons for believing that the labour would be well repaid by the antiquities which would be dug up. The miniſter accordingly ordered an engineer to Merida for

that very purpoſe. But no ſooner was his deſign known, than certain monks began to murmur againſt it: they ſaid, " it was paying that reſpect to fragments of Pagan temples and ſtatues which was due to the relics of Chriſtian ſaints only: that ſome men, particularly the whole childiſh race of virtuoſos, were ſo depraved, as to admire ſpecimens of ancient ſculpture more than any portion of the real bones of a martyr: that if this ſcheme was adopted, who could anſwer that ſome heathen deity would not be dug up, of more exquiſite workmanſhip than any of thoſe which excited ſo much profane adoration already: that by the piety, as well as the wiſdom of their anceſtors, thoſe idols were buried under ground, where, experience had now proved, they did no harm; but there was no knowing what miſchief they might do if they were raiſed again: that mention was made in the Bible of no reſurrection but that of the quick and the dead; that ſtatues were neither the one nor

the other, and therefore not entitled to the ſame privilege: that it was ſafeſt, and moſt prudent, to leave things as they are; becauſe change or innovation, on the pretext of reformation, was often productive of irreparable evil, as the church had already experienced."

Theſe conſiderations greatly alarmed the good citizens of Merida, and ſeemed ſo rational to the king's confeſſor, a Franciſcan friar, that he prevailed on his majeſty to recall the engineer, and the river was allowed to remain choaked, as you ſee it, to the great conſolation of the inhabitants.

We had an opportunity of obſerving another inſtance of the piety of theſe people, as we returned from the river.

It was a holiday: the whole town ſeemed in motion. At the corner of almoſt every ſtreet there was a group of both ſexes, dancing to the muſic of a guitar.

I have obſerved, indeed, that at all times, and in every town and village of Spain through

which I have paſſed, people of all ages and conditions aſſemble round the muſician, at the firſt ſound of this inſtrument.

The agility of ſome of the male dancers ſeemed ſurpriſing, becauſe they were often mere clowns, whoſe dreſs was ill adapted to that exerciſe: but what was more attractive was the wonderful flexibility of movement, as well as intelligence of look, with which many of the women humoured the muſic.

In the ſtreets of Merida we particularly remarked one group of both ſexes, who were performing the fandango, and other dances, with more energy than the reſt, and with a degree of vivacity and a wantonneſs of geſture that ſeemed more ſuitable to Bacchantes, or the worſhippers of the Heathen God of the Gardens, than to Chriſtians. In the midſt of theſe exertions, however, the great bell of the principal church tolled: it was the Ave-Maria, or Angelus hour; and in an inſtant all the dancers were on their knees. Thoſe eyes, which the moment before flaſhed

wantonnefs, were devoutly fixed on the ground; and, inftead of the guitar, nothing was heard but an univerfal mutter of prayer.

"You fee, gentlemen," faid the officer, "that the enthufiafm of mirth is not at fuch a diftance from devotion, in this warm climate, as it is fuppofed to be in your cold ifland, particularly by the inhabitants of the coldeft part of it."

"I have a great notion, however," faid I, "that thofe people were more earneft in the firft than in the fecond."

"I believe them to be in earneft in both," rejoined the officer.

"I dare fwear," faid Travers, "they prefer the mufic of the guitar to that of the bell; but they believe, that if they omitted their prayers at the found of the bell, they would be ftruck with fome difeafe, which would put it out of their power to dance to the found of the guitar."

"There is no knowing people's motives,"

replied this candid Irishman: "secret hopes and wishes, which we would not like to be known, are apt to intermingle with the devotion of the best of us.

> "Haud cuivis promptum est, murmurque humilesque susurros,
> Tollere de templis, et aperto vivere voto *."

"But the sudden transition which you have just beheld has, I am persuaded, taken place at the same hour all over Spain. I myself have seen the actors, on the same occasion, stop the performance, and kneel on the stage; the same occurs at court. Whoever is present at the sound of the Ave-Maria bell kneels immediately, the king himself giving the example."

"The Spanish monarchs have long been distinguished for piety," said I.

"The Spanish nation has long been distinguished for religious zeal," replied the officer. "Whatever difference of character there may be in the inhabitants of the dif-

* Persius.

ferent provinces in other reſpects, they reſemble each other in the article of devotion. You have obſerved, no doubt, that they kneel in the middle of the ſtreet, in all weathers, when the hoſt paſſes. The late king, Charles the Third, never met it without coming out of his carriage, and putting the prieſt into it, he himſelf following on foot, with all his attendants, to the houſe of the ſick perſon to whom it was carrying. He at the ſame time ſent orders for his own phyſician to attend the ſick perſon, from that time till his recovery or death. This accounts for what might otherwiſe ſurpriſe you, gentlemen; namely, that the courtiers in Spain have not only a greater ſhow of devotion than the nobility in other countries, but even more than the lower ranks of their own country."

As we approached the officer's houſe, after leaving the group of dancers, I remarked a Corinthian pillar of exquiſite ſculpture, which formed part of the wall of one of the pariſh-churches.

On my expreſſing ſurpriſe at this arrangement, the Iriſhmen ſaid, " there is nothing done in *this* enlightened country without a valid reaſon, as you ſhall be convinced directly." On which, bowing to a prieſt who was paſſing, he ſaid, " Thoſe gentlemen, who are ſtrangers, have juſt aſked a queſtion, father, which I cannot reſolve, but probably you can,—namely, how that column, which is not only of marble, but alſo *ſeems* to be of a different ſpecies of architecture from the reſt of the building, came to make part of the church?"

" That column," replied the prieſt, " is a piece of *Mooriſh* antiquity: it was raiſed by thoſe infidels for the horrid purpoſe of tying the Chriſtians to it, when they were put to death in torture; and, ſince the expulſion of the infidels, it was thought proper to build it into the wall of the church, and ſo ſecure it, as a proof and memorial of the cruelties exerciſed by the Moors on the Chriſtians."

The Iriſhman, with a very ſerious and ob-

ſequious air, thanked the prieſt for the information. He, on his part, walked away, apparently ſatisfied with this opportunity of diſplaying his knowledge as an antiquarian.

" It muſt be allowed," ſaid I, " that this is a moſt convincing teſtimonial of the cruelties exerciſed by the Moors on the Chriſtians, and a very ingenious method of keeping up the people's hatred againſt their old enemies."

" It anſwers both purpoſes almoſt as well," rejoined the Hibernian, ſarcaſtically, " as the London column, raiſed to commemorate the burning of the city, and to accuſe the Roman-catholics."

" If both columns are on a footing in other reſpects," ſaid Travers, " this of Merida has the advantage of being the cheapeſt."

Farewell!

J. MORDAUNT.

## LETTER XVIII.

*The Same in Continuation.*

Vevay.

I MENTIONED in my laſt, that our hoſpitable and moſt agreeable landlord had prevailed on us, at our firſt meeting, to conſent to remain a day longer at Merida than we intended: the evening of that day we paſſed with great jollity; and, before we parted, he found no difficulty in making us agree that we ſhould remain at Merida the two following days alſo. There is a ſpecies of humour peculiar to the Iriſh nation, which to me is highly entertaining: to this was joined, in our hoſt, the knowledge of a man of education, the eaſe of a man acquainted with the world, the frankneſs of the military character, and that love for his native country which is always amiable, and which

glows with augmented warmth in the breaſt of thoſe who have been long out of it.

It is ſaid, that the hiſtory of thoſe times, in which it would have been the moſt happy to have lived, is the leaſt entertaining to read; for which reaſon I ſhall ſay nothing of thoſe two other days that we paſſed with this gentleman. For a different reaſon I omit any account of our journey from Merida to Madrid; for, although our happineſs during that jaunt was by no means uniform, yet the incidents that interrupted it, however ſeverely felt by us when they occurred, are not of ſo pathetic a nature as to affect you much at this diſtance of time. I ſhall not, therefore, inſiſt on the miſerable manner in which we were bit by the fleas at the inns, nor on our diſappointment when we were told that the two fowls we expected for ſupper had been ſtolen by a gipſey-girl, in the inſtant that the cook-maid went to take a peep at a Valencian tumbler, who exhibited feats of activity before the door. I omit all

ſuch occurrences, as common and trivial. I diſdain by ſuch '*vulgar ſprings to move*'— '*Paulo majora canamus*'—I carry you at once to the *court* of Madrid.

Spain no doubt was, at one time, the nation of moſt importance in Europe, not only in point of riches, but likewiſe of military fame: to this may, in ſome degree, be imputed that ſtately reſerve and pride which belongs to the national character; and, as in many other inſtances, remain after the cauſe which produced them no longer exiſts.

The common people, in moſt countries, admire their own ſovereign, whether he be emperor, king, landgrave, margrave, or biſhop, as the moſt powerful in the world. In Spain it was a common opinion, not only that their monarch was the greateſt prince, but alſo that the court of Spain was the moſt magnificent in Europe. '*Solo Madrid es corte*' is a common ſaying. Thoſe who are of that opinion, after being a little acquainted with the court of Madrid, muſt think magnificence the dulleſt and moſt melancholy thing

in the world. If a court life in other countries of Europe is conſidered as rather an inſipid buſineſs, that of the court of Spain muſt be thought ſuperlatively ſo.

This is not to be accounted for by the national character: the Spaniards, though ſerious, are not deficient in ingenuity; the nation which has ſo high a reliſh for Don Quixote muſt be fond of wit, humour, and gaiety.—How comes it then, that the court of Spain has, to the uſual tedium attending on courts, joined, for ſo long a period, all the gloom that belongs to convents?

This has proceeded, I imagine, from the ſingular circumſtances of the Spaniſh monarchs having, through a ſucceſſion of reigns, been diſtinguiſhed, in a moſt remarkable manner, for ſuperſtition and zeal, which, in ſome ſhape or other, has proved unfortunate for mankind in general, and peculiarly pernicious to Spain. Some of them alſo had a horror againſt every appearance of gallantry.

What but blind ſuperſtition could induce the emperor Charles the Fifth to reſign his

hereditary dominions to his ſon Philip at the age of fifty-ſix? an event which Europe had much cauſe to lament, becauſe the ſon had all the ambition of the father, and was more cruel and unrelenting.

What but ſuperſtitious zeal could prompt Philip the Second to the cruelties exerciſed in the Low Countries by his general Alva? and in Spain by his favourite court the Inquiſition? for which ſo far was he from feeling remorſe, that on his death-bed he declared, that though he was conſcious of having committed many crimes, yet he derived conſolation from the reflection of the number of heretics that had been ſlaughtered by his orders, and the number that he had beheld with his own eyes burnt at the various *auto-da-fés* which had been exhibited during his reign?

It is impoſſible to imagine there could be much happineſs or gaiety in the court of a monarch whoſe favourite ſpectacle was an *auto-da-fé*.

What but the moſt abſurd and impolitic zeal could have induced Philip the Third to

expel the Moors, by which Spain loſt above a million of its moſt induſtrious inhabitants? In other reſpects he ſeems to have been a humane prince, diametrically oppoſite to the cruel diſpoſition of his father.

The revolt of Portugal, and its final ſeparation from the Spaniſh monarchy, muſt, independent of other circumſtances, have thrown a gloom over the court of Philip IV.

As the mind of his ſon, Charles the Second, ſeems to have been occupied, during his whole reign, in fixing on a ſucceſſor, and making his teſtament, there was no great chance that the gloom of the father's court would be diſperſed by gaiety in that of a prince whoſe thoughts were engroſſed by ſuch ſubjects.

The choice he made at laſt produced the horrors of a civil war, and for ſome time baniſhed the court from Madrid. But when Philip the Fifth was firmly placed on the throne, and peace reſtored, he being the native of a country diſtinguiſhed for eaſe and vivacity, it was natural to imagine that Spa-

niſh formality would have given place to French gallantry at his court : yet, as if there were ſomething in the atmoſphere of that place that baniſhes every appearance of mirth, and inſpires gravity, he was no ſooner ſettled in the palace at Madrid, and had paid a few viſits to the monaſtery of the Eſcurial, than he became reſerved and melancholy.

The character of the founder of this famous convent, as well as the martyrdom of the ſaint, contributes to excite gloomy ideas. The happy thought of giving the edifice the form of the inſtrument of the ſaint's torture is worthy of the genius of Philip the Second, whom the monks dignify with the title of their *holy founder*: and leſt ſo bright a thought ſhould eſcape the obſervation of ſtrangers who viſit the building, the elegant form of a gridiron is repeated on the walls, doors, altars, windows, and robes of the prieſts ; ſo that every ſurrounding object conſpires to impreſs on the mind of the ſpectator recollections of tyranny, ſuperſtition, and torture.

Philip the Fifth, however, was neither tyrannical nor cruel, though as ſuperſtitious and reſerved as any of his predeceſſors.

The kings of Spain have, for many years, been patterns of conjugal fidelity; and what is fully as remarkable, none of them have been able to ſurpaſs, in that virtue, the prince who was called to their throne from the court of Verſailles.

So far from thinking of any other bedfellow, that monarch ſeems not to have wiſhed for any other miniſter, friend, or companion, than his wife.

He not only paſſed every night with her, but every day alſo,—ſick or well he never quitted her: and when affairs of ſtate or etiquette required that others ſhould be preſent, he always ſhowed marks of impatience till he could be again alone with the queen. There never was ſuch a miracle of conſtancy. One would have thought that ſo continued a *tête-à-tête* would have cooled the fierceſt flame on record, and that Antony himſelf, had he been

ſo confined with Cleopatra, would have *given the world* to get rid of her.

It is not probable that Philip would ever have thought of another woman if his firſt queen had lived: his ſorrow, on account of her death, however, did not prevent his marrying again.

A wife ſeems to have been almoſt a neceſſary of life for this prince: he was not, however, difficult with reſpect to the choice—*that* he left entirely to others. All he ſeems to have ſtipulated was, that ſhe ſhould be a woman; and, from the moment the ceremony of marriage was performed, that woman became his inſeparable companion and prime-miniſter, as well as his wife. His ſecond wife engroſſed his attention, and every moment of his time, as much as his firſt had done; and, if ſhe had died before him, there is every reaſon to believe that a third wife would have enjoyed all the influence of the former two. Nothing ſurpriſed this uxorious prince ſo much in the character of his countrymen, and particularly

in that of his grandfather Lewis the Fourteenth of France, as that they ſhould have ſo little taſte for their own wives, and ſo much for thoſe of other men.

As Philip ſtood in need of no other amuſement than what his queen afforded, there were ſeldom any entertainments given in the palace; and the court of Philip the Fifth, notwithſtanding his being a Frenchman, was as *ſombre* as that of his Spaniſh predeceſſors. It is not ſurpriſing that others ſhould have tired of it, ſince it became inſupportable to the monarch himſelf, though of all mankind he ſeems to have been the leaſt ſuſceptible of *ennui.*—The fatigue of royalty was too oppreſſive for him; he abdicated the crown in favour of his ſon Lewis, and retired to the palace of St. Ildefonſo, in hopes of enjoying an uninterupted *tête-à-tête* with his wife during the remainder of his life. He was deprived of this felicity a few months after he had begun to enjoy it, by the death of his ſon Lewis, and he was obliged to reſume the crown, which,

at his own death, defcended to his fon Ferdinand the Sixth.

It is recorded of Philip the Fifth, that, in his will, he ordered 100,000 maffes to be faid for the repofe of his foul; but, that nothing might be wafted, there was a faving claufe, that in cafe a fmaller number fhould prove fufficient to conduct him to heaven, the furplus fhould be performed for the benefit of the fouls of the poor of the parifh in which he fhould die.

This memorable inftance of piety, œconomy, and regard for the poor, may ferve as an ufeful hint to thofe princes who beftow as little attention on the falvation of their own fouls as on the wants of the poor.

I have been led into this difquifition by being ftruck with the peculiar characters of fuch a feries of princes, which certainly, independent of the ftately referve and formality of Spanifh manners, renders the court and capital of Spain lefs amufing to ftrangers than thofe of any other European kingdom.

During the reign of Ferdinand, however, the gloom of the Spaniſh court was occaſionally diſperſed, or rendered more ſupportable, by muſic; an art for which that prince had a decided taſte, and of whoſe aid no man ſtood in more need: for, beſides a delicate conſtitution and melancholy taint, Ferdinand inherited the uxorious diſpoſition of his father.

If he was governed by his queen, as is generally ſuppoſed, it is a proof of the ability of that princeſs, who was of the royal family of Portugal; for in the reign of Ferdinand the government adopted more wiſe regulations, and the nation enjoyed more happineſs and proſperity, than during the ſame period of moſt of the preceding reigns: but he was ſo deeply affected with the loſs of his queen, in the year 1758, that he renounced all buſineſs, avoided all company, neglected all care of his health, ſhut himſelf up in a chamber, and gave looſe to ſorrow, till he expired the following year, without leaving any poſterity.

He was ſucceeded by his brother, Don Carlos, king of Naples. I ſhall ſay a little of him in my next.

Adieu !

J. MORDAUNT.

## LETTER XIX.

*The Same in Continuation.*

Vevay.

CHARLES the Third not having the ſame taſte for muſic which his predeceſſor had diſplayed, and which gave riſe to the diſtinguiſhed favour of Farinelli, the court was deprived of the only entertainment in which the bulk of the courtiers could ſhare.

The predominant taſte of Charles the Third was ſhooting, and ſometimes what is called a general deer-hunting. For the firſt the Spaniſh nobility have no great paſſion; and the enjoyment of the ſecond is confined to the royal family. It is conducted in the following manner:—A great number of peaſants being ordered to form a circle, embracing a conſiderable extent of ground in which herds of deer abound, by the people advancing the circle gradually becomes more narrow, and

the deer are driven into a defile, where his majeſty and his attendants are waiting in ambuſh; and, as the terrified animals run paſt, he has the glory of killing or wounding them till he is tired.

"Is this hunting?" ſaid I to an Engliſh gentleman, who gave me the account.—He anſwered, parodying the lines of Pope,

——— "It is, alas! too clear,
'Tis but the *ſlaughter* of ſome hundred deer."

Charles the Fourth, the preſent king, is of an athletic make, fond of exerciſe, temperate, as much attached to his queen as the moſt conſtant of his predeceſſors ever were to theirs, and as little given to jealouſy as any man that ever exiſted.

Her majeſty, who is a princeſs of Parma, has honoured ſeveral individuals with her diſtinguiſhed patronage; and the men ſhe has delighted to honour have generally become the king's miniſters; for he has the higheſt opinion of her judgment in men, as well as of her conjugal fidelity. To be diſtinguiſhed

by the queen's favour was likely, of itſelf, to rouſe ſlander and create envy; but when to that all the power of the ſtate was added, you may imagine what increaſed activity and vigor muſt have been given to both: inſinuations to her majeſty's diſadvantage were conveyed in notes laid on the king's plate under his napkin, thrown into his coach, tranſmitted to him, or brought to his notice, by every means which envy could prompt and malevolent ingenuity contrive, but all without producing the effect intended: he remains fully ſatisfied that his conſort is as faithful to him as he is to her.

How happy would it be for many wretched huſbands were they of the diſpoſition of this monarch! for as horns are plants of ideal growth, thoſe who repoſe on the virtue of their wives, happen what may, will never feel the pangs of their ſprouting.

This well-diſpoſed monarch not only ſhuts his ears againſt the queen's calumniators, but he is averſe from believing in the infidelity of

married people in general; he considers adultery as one of the greatest of crimes, and a belief of its frequency one of the most dangerous opinions that can prevail in this age of dangerous opinions; because it tends to shake the reverence of children to their parents, and the loyalty of subjects to their sovereign, by suggesting that even the blood-royal may have been adulterated by plebeian mixture; an idea which cannot fail to diminish the veneration due to it. The well-disposed prince cannot believe that a crime pregnant with such mischief ever prevailed; or, if it ever did, it must have been in the ages of heathen darkness, and among the lowest vulgar. The notion that it prevails now, he thinks, can only be entertained by men speculating in their closets, and drawing inferences from the customs of the ancients, but totally unacquainted with the manners of modern times.

A thousand peculiarities respecting this prince mark him as a good-natured man: subject to sudden fits of anger, he is quickly

pacified, and impatient to make reparation to his attendants for whatever he has ſaid or done, during his paſſion, that was too violent or diſobliging. When any of them falls ſick, or meets with a diſagreeable accident, he ſhows a degree of compaſſion and ſympathy that is not common in princes.

The perſon who gave me this account, and on whoſe veracity I have the fulleſt reliance, ſaid he was witneſs to the king's ſhedding tears when one of his life-guards broke his leg by a fall from his horſe as he rode by his majeſty's coach.

He is ſaid to be very little acquainted with buſineſs, though he regularly ſits in council, with the queen at his ſide: and though his miniſters are ſuppoſed to be ſelected by the queen, ſhe is ſo obſervant of decorum, that ſhe expreſſes no opinion in words while ſitting in council; but they generally underſtand by her looks what ſhe approves or diſapproves, and they act accordingly. When the Prince of Peace poſſeſſed her favour, ſhe uſu-

ally ſent for him to the king's apartment after the breaking-up of the council, informed him of what had been reſolved, gave directions reſpecting the execution, and then looked at the king, who confirmed what ſhe ſaid by a nod.

Her countenance is more diſtinguiſhed for penetration than for either beauty or good-nature; yet ſhe contrives to throw off its uſual ſourneſs when ſtrangers are preſented, and receives them with a ſmile and the appearance of graciouſneſs.

There is nothing mighty amuſing, you ſee, in all this pantomime, which is only varied by melancholy card-parties, or converſation-parties, ſtill more melancholy, compoſed of the attendants in rotation.

Though the miniſter of each different department tranſacts buſineſs with the king, yet they were little more than clerks under the Prince of Peace, who, in all reſpects, except a few forms, was ſupreme miniſter.

His name originally was Don Manuel

Godoi, the ſon of an Hidalgo of Badego, in Eſtremadura, of an ancient family, in very narrow circumſtances: he was educated as people in his ſituation uſually are in the provinces of Spain; and when he arrived at the proper age, entered as a private ſoldier in the company of life-guards, where he ſerved for ſeveral years, until he had the good fortune to be diſtinguiſhed by royal penetration, and raiſed to ſupreme favour. He is a man of addreſs, and rather of genteel manners: he has endeavoured to repair the deficiencies of his education by ſtudy. He was diſpoſed to encourage ſcience, and give protection to men of letters. He always ſhowed a partiality for the Engliſh, and a deſire to prevent a rupture between Spain and Great-Britain.

The grandees ſeem to be a race apart in this country; they engroſs the higheſt offices of the palace, and are employed in attendance on the king's perſon, though very ſeldom in the affairs of government. It is ſaid that their education and talents are generally of a nature

to prevent this from being a loſs to the public. Their perſons, as well as minds, are thought more diminutive than the uſual human ſize in their country. Thoſe who aſſert this impute it to their intermarrying conſtantly with each other, and to ſome other phyſical cauſes. The higher Spaniſh nobility ſeldom eat at each others' houſes, though they reſide the whole year at Madrid; hardly any of them live at their ſeats in the provinces, or ever go at all to the country, except thoſe whoſe offices oblige them to accompany the royal family, when they viſit the different country palaces, at ſtated periods of the year.

Conſidering the natural beauty and fertility of many provinces of Spain, it ſeems ſurpriſing that the Spaniards in general ſhould prefer a town to a country life: it ſeems alſo ſingular, that, notwithſtanding the ſeverity and variableneſs of the climate, the inhabitants of no country have ſhown a greater fondneſs for rural life, or greater admiration of rural beauty, than

thoſe of Great-Britain. This may, perhaps, appear leſs ſurpriſing in the inhabitants of the ſouth than in thoſe of the north of this iſland: yet I have been aſſured that the Scotch are as fond of a country life as the Engliſh. And what poets, of any nation, have deſcribed rural objects more ſucceſsfully, or with a fonder enthuſiaſm, than Thomſon, Burns, and Beatie?

Few of the nobility of Spain diſplay any taſte for the purſuits of literature. In this they are probably influenced by the example of the royal family in all its branches, who have ſufficiently ſhown that literature of any kind is not requiſite in ſovereign princes, of which the preſent king of Naples is a moſt ſtriking inſtance. It is hardly credible, though I have heard it often aſſerted, that his royal conſort was the firſt who ſucceeded in teaching his Neapolitan majeſty to read: but nothing is more certain than that, whoever taught him, it is an accompliſhment he ſeldom makes uſe of.

What is alſo ſingular is, that notwithſtanding that princes of the houſe of Bourbon have ſo long ſat on the throne of Spain, yet the nobility of this country are leſs acquainted with the French language than the nobles of any other European nation: they differ from the great of other nations likewiſe, in being as ſuperſtitious as the vulgar.

This account, which I received from a perſon of integrity and penetration, was given as ſubject to many exceptions, and does not include thoſe *foreigners* on whom the Spaniſh monarchs have, at various periods, conferred the rank of grandees of Spain, ſeveral of whom were men of eminent merit, who had performed diſtinguiſhed ſervices to that nation.

The ſtyle of living of the grandees of Spain is not calculated to excite envy in the breaſts of thoſe who have a taſte for the real enjoyments of life; it is expenſive, without being elegant; and their expenſe conſiſts chiefly in an uſeleſs number of carriages, mules, and domeſtics.

I do not know whether the opinions and example of the present king have banished jealousy from the capital of Spain; but, certainly, there is as little appearance of it in Madrid as in any town in Europe. It were to be wished that the tranquillity which husbands now seem to enjoy on that head was derived, like that of his majesty, from a consciousness of their own chastity: but the very reverse of this is true, if I can rely on the account of some, who, by a long residence in that city, and an extensive acquaintance with the inhabitants, may be supposed to have acquired a more accurate knowledge of their manners than the king had any opportunity of doing.

Though far less gay, the manners of the inhabitants of Madrid were, when I was there, much on a level, in point of profligacy, with those of the Parisians before the revolution: since that period, undoubtedly, the latter have, in that article, surpassed all rivalship.

This alteration in the manners of the Spa-

niards, in the midſt of the evil that it has produced, ſeems to have had one good effect; namely, that there is hardly any ſuch thing as aſſaſſination on account of jealouſy; and the profeſſion of a bravo has fallen into total decay.

Farewell!

J. MORDAUNT.

## LETTER XX.

*The Same in Continuation.*

Vevay.

THE characters and manners of the inhabitants of different provinces vary more from each other in Spain than in other countries of Europe; owing, probably, to the Spanish provinces having formerly been distinct kingdoms: this accounts also for the hatred which they reciprocally have for each other, which in some, I am told, is as violent as ever it could have been even when they were in a state of war.

The inhabitants of Estremadura, Andalusia, and Murcia, are thought more lively than the rest of their countrymen. The natives of the southern provinces are the most industrious; those of Castille and Arragon lazy, proud, vindictive, amorous, and despising trade and industry.

I believe I already remarked, that the general and assimilating feature of the mass of the people arises from their abject superstition,—that child of deceit, begot on ignorance. The world is fertile in error; yet falsehood can flourish only for a time, because doomed to perish as soon as discovered; whereas truth, when discovered, is immortal. Reason and experience are the discoverers of truth; therefore none should be precluded from the exercise of their reasoning faculties; nor is any subject so sacred, that it ought not to be examined into. Those who have applied their talents to the investigation of truth have in general been virtuous men; but this is not always the case: some, who by study and natural penetration have seen through the masks which deceive others, have sometimes, from motives of ambition and interest, become the propagators of falsehood; and, lest other men should make the same discovery which they have made themselves, they forbid the exercise of reason on certain subjects.

The complicated ſyſtem of fraud and oppreſſion, by which the vaſt majority of the inhabitants of this country are kept in ſlavery and ignorance, was formed by degrees, and contrived by abler heads than thoſe who now carry it on; many of whom are as ignorant and ſuperſtitious as the populace they are employed to deceive. The bulk of the clergy of Spain, ſecular and regular, may be included among thoſe agents: they are certainly ſunk in ignorance and ſuperſtition, far beneath the clergy of any other country of Europe; and, on that very account, carry on the plan more ſucceſsfully; for, as Terence well obſerved, "men act better who, being deceived themſelves, perform *ex animo omnia, ut fert natura,* than thoſe who are preinſtructed, and perform *de induſtria.*"

I have heard that French principles, at one time, began to gain ground in the metropolis, and ſome of the ſea-port towns of Spain. If that ever was the caſe, the late enormities of the French, with the rapacious

conduct of their government, must have cured the Spaniards, as well as the natives of every other country in Europe, of any disposition of that kind. The directory, now, may renounce the hope of making proselytes through love, and, like Mahomet, rely upon the power of the sword and terror only for spreading their system.

They have effected what I once thought impossible, by displaying to the world something more odious and dreadful than even a despotic monarchy; and the measures of their government, at various periods of the revolution, as well as those now pursued, are as inconsistent with the professions at the beginning as the conduct of the first propagators of Christianity was from that of the court of Inquisition.

This leads me to say a few words on that court, now greatly abridged in power; and on that account only, perhaps, less cruel than formerly.

Heretofore the kings of Spain themselves

ſeem, on ſome occaſions, to have been ſubſervient to the power of that tremendous tribunal, and the mere executioners of its vengeance. Now it is dwindled into an engine in the hands of the king.

The dreadful ceremony called *Auto-da-Fé*, now held in as much abhorrence by moſt of the catholics as by proteſtants, was always attended by Philip the Second; and he exacted the ſame punctuality from his grandees and nobles of both ſexes. This was, aſſuredly, the greateſt victory that ſuperſtition ever gained over humanity; or the greateſt proof of the abject complaiſance of courtiers to the vitiated taſte of a king that could be given. The deluded populace, in the mean time, poured execrations on the miſerable victims, as they were led to execution, and ſeemed to take the ſame delight with the tyrant in their agonies.

How ſtrongly does this illuſtrate the danger of admitting power into the hands of the populace! This Philip, the moſt unrelenting

tyrant that ever Spain knew, was not more cruel and unrelenting than the common people of Madrid.

It is probable, however, that the populace, as well as Philip, were prompted by another motive, befides their horrid tafte for executions: *they*, by their acclamations, and by the curfes they poured on the wretched victims leading to execution, paid flavifh court to the tyrant and the inquifitors; *he*, infinitely more abfurd, imagined that he expiated his fins, and fecured to himfelf a diftinguifhed place in paradife. This was as fingular an inftance of felf-delufion as ever occurred; for, if common fenfe and humanity did not fuggeft to him the abfurdity of fuch an expectation, the religion he profeffed taught him that heaven was to be attained by mortification and penance, and not by indulging a favourite enjoyment.

But, whatever gratification a gloomy-minded tyrant, or a brutal populace, might derive from fuch fpectacles as *auto-da-fés*,

they muſt have revolted the feelings of the royal family, and their attendants in general. This was probably obſerved by the inquiſitors, who therefore ſeem to have exacted it as a duty, or at leaſt praiſed it as a merit, to be preſent at ſuch dreadful ceremonies. How elſe can we account for the ſucceeding kings, with their families, and many of the nobility, ever attending on ſuch occaſions? For my part, I am perſuaded, that nothing but the dread of being a victim could ever induce any perſon of common humanity to be a ſpectator of ſuch a helliſh exhibition.

The laſt very grand *auto-da-fé* that was exhibited at Madrid was in the year 1680, of which a pompous account was afterwards publiſhed, with a liſt of the ſufferers, and the ſentence on each. This work is dedicated to Charles the Second, then king of Spain, who is ſtyled *the Pillar of the Faith, Captain-General of the Militia of God*; and highly praiſed for his fortitude, in remaining ſo long at this pious ſpectacle, notwithſtanding

the *heat of the weather*; "a conſtancy," it is added, "worthy of the admiration of future ages." In this work, which is warmly recommended to the peruſal of all ſincere Chriſtians, a faithful liſt is alſo given of all the nobility, of both ſexes, who were preſent, with as minute a deſcription of their dreſſes as appears in our newſpapers after a birth-day; for the author obſerves, that "in what regards ſo ſacred a ceremony, every circumſtance is of importance."

Notwithſtanding the eloquence of this author, this ceremony has never ſince been performed in Spain with equal pomp, and ſeldom takes place at all. Yet the court of Inquiſition has not been entirely aboliſhed; but is ſtill held out, *in terrorem*, eſpecially againſt open impiety and French principles. It would be well for inquiſitors if their power had never been exerciſed for worſe purpoſes.

Though we remained a longer time at Madrid than was expected, and made various excurſions from it into different provinces,

I recollect nothing further worth mentioning during our residence in Spain. Travers and I having each of us friends at Gibraltar, and an equal desire to see the fortress itself, we went accordingly. What first occurs to a British subject, on his arrival, is to visit the places where the last great attack was made, and where British valour and humanity shone with equal lustre. The vast sums expended by the court of Spain, the reputation of the generals, engineers, and troops assembled, the presence of a prince of the blood of France, and the union of the fleets of France and Spain, prove the high expectation then entertained of the reduction of that fortress; which other powers, jealous of the maritime strength of England, would have seen with satisfaction.

The undertakers of the opera at Paris were so convinced of success, that they put themselves to unusual expense in machinery, to represent, in the liveliest manner, the scaling of the rock, and the various incidents of the siege till the surrender. A very magnificent

bombardment was prepared, of the ſucceſs of which nobody harboured the leaſt doubt.

And that the poetical portion of this undertaking might not, in point of genius, fall beneath the mechanical, a poet, of loftier flight than opera poets commonly are, was engaged to compoſe the recitativo and ſongs: the burthen of ſome of the latter, and of the grand chorus, was, that French and Spaniſh valour and ingenuity had never ſhone brighter than in this wonderful conqueſt of Gibraltar.

Whatever may have been the caſe at Madrid, I was aſſured, by a French gentleman, "that the failure of the opera occaſioned much more uneaſineſs at Paris than the raiſing of the ſiege. Some amateurs," he added, "had inſiſted, even after the event was known, that the piece ſhould be repreſented juſt as was intended; giving it, as their firm perſuaſion, that provided the fire-works were well played off, and the bombardment happily executed, the piece would afford the

ſpectators juſt as much pleaſure as if the fortreſs had been in reality taken."

The hopes of France, Spain, and Holland, however, being by this event blaſted, they were fain to make peace with Great-Britain on reaſonable terms.

The combination of thoſe powers was at that time voluntary; at preſent it is conſtrained by the tyranny of France alone, and is undoubtedly enfeebled by fear, hatred, and diſtruſt. What ground, therefore, is there to imagine, that their combination againſt England now will be more ſucceſsful than it was then? Surely none. In that comfortable hope, I remain, my dear Colonel, very ſincerely,

Yours, &c.

J. MORDAUNT.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S ... MAHAL.

## LETTER XXI.

*The Same in Continuation.*

Vevay.

At Gibraltar both Travers and I received letters, preſſing our ſpeedy return to England. His uncle, Mr. Plaintive, was thought to be *really* in a dangerous ſtate of health, and had frequently expreſſed a deſire to ſee his nephew. The buſineſs which required my return was thought to be greatly for my advantage alſo, though horridly contrary to my inclination. Some of my neareſt relations, you muſt know, are ſo ſolicitous for my *happineſs*, that they do all in their power to render me *miſerable*, and are eternally propoſing plans for my intereſt, which I deteſt. *That* which they unfolded to me on the preſent occaſion was a moſt advantageous marriage, to a lady in whom are united, according to their account, birth, beauty, riches, and of

courſe a variety of other accompliſhments. You know, I ſuppoſe, that ſpeaking bad French, drawing hideouſly, and thrumming a few Italian airs on the piano-forté, are each of them called an accompliſhment; and ſhe who engroſſes all the three is thought a moſt accompliſhed woman indeed. I have known ſome of theſe accompliſhed ladies, however, to any one of whom if I were married, I ſhould willingly relinquiſh half her fortune, on condition that ſhe would renounce her painting, and never attempt to ſpeak French, nor to play on the piano-forté, in my hearing. On the whole, the reaſon which ſome of my relations urged for my return decided my remaining out of England.

We had heard, long before, of the retreat of our troops from Toulon, and that general O'H—a had been taken priſoner, much to the regret of every intelligent perſon in the garriſon of Gibraltar, where he was highly

esteemed as a gallant officer and most agreeable man.

As soon as Travers understood that I had determined not to return to England, and that I had an inclination to pass over to Corsica, he declared that he would accompany me.

Though nothing could have been more agreeable to me, I could not bear the thought of his not gratifying the desire of his uncle, and risking the loss of so rich a succession. I was at great pains, therefore, to persuade him to return to England, without loss of time.

He was long obstinate, and insisted on accompanying me to Corsica. When I urged the loss he was likely to sustain, by delaying his return, he retorted on me "the folly of my not directly flying into the arms of the *wealthy accomplished* wife my relations had prepared for me, by which I might lose as good a fortune as he could by disobliging his uncle;" and you never heard such a curious contest

as we had for a long time. I prevailed, however, at laft.

He agreed for his paffage in a fhip ready to fail for Portfmouth. The night before he failed, I told him that I fhould accompany him next morning to the veffel, and there take leave of him.

When I called at his apartment, at the hour appointed, I was informed that he had gone aboard three hours before, and that the veffel had failed a little after. He left a note, directed to me, conceived in thefe terms :—

" I deteft all ceremonies, but particularly that of taking leave. I fhould have been more obliged to you if you had allowed me to follow my own inclination. Every man is the beft judge of what fuits his own tafte : I never endeavoured to diffuade you from eating venifon, though I prefer roaft beef. Many people facrifice their happinefs to their intereft : I choofe rather to facrifice my intereft to my happinefs ; yet I have yielded to your arguments, againft my own fyftem, in

the present instance. I hope your victory will afford you as much pleasure as it gives me pain. Farewell!"

You cannot imagine how much I was affected at the perusal of this note. If the vessel had not been gone, I am by no means sure that I should not either have accompanied him to England, or taken him with me to Corsica.

Soon after my separation from honest Travers, I found an opportunity of passing from Gibraltar to Corsica. My friendship for certain officers on that service, as well as my passion for new and interesting scenes, prompted me to that measure. I arrived during the siege of Calvi, and was witness to the judicious manner in which the general, who conducted the siege, made his approaches to that strong fortress. Never was more zeal for the public service displayed than by that intelligent and high-spirited officer. The excessive heat of the climate, and the un-

wholeſome nature of the ſoil, had produced great ſickneſs amongſt the troops: this increaſed to ſuch a degree, that there was reaſon to fear, if the place was not carried ſoon, that there would be a neceſſity to relinquiſh the ſiege. The fatigue which the troops underwent was immenſe: they were encouraged to ſupport it, however, by the example of the general, who was ſeldom abſent from the trenches in the day-time, and, at night, often ſlept, wrapt up in his cloak, on the platform. As he did not chooſe to truſt entirely to any report made by the engineers, and others, reſpecting the progreſs of the breach, he expoſed himſelf to the greateſt danger by examining it in perſon.

As ſoon as the breach in the outworks was judged practicable, a body of ſix hundred choſen troops, moſtly grenadiers and light-infantry, were appointed for that ſervice, and put under the command of the ſame officer who had conducted the ſtorm of the Conven-

tion-fort, ſoon after the landing of the Britiſh troops on the iſland.

In this fort no breach could have been effected without erecting a battery on an adjacent hill, which was ſo ſteep, that it was imagined impoſſible to drag cannon up. This difficulty was ſurmounted by the zeal of L—d H—d, and the prodigious efforts of a body of Britiſh ſailors, whom he ſent aſhore for that purpoſe.

The Convention-fort at that time was garriſoned by troops of the line, and commanded by a brave veteran French officer, who refuſed to capitulate, although a conſiderable breach was made, and received the aſſailants at the head of his men. The officer who led the aſſault, and entered the breach with the Britiſh troops, cut down a French grenadier, who fought at the ſide of his commander. The aſſailants ruſhed in on all ſides, and the Convention-fort was carried.

I already mentioned, that this ſame officer was choſen to conduct alſo the ſtorm of

Calvi. Day-break was judged the proper time for making the attempt.

The French, at this period, ſeem to have made it a rule to ſtand an aſſault rather than capitulate, even after a practicable breach was made. They expected to repel the aſſailants on the preſent occaſion, by throwing grenades from the parapet neareſt the breach, as well as by the fire of the garriſon.

The officer who was to conduct the aſſault poſted his troops, at midnight, among the myrtle-buſhes, with which the rocks around Calvi are covered; and as near the breach as he could go, without being heard by the enemy. That there might be no riſk of alarming them by accidental firing, he had ordered the ſoldiers not to load, having previouſly convinced them that their point would be beſt effected by the bayonet.

A little before day-break the commander in chief arrived, with the officers of his ſuite. He had the ſatisfaction to find that

the garriſon had not been alarmed at that quarter. Falſe attacks had been made elſewhere, to divert their attention.

After a ſhort converſation between the general and the officer who was to lead the aſſault, the ſignal was given. The troops advanced, with a rapid ſtep, to the breach: they were half way before they were obſerved by the enemy. A volley of grape-ſhot was fired from the ramparts. The dubious light, before day-break, made the cannoniers take a falſe aim: the ſhot flew over the heads of the advancing party; and ſome of the general's attendants, who ſtood on the ground where I was, and from which the ſoldiers had advanced, were wounded. In a ſhort time the grenadiers were deſcried, ſcrambling up the rubbiſh: many grenades and ſhells were thrown from the parapet upon the aſſailants; who, puſhing paſt their wounded and dying friends, continued their courſe to the breach. By the burſting of a ſhell, the captain of the Royals was griev-

oufly wounded, at the fide of the officer who commanded the affault, who was alfo wounded in the head by part of the fame fhell: it ftunned him at firft, and the wound bled profufely, but did not prevent his entering the breach with the grenadiers, who had no fooner gained the fummit, than, rufhing forward, they were directly mafters of the work. Thofe of the enemy who were not killed or taken prifoners fled into the town. When the general perceived the grenadiers afcending, he put fpurs to his horfe, and rode to the bottom of the hill on which the fort ftood; and, quitting his horfe, mounted directly to the breach. Finding the troops in poffeffion of the place, he flew into the arms of the officer who had led the affault. The furrounding foldiers fhouted, and threw their hats in the air for joy. The moment was worth years of common life!

It does not fall to the fhare of many officers, even during a pretty long military career, to conduct an affault, or even to affift in taking

a fortreſs by ſtorm. Such dangerous ſervices ſeldom occurred formerly, as the garriſon generally capitulated after a breach was made. It has been the fate of this officer, though a young man, to conduct two, and to prove ſucceſsful in both.

The moſt effectual meaſures were immediately taken for eſtabliſhing the troops in the works they had ſo bravely carried; the cannon of which were turned againſt the town of Calvi, which the works commanded, and which capitulated ſoon after.

The French now held no place in the iſland of Corſica. The general, who had thus completed the conqueſt, had ſtudied the ſublimer parts of his profeſſion with ſucceſsful application. After making a tour through the iſland, and ordering ſuch arrangements as he thought requiſite, in caſe of any ſubſequent attack, he tranſmitted his plan of defence to England. I underſtand that, in his opinion, every benefit that could reſult to Great-Britain from the poſſeſſion of Corſica would be

obtained by occupying the military poſts and the harbours, by retaining the friendſhip of the inhabitants, leaving the civil government of the iſland to themſelves; all which, he ſuppoſed, might be done at little expenſe.

A different plan was adopted.

All military operations being now ſuſpended in Corſica, the adjutant-general returned to England; and, at the recommendation of the commander in chief, the officer who conducted the ſtorm of Calvi was appointed to ſucceed him.

The commander in chief himſelf ſoon after left the iſland, to the warm regret not only of the Britiſh troops, by whom his military talents were greatly admired, but alſo of the native Corſicans, whoſe affections he had conciliated in a wonderful degree.—No perſon had more cauſe to lament his departure than the new adjutant-general.

Highly eſteemed by his brother officers, beloved by the ſoldiers, and enjoying the

confidence of the general, who had ſucceeded in the military command, he had the misfortune not to pleaſe the viceroy; in conſequence of a repreſentation from whom, to the ſurpriſe of every body, and of none more than the commander of the troops, he was recalled from his ſituation in Corſica.

This ſeemed the more extraordinary, becauſe, independent of the cool intrepidity, zeal for the ſervice, and the profeſſional talents he had ſo eminently diſplayed, he is of a modeſt unaſſuming character, humane, of ſcrupulous integrity, incapable of adulation, and more ſolicitous to deſerve than to receive praiſe.

To the Corſicans, who have a high admiration of military talents, and are, perhaps, not ſuch good judges of thoſe of a politician, this removal ſeemed peculiarly inexplicable; becauſe they had been witneſſes to the ſucceſsful exertions of the officer, and were unable to comprehend the merit of the perſon at whoſe requeſt he was recalled.

This removal, however, though ſconſidered as a misfortune to the officer, turned to his advantage.

The commander in chief of the Britiſh forces, whoſe heart ſympathiſes with valour and integrity, ſoon placed him in ſituations of greater truſt; from every one of which the ſame intrepidity of conduct and zeal, in the ſervice of his country, which he had diſplayed in Corſica, gave the French directory ſubſtantial reaſon for wiſhing that he might be recalled.

When one important conqueſt, in which he had a conſiderable ſhare, was announced in the Gazette, the moſt honourable mention was made of this officer by the experienced and judicious general who commanded on that expedition.

The whole article publiſhed in the London Gazette, relative to this conqueſt, was tranſlated into Italian, and appeared in a Gazette publiſhed at Corſica under the authority of the viceroy, except the paragraph re-

garding the officer now in queſtion. This omiſſion can hardly be ſuppoſed to have been made by the direction of the viceroy. Indeed the whole of this tranſaction is ſo inconſiſtent with the idea I had formed of his diſpoſition, that I am inclined to believe it originated in miſtake or miſrepreſentation.

I remain, my dear Sommers,

Your aſſured friend,

J. MORDAUNT.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

## LETTER XXII.

*The Same in Continuation.*

Vevay.

I WAS engaged to remain longer in Corſica than I ſhould otherwiſe have done by the marquis of H—y, who arrived in that iſland from Gibraltar with a fine regiment of Highlanders. They were moſtly raiſed on his father's eſtate, and are greatly attached to their young colonel. No wonder: no man ever had more popular manners; the hardieſt Highlander among them cannot more cheerfully ſubmit to the fatigues and dangers of a military life than this ſpirited young man, who is, beſides, of a lively, frank, and moſt obliging diſpoſition.

From Corſica I took my paſſage to Florence. There I found a freſh parcel of letters, moſt of them preſſing my return to England. I plainly perceived that ſome of

my neareſt relations were ſo intoxicated with the advantages of their matrimonial plan, that I became more and more convinced that I ſhould diſoblige them leſs by ſtaying away than by returning, and not complying with their entreaties. I kept to my reſolution, therefore, of remaining at a diſtance, and in my letters I gave the beſt colouring to this that I could think of.

The rumors of preparations for invaſion, however, and of the intention of government to arm the country, had reached me; and I ſhould certainly have ſet out directly for England, in ſpite of my averſion from returning at that particular time, if I could have believed that the French were mad enough to expoſe their ſhips and men to almoſt certain deſtruction by an attempt to land in Great-Britain: but being of opinion that their parade of preparation was only to alarm the country, and increaſe our expenſe, I had no inclination to ſtrut about in the military dreſs, and give myſelf the airs of a ſoldier,

with a conviction all the time that I never ſhould ſee the face of an enemy.

However juſt and moderate the views of ſome of thoſe who engaged in the meaſures that led to the revolution in France may have been, the ambitious rapacity of the republic is now apparent to all Europe. The decree, "that the French nation would aſſiſt that party in every country which contended for liberty,"—in other words, "would aſſiſt thoſe in every country who ſtrove to overſet the government," has been often attempted to be explained away; but the conduct of the directory, and particularly ſince their ſucceſſes in Italy, ſufficiently ſhow that they mean to act up to the ſpirit of that decree.—Are they not exciting revolt againſt the eſtabliſhed government of every nation, whatever that government may be? and do they not aſſiſt the inſurgents, on the pretence of ſupporting the cauſe of liberty, but with the expectation of ſubduing the country by the means of the diviſions they incite?

In this the French evidently imitate the encroaching policy of the Roman republic.

It ſeems natural that monarchs ſhould be ſtimulated by ambition and the deſire of extending their dominions in a ſtronger degree than the governors of republics; becauſe an hereditary monarch is more identified with the ſtate; and a king may ſuppoſe the extenſion of dominion an increaſe to his own perſonal grandeur and wealth: whereas the office of chief magiſtrate in republics is tranſitory; and it can be of little importance to him, even in idea, whether he belongs to a nation conſiſting of twenty-five millions of individuals, or of forty millions; his perſonal grandeur will be much the ſame. The extenſion of a ſtate's domains adds nothing to the importance of the inhabitants. The national pride of individuals is as high in ſmall republics as in great kingdoms. Nobody can doubt that a citizen of Athens, or of Geneva, was as proud of being an Athenian or a Genevois as a Perſian or Ruſſian was of belong-

ing to thoſe vaſt empires. Experience, however, proves that the governors of republics are more apt to be actuated by reſtleſs ambition, and the ardor of conqueſt, than the generality even of kings.

The plan of the Roman republic was univerſal conqueſt; yet, when they were purſuing it, they announced themſelves the protectors of the Grecian ſtates, and of all free nations, and thus created a pretext for intermeddling in the government of every country.

If the French republic ſhowed a diſpoſition to imitate them, in ſpite of misfortune and repulſe, it is to be expected that it will proceed in that ſyſtem with more alacrity than ever, after the rapid and aſtoniſhing ſucceſs of their arms under Buonaparte. Yet for one nation to aſſert a right of interfering in the internal government of another is laying a foundation for unceaſing war, and will be reſiſted with indignation, as often as any attempt is made to put it in practice, any where but in a country of determined ſlaves.

The new modelling a government is found, by experience, to be, even for the native inhabitants of the country, the moſt difficult and dangerous of all undertakings, and often ends in the ruin of the undertakers and the miſery of the nation.

The faults of many of the governments of Europe are ſo obvious, that the moſt weak-ſighted can point them out; but the general unhingement that takes place, before the reparations have effect, is apt to produce greater miſchief than the original evil. The experience of this may tend to render political calamity of long life,

> "And make men rather bear thoſe ills they have,
> Than fly to others that they know not of."

What could be more apparent than the grievances of the ancient government of France? Many of thoſe who attempted to remedy them, I am perſuaded, acted from patriotic motives. The work was torn out of their hands by the Gironde party, a ſet of

men more enthuſiaſtic, more ſpeculative, and leſs experienced in the affairs of life, and particularly in ſtate affairs, than the former; yet many of them meant well to their country. They were ſoon overſet, and butchered by a gang of the moſt horrid ruffians that ever were let looſe on any nation; and France, within the ſpace of a few months, experienced greater calamities than ſhe had ſuffered in the courſe of centuries.

At the time of my arrival at Florence, the graſping ambition of the directory of France, and its peculiar inveteracy againſt Great-Britain, was moſt conſpicuous. I therefore conceived it to be the duty of every Britiſh ſubject to oppoſe them in the moſt effectual manner which his circumſtances and actual ſituation would admit. By thoſe conſiderations I was prompted to ſerve as a volunteer in the Auſtrian army oppoſed to Buonaparte. I will acknowledge that a very ardent deſire of being witneſs to military operations, on the moſt perfect and moſt

extenſive ſcale, mingled with my patriotiſm in this enterpriſe.

I procured letters to the Auſtrian general; found means of joining the army; was received in a very flattering manner; had opportunities of being preſent at ſome important actions: the account of theſe, with my ſentiments on the conduct of the generals, which you ſo earneſtly requeſt in your laſt letter, I beg leave to poſtpone, as well as my reaſons for leaving the Auſtrian army, for returning by Vienna, and for going from thence to Munich. How I came to remain ſo much longer than I intended in that city, and what induced me to paſs again through Switzerland, you ſhall be informed of, *viva voce*, when I have the happineſs of meeting you in England.

You preſs me ſo warmly not to ſet out from Vevay a moment ſooner than the ſurgeon ſhall give me leave, and beg the continuation of my correſpondence to the laſt mo-

ment in ſuch a flattering manner, that I believe you fancy that writing long letters to you for weeks together, which was the effect of my being riveted to a couch at an inn without other reſource, will, by mere dint of habit, become the cauſe of my continuing fixed a month longer than is neceſſary on the ſame couch, on purpoſe to write to you. Forgive me, my good friend; though very ſenſible of the obliging things you ſay of my letters, and ſufficiently convinced of their being extremely amuſing, and, above all, wonderfully inſtructive, yet you will receive no more from this place. My leg is in all reſpects better. I have been frequently in the carriage; I have ſince walked a little into the fields, without any ill effect, and I expect to ſet out to-morrow.

Farewell, my dear Colonel.

J. MORDAUNT.

## LETTER XXIII.

*The Same in Continuation.*

Vevay.

I RECEIVED your letter from Aſhwood the very day after I had ſent my laſt to the poſt. I find my fooliſh affair with Clifford has got round.—You expreſs ſo great a deſire to be acquainted with all the circumſtances, that I am going to indulge you directly. I muſt confeſs, however, that for this you are obliged to a complaint with which my ſervant Ben was ſeized.—The poor fellow had arranged every thing for our journey, and was ready to ſet out, when the landlord informed me that he had been feveriſh the preceding night, and was ſtill too much indiſpoſed for travelling, even in a poſt-chaiſe; though Ben himſelf declared that riding poſt always cured him of feveriſhneſs. I knew it would break

his heart to be left behind; ſo I determined to ſtay till he could go with me.

I ordered him to bed much againſt his will. He ſeems better this morning; and the doctor aſſures me that he will be able for the journey in a few days. Meanwhile here follows my adventure with Clifford.

When Sir Robert Rigby went laſt abroad, he thought it neceſſary, though I am aſſured nothing could be more ſuperfluous, to take a young woman with him as a travelling companion.

Sir Robert had been ſo cruelly uſed by the London ladies, that he determined to chooſe for his travelling companion one who had been bred at a diſtance from the capital. He heard of ſeveral who were willing to accompany him on reaſonable terms; but he gave the preference to a young lady who had arrived about ten months before from Cornwall. She was extremely handſome, and generally allowed to be as fooliſh as ſhe was beautiful: her appearance announced her to be about

nineteen or twenty years of age, her converſation about ten or eleven. While ſhe remained in the country, ſhe had diſcovered no predominant taſte of any kind; but after ſhe had been a few months in the capital, her aunt, with whom ſhe lived, informed her father, that ſhe had at length diſcovered where the ſtrength of his daughter's genius lay; that few young women in London had a greater ardour for dreſs; that her ruling paſſion, in ſpite of many diſcouragements, had burſt forth in the moſt deciſive manner, as he would perceive by the milliner's bills ſhe tranſmitted to him.

The article of caps alone, in which the young lady had indulged her fancy the moſt luxuriouſly, amounted to a ſum which the father could not immediately advance. This put the young woman under the diſagreeable neceſſity of reſtraining the flights of her fancy, until Sir Robert made propoſals, which were eagerly accepted; and then the lady's ruling paſſion expanded itſelf with a force equal to its late compreſſion.

Her love for fine clothes was manifested by the tenderest expressions of affection for Sir Robert. He was fully persuaded that her passion was sincere. So far he was right; but he was completely mistaken in thinking himself the object of it. It required, indeed, all the delusion of self-love to make a man of Sir Robert's long experience imagine that a young girl would be more enamoured of an old man than of a new wardrobe; yet she succeeded in convincing him that her attention to dress was merely to please him, though all his acquaintance were convinced that her attention to him was merely that she might be enabled to please herself in dress.

Sir Robert had been advised to go to Italy on account of his health; he accordingly resided a considerable time in that country; and there it soon appeared that a taste for dress was no longer the lady's ruling passion: she caught with peculiar aptitude the tastes and manners of the Italian ladies, and soon showed that she preferred a cigisbeio to the richest cap

or robe.—Sir Robert would have had no objection to this, provided ſhe had adhered to him as her ſole cigiſbeio.

In Italy there are cigiſbeios of all ages; but Miſs Weſton had a prejudice in favour of one who happened to be a great deal younger than Sir Robert.

This, joined to the troubles in Italy, determined him to leave that country. He had reſided ſome time at Munich when Mr. Clifford arrived there. That gentleman was ſtruck with the beauty of Miſs Weſton, and, without ceremony or heſitation, did every thing in his power to ſeduce her from Sir Robert. All his pains would have been ineffectual had her original paſſion for finery in dreſs been in full force; for ſhe well knew that he was more amply able to gratify her in it than Clifford; but *that* having abated, and Sir Robert's peeviſhneſs increaſing, ſhe left him entirely, and threw herſelf into the arms of the younger man.

The baronet bore his loſs with reſignation; and, ſome time after, conſoled himſelf entirely with a new miſtreſs, a native of Groningen, who was neither extravagantly fond of fine clothes, nor young cigiſbeos; her predominant paſſion being avarice, the only paſſion that increaſes by indulgence. This prudent lady adhered faithfully to Sir Robert, as the moſt ſecure method of having her warmeſt deſire gratified. Sir Robert and ſhe, of courſe, lived mighty comfortably together.

This was by no means the caſe with Mr. Clifford and his miſtreſs. When I arrived at Munich, they were called, by the few Engliſh there at that time, *the quarrelſome lovers*.

I was inclined to be on a good footing with Clifford, not on account of any thing very favourable I had ever heard of himſelf, but becauſe of the high terms in which I have heard my brother ſpeak of his father;

which were confirmed by my own obſervation, on the only occaſion in which I ever was in that gentleman's company; and becauſe I had heard that his ſiſter was the intimate friend of your Juliet. She was a child when I ſaw her with her father: I underſtand ſhe is now a very beautiful and accompliſhed woman.

Clifford introduced me to Miſs Weſton. She is unqueſtionably handſome; but, to be thought agreeable, it is abſolutely neceſſary that ſhe ſhould hold her tongue, which the young lady has not the leaſt inclination to do: on the contrary, ſhe likes to have it in continual motion; and then ſhe talks—*Ye Gods, how ſhe does talk!*—Whatever ſhe ſays is followed by a giggle, that makes the ſilly thing ſhe utters appear ſtill more ſilly; ſo that I really never was leſs intereſted in a woman of any age or figure.

She took it into her head, however, that I wiſhed to form a connexion with her; and

found means to let me know that ſhe ſhould have no objection.

At that time there was at Munich an Italian woman, of an engaging appearance, who was patroniſed by ſome people of rank: ſhe was admired as an *improviſatore*. I had met her on two or three occaſions, and heard her recite Italian verſes, which ſhe pretended to compoſe during their recital. Some were tolerably good: the greater part, however, were wonderfully inſipid. Theſe laſt only were ſuppoſed to be her own.

This *improviſare* talent, ſuch as it was, gained Signora Crofti admittance to ſome genteel houſes. She affected great refinement of ſentiment and expreſſion; and, what rendered her acquaintance agreeable to many people of both ſexes was, her art in forming connexions, and putting thoſe on a good footing who, without her aſſiſtance, would have found it difficult to meet ſo often as they wiſhed.

Mr. Clifford did not approve of the great intimacy which ſuddenly aroſe between her and Miſs Weſton; and at length, in a violent fit of paſſion, forbade her from ever ſeeing the Signora, either in public or private.

Miſs Weſton had the complaiſance to obey *one half* of this ſevere mandate, and ſaw the Signora in private only.

I was a good deal ſurpriſed, one evening, with a viſit from Signora Crofti. After the compliments which ſhe thought becoming at her introduction, ſhe congratulated me on my good fortune, in having made the conqueſt of the pretties woman in Munich.

The vain ideas which this annunciation was calculated to raiſe were conſiderably checked, when I was informed that Miſs Weſton was the lady.

The Signora proceeded to tell me "that this young lady was of too much delicacy for a man of ſuch groſs notions as Mr. Clifford; that her taſte was wonderfully refined; that

this appeared not only in the fanciful variety of her drefs, but extended to things which many women think of lefs importance; that there was no longer any of that delicate fentimental fympathy between her and Mr. Clifford which purifies fuch connexions from all that can, in the eyes of philofophy, be thought reprehenfible; that their union had degenerated into a mere adhefion of matter, unconnected with mind, which fhe could no longer endure; that fhe had formed a more advantageous opinion of me"—. Here the bafhful Signora hid her face with her fan, and added, " that fhe had reafon to believe that this delicate creature might be prevailed on to abandon Mr. Clifford, and come, upon reafonable terms, to live with me:"—then, removing her fan, fhe looked me full in the face, and faid, " I own, Signor, that the meafure would afford me great fatisfaction, becaufe there would be more purity in fuch a connexion than that in which my friend lives at prefent; and therefore it might tend, not

only to preſent pleaſure, but to the eternal happineſs of all concerned."

After expreſſing my gratitude for the intereſt ſhe took in my eternal happineſs, I informed her " that unſurmountable reaſons prevented me from availing myſelf of the information ſhe had given me."

She ſeemed ſurpriſed, and rather indignant at my anſwer; but, as I am not fond of diſmiſſing any decent female in ill-humour, I was at ſome pains to ſooth and put her in better temper. She left me tolerably well pleaſed.

A few days after this Mr. Clifford called on me. He had formed a notion that his miſtreſs carried on a correſpondence with me, and that I had a deſign to ſerve him in the ſame manner he had Sir Robert Rigby.

He was confirmed in theſe ſuſpicions by accidentally ſeeing Signora Crofti go out of my lodgings. On inquiry, he was informed that ſhe had remained a conſiderable time in my apartment. He ſuſpected ſhe had brought

me a letter from Miſs Weſton, and had waited till I had written an anſwer.

It afterwards appeared, that at this very time Clifford was tired of the lady, and was actually contriving how to get decently quit of her: but what marks the arrogance of his character, and ſhows in what a different light we ſee our own conduct from that in which we view our neighbours, is, that this very man, who had never felt the leaſt ſelf-condemnation for his behaviour to Sir Robert Rigby, thought my ſuppoſed attempt an unpardonable injury.

In this diſpoſition he called at my lodgings, and finding me alone,—"You will be ſurpriſed," ſaid he, "at my deſiring to know whether Signora Crofti has not made you ſome viſits of late."

Though I did not much reliſh being queſtioned in this manner, and though I am leſs inclined to bear with people of Clifford's haughty character than with others, yet, being willing to avoid a quarrel with the ſon of a

man whoſe memory I reſpected, I anſwered calmly, "That the queſtion *did* ſurpriſe me a little; but, as he thought it of importance enough to be aſked, I would freely tell him, that ſhe had made me one viſit."

"Only one!" repeated he; and, pray, will you tell me, as freely, what her buſineſs was?"

"Allow me, Mr. Clifford, to aſk, in my turn," ſaid I, "whether it is your cuſtom to inform people of what paſſes between you and all the women with whom you chance to have a *tête-à-tête*?"

"This is no jeſt, ſir," ſaid he.

"I am glad of it; for it could only paſs for a poor one," reſumed I.

"I *muſt* be informed," ſaid he, "what that woman's buſineſs was with you?"

"You muſt receive your information elſewhere, then," I replied.

"I can imagine but one kind of buſineſs ſuch a woman could have with you," ſaid he.

"You need make no farther inquiry, then," added I.

"I have reafon to fufpect, that, through her means, you were endeavouring to feduce Mifs Wefton."

"From the manner in which your own connexion with that lady was formed," rejoined I, "it is natural enough for you to have fuch a fufpicion."

"I am to believe, then," rejoined he, with a menacing air, "that it is fo?"

"You may be as credulous as you pleafe, Mr. Clifford," I anfwered.

"I expect other kind of fatisfaction, fir," faid he, fiercely.

"In my opinion," rejoined I, "what I have given is all that the cafe requires."

"I think otherwife, fir," faid he.

After a little more altercation, it was agreed that we fhould meet the following day, at a particular place at fome diftance from town, each of us with piftols, and accompanied by a friend.

After this arrangement had been made, and Clifford was leaving the room, he ſuddenly ſtopped; and, turning,—" I had entirely forgot," ſaid he, " that I am engaged for dinner to-morrow, with a very agreeable party, which I ſhould be ſorry to miſs: if it is the ſame thing with you," added he, " our buſineſs may be poſtponed till the day after."

" As you pleaſe," ſaid I.

" You know," reſumed he, " we can tranſact our affair as well the day after as to-morrow; whereas, if we finiſh our buſineſs to-morrow, it may not be in the power of one or other of us to keep our engagement for the day after."

" It is very well recollected," ſaid I.

He then told me, " that he was to dine in the country; that he ſhould not return to Munich that night; that Mr. Craufurd, the gentleman he intended for his ſecond, was of the party, and that they would meet my friend and me, the following day, at the time and place appointed."

It was then fixed that all the other circumſtances of our arrangement ſhould remain in force.

I was going to call on Lord P——, with whom I paſſed moſt of my time when at Munich; but his lordſhip entered ſoon after Mr. Clifford had left me. He is one of the moſt judicious and ſpirited young men of my acquaintance.

I told him what had paſſed, and begged that he would accompany me to the field.

"I have a great mind to declare off," ſaid he; "for I do think it a very fooliſh buſineſs."

"Your lordſhip may declare off, if you pleaſe," ſaid I; "but, were it ever ſo fooliſh, *I* cannot do ſo."

"This young fellow is extremely wrongheaded," ſaid he; "he is continually in affairs of this kind: he is a complete *ſpadaſſin*, a duelliſt,—'the very butcher of a ſilk button,' as Mercutio ſays: he would rather fight than not."

"My taste is different," replied I; "for I would much rather *not*, than fight; I will indulge his humour nevertheless."

"I don't believe either of you cares much for Miss Weston," resumed he.

"I certainly do not," said I.

"Does it not seem strange, then, that you should think of fighting for her?"

"Nothing can be less strange," I replied: men have fought in the cause of women, for whom they had no value, ever since the war of Troy. Do you imagine that Hector had a great esteem for Helen?"

"Perhaps not," said my lord; but I should have thought it very strange if Menelaus, instead of challenging Paris, who ran off with his wife, had challenged Hector, who had no hand in the rape."

"I do not fully understand your meaning."

"You will to-morrow or next day," said he; but, in the mean time, you may de-

pend on my accompanying you to the meeting."

Good night, my dear Sommers. I find I can ſend this early in the morning. I ſhall reſume ſome time to-morrow.

J. MORDAUNT.

## LETTER XXIV.

*The Same in Continuation.*

Vevay.

WHEN Lord P—— left me, I paſſed the time in writing letters, and making ſuch arrangements as I thought might be neceſſary. We dined together the following day. He inveighed againſt the abſurdity of Clifford's conduct. " Life," ſays he, " inſipid as it is with moſt people, is of more value than to be thrown away in ſo idle a manner as that fooliſh fellow is likely to loſe his." Imagining that part of this cenſure touched me, I endeavoured to prove the neceſſity under which I was of acting as I did, and how unbecoming it would be in me to give any farther explanation to a man who had behaved with ſuch inſolence. I was not fully convinced, however, by my own arguments: I was conſtrained to the conduct I adopted,

by a ſenſation which baffled reaſoning, and was more powerful than conviction.

Lord P—— was more ſerious than uſual, and ſtaid but a ſhort time after dinner, ſaying "he had an appointment, which obliged him to quit me for a little," but promiſed to return in the evening. When he returned, he ſeemed in much higher ſpirits than when he withdrew; and he continued uncommonly gay all the evening.

I found him in the ſame humour when we ſet out together next morning, a little after the opening of the gates: an accident that happened to the chaiſe retarded us an hour longer on the road than otherwiſe we ſhould have been.

I expreſſed ſome impatience at this, knowing that Mr. Clifford would be waiting. My lord ſaid coldly, "Do not make yourſelf uneaſy; depend upon it you will be in ſufficient time to ſee him look like a fool."

There ſeemed ſomewhat ſingular in the

whole of his behaviour: I had remarked this from the moment I informed him of all the circumſtances of the affair; but I did not think proper to take notice of this to him.

After a ſilence of conſiderable duration, he burſt into laughter, and exclaimed, " What a *ridiculous* figure Clifford will cut!"

" Ridiculous!" ſaid I; " Clifford, you may depend on it, is a man of ſpirit."

He has hitherto been fortunate in affairs of this nature," ſaid Lord P——; " but, on the preſent occaſion, he will make a ridiculous figure."

" How?"

" Why, if he were to fight with one ſo cool and ſo ſkilful as you," ſaid he, ſmiling, and evading explanation, " I am convinced he would be either killed or wounded."

I was equally ſurpriſed at his lordſhip's words and manner, being at a loſs to conceive what he could find ridiculous in the appearance of a dead or wounded man.

" How do you mean ridiculous ?" ſaid I.

" Oh ! moſt completely ridiculous," replied he ;—" but there they are."

We were near the entrance of the village where we had appointed to meet, and found the two gentlemen waiting.

" We have been expecting you ſome time," ſaid Mr. Clifford.

" But the proper place is at ſome diſtance," added Mr. Craufurd, addreſſing Clifford. " Do you conduct Mr. Mordaunt thither : when my lord and I ſhall have ſettled preliminaries, we will follow you."

Provoked by what Mr. Clifford had ſaid, and by the manner in which he had ſpoken, I obſerved " that preliminaries would ſoon be ſettled ; and the principal buſineſs might as well be tranſacted where we ſtood, to ſave farther loſs of time."

" I think ſo too," ſaid Lord P—— ; " for it has taken up more time than it ought already ; and, if much more is loſt, Miſs

Weſton will be arrived in Bohemia before either of theſe gentlemen can have blown the other's brains out."

I leave you to judge what ſurpriſe this ſpeech occaſioned to all preſent.

"What do you mean, my lord?" ſaid I.

"Where did you ſay Miſs Weſton was gone, ſir?" ſaid Clifford.

"Would ſhe were gone to the devil," ſaid Craufurd, peeviſhly.

"Keep your temper, Mr. Craufurd," reſumed Lord P——, with the greateſt compoſure: "ſhe will get to him in good time: at preſent ſhe is on the high road to Bohemia."

"Are you abſolutely certain of what you aſſert, ſir?" ſaid Mr. Clifford.

"I am abſolutely certain that ſhe ſet out yeſterday, in a poſt-chaiſe, with the young Baron Valſtern, for Vienna," replied Lord P——; "and although I kept up this news from my friend Mr. Mordaunt, I am convinced it is at preſent well known in Munich, as you will find on your return."

As my lord ended, a ſervant of Mr. Clifford's advanced at full gallop from Munich; and, ſeeing his maſter, he directly diſmounted, gave a letter to him, and another to Mr. Craufurd: both confirmed the account which Lord P—— had already given: for the fully underſtanding of which, it is neceſſary that I inform you, that Lord P—— had formed an acquaintance with the German nobleman above mentioned; that, ſome time after Signora Crofti had viſited me, his lordſhip and the baron ſupped *tête-à-tête*; the latter had drank a little too freely the ſame day at dinner, which was the cauſe, perhaps, of his communicating to his lordſhip, "that he was paſſionately in love with his charming countrywoman, Miſs Weſton; that he had made his paſſion known to her both by looks and words, as often as he could, without the obſervation of Mr. Clifford; that he had even engaged Signora Crofti in his intereſt, but had not received any very flattering encouragement till within the two or three laſt days,

when Signora Crofti had informed him, 'that Miſs Weſton had acknowledged to her, that he had made a very deep impreſſion on her heart, though ſhe had hitherto ſtruggled againſt it; that her former partiality for Mr. Clifford had been gradually diminiſhing, on account of his capricious and tyrannical temper, and was now entirely effaced; and that, in conſequence of a ſettlement the baron had promiſed, and a liberal preſent in money and jewels, ſhe had agreed to go with him to his caſtle in Bohemia; but that, to prevent any diſagreeable affair between the baron and Mr. Clifford, ſhe exacted of him that they ſhould leave Munich privately, and ſo as to preclude the riſk of being overtaken by Clifford, in caſe he ſhould think of purſuing them." The baron added, "that he had agreed to this merely in complaiſance to Miſs Weſton; for, as for his own part, I put the ſame value on Mr. Clifford's reſentment which that gentleman had put on Sir Robert Rigby's." The baron concluded his

narrative by informing his lordſhip, " that they had been making the neceſſary preparations for the execution of their ſcheme."

Lord P—— attempted to diſſuade the baron from this project to no purpoſe. He however gave his word not to mention it to any perſon previous to the execution.

This accounts for Lord P——'s not having communicated this plan to me, and for the whole of his behaviour. As ſoon as I informed him of Mr. Clifford's interview with me, as detailed above, he waited on the baron, and informed him, " that Clifford was to dine in the country the next day, and not to return till the morning following, perhaps not then; the favourable moment for his ſetting out with the lady, therefore, would be as ſoon after Clifford ſhould leave Munich as they poſſibly could."

When Lord P—— dined with me, they they had not ſet off: this was the cauſe of his uneaſineſs. When he returned to my lodgings, the ſame evening, he knew they

were gone, which was the ſource of his gaiety.

Miſs Weſton had contrived her meaſures with ſuch addreſs, and given ſuch a plauſible pretence for her abſence to Clifford's ſervants, that it was not known that ſhe had left Munich, in a poſt-chaiſe with the baron, till late in the night.

And the following morning, as ſoon as the gates were opened, one of Mr. Clifford's friends detached his groom with a letter, informing him of what had paſſed. Mr. Craufurd received a letter to the ſame purpoſe.

As ſoon as Mr. Clifford had peruſed his, all his wrath was directed againſt the baron: he ſwore he would follow him to Bohemia and be avenged.

Mr. Craufurd pointed out the folly of troubling himſelf about a worthleſs woman.

"It is not from any regard to her," replied he; "but to puniſh this Bohemian. Would not you, my lord, in my place?" added he, addreſſing Lord P——.



MAHARAJA SERFOG

"I never ſhould dream of puniſhing a man for rendering me an eſſential ſervice, Mr. Clifford," ſaid my lord.

"You do not mean, my lord," ſaid Clifford briſkly, "that it would be as prudent in me to let this matter paſs, as it was in Sir Robert Rigby not to call me out."

"I do indeed, Mr. Clifford," replied his lordſhip; "becauſe I conſider it as a very great misfortune for one man to kill another who has rendered him a ſervice, and not a ſmall piece of bad luck to be killed by him."

Mr. Craufurd, who ſeemed to dread an improper anſwer from Clifford's impetuoſity, immediately ſaid—"Putting killing out of the queſtion, which no man leſs fears, and, from his ſkill at all the weapons, has leſs reaſon to fear than my friend, it is beneath him to go on a wildgooſe-chaſe after a woman whom, to my knowledge, he was completely tired of, and reſolved to abandon. What could ſhe do more obliging? Has ſhe not ſaved you the trouble of diſmiſſing

her, my good fellow ?" continued he, taking Clifford by the hand; "for which you are much obliged to her, as well as for clearing up the miſtake you laboured under with regard to Mr. Mordaunt."

This had the beſt effect on the mind of Clifford: he viewed the matter in a different light; and, turning to me, he ſaid, "You muſt be ſenſible, Mr. Mordaunt, that the trouble I have put you to was entirely owing to miſtake."

"I ſee it clearly," ſaid I.

"You have no deſire, then, that the buſineſs for which we met ſhould go farther ?"

"I never had any deſire of that kind, Mr. Clifford," ſaid I; "it was in compliance with your invitation I came."

"There can be no farther miſunderſtanding," ſaid Lord P——; "let us return to Munich."

"I hope the company will do me the honour to dine with me," rejoined Mr. Craufurd; "I have ſome excellent Champagne,

which I ſhould be ſorry to leave behind me. I ſet out for Frankfort in a few days."

This invitation was accepted. The dinner, on the whole, was agreeable; though Clifford, after he became a little heated with the Champagne, hinted, once or twice, that he ſtill had an inclination to make a tour into Bohemia: which Craufurd obſerving, ordered coffee; and, after we had withdrawn from the table, he ſtated the ridiculous light into which Clifford's expedition to Bohemia might be put: "it would be reverſing the practice of chivalry," ſaid he. "Inſtead of the knight going to the relief of a diſtreſſed damſel, he would be called a diſtreſſed knight, in ſearch of a damſel who wiſhed not to be found, and was not worth finding." He managed this with ſo much addreſs, that Mr. Clifford gave up his fooliſh intention.

Mr. Craufurd's regard for Clifford is founded, as I have been told, on the friendſhip he had for the young man's father; indeed, nothing could be a ſtronger proof of his regard

for the memory of the late Mr. Clifford than his attachment to the present, Mr. Craufurd being a man of quite an oppofite character, and of a moft obliging and generous difpofition.

He is thought to have more influence with Clifford than any body elfe; and I am told, that by his addrefs, during the fhort time they have been together, Clifford has been extricated from fome difagreeable fcrapes. Mr. Craufurd was prevailed on, much againft his inclination, to accompany him to his appointment with me, and agreed to it in the hopes of bringing about an accommodation. I queftion greatly, however, whether he has temper fufficient to remain on good terms with Clifford much longer. I thought I perceived fymptoms of the contrary: yet they fet out together for Frankfort. When they feparate, the terms of infurance on Clifford's life ought to rife very confiderably. I hardly ever was in company with a man fo apt to give offence, or fo ready to take it when

there was none intended. Had it not been for Craufurd, he would have made out another quarrel with me on the very night on which the former was accommodated. Yet he is not deficient in the power of pleafing when he choofes: he is fometimes even exceedingly agreeable and entertaining; but in the midft of mirth, when you leaft think of it, he is apt to fay fomething highly provoking, or to mifconftrue fomething that has been faid. It is impoffible for fuch a man to be long lived.

I am happy in the reflection, however, that I have efcaped the rifk I run of being the fhortener of his days: I feel that it would have rendered the remainder of mine very uncomfortable; and I have formed the refolution never to fight another duel, for the fame reafon that I am refolved never to marry.

It feems furprifing to many people that no means have been found for putting an end to duels.

The abſurdity of the cuſtom has been illuſtrated a thouſand ways without effect.

" You have injured me, ſir; and therefore I inſiſt upon your taking an equal chance of putting me to death." Or,

" You have given me the lie, ſir. I could eaſily prove, indeed, that I ſpoke truth; but as that is nothing to the purpoſe, I will not take the trouble: but what I do inſiſt upon is, that you ſhall, by way of reparation, do your utmoſt to ſhoot me through the head."

What can be more abſurd than all this? Nothing.—But it is not quite a fair ſtatement of the caſe. The following ſeems nearer the truth.

" Sir, you have inſulted me in ſuch a manner as will make the world think meanly of me if I do not reſent it. If I have recourſe to the laws of my country the world will think in the ſame manner of me. Though I may deſpiſe both you and the inſult, I cannot regulate the opinions of the world; but I will ſhow that I do not value life ſo much

as I dread difgrace; and I will give this proof at your rifk, who have put me under the neceffity."

No feverity of law can prevent thofe from challenging their infulter, to whom the fhame of bearing an infult appears more dreadful than the utmoft vengeance of law. Accordingly it has been found that the fevereft laws have not fuppreffed the practice of duelling.

But if a court were inftituted for the exprefs purpofe of inveftigating the circumftances which give rife to every duel, with power to punifh him who, from wantonnefs, pride, or malignity, had, to the conviction of the court, behaved in fuch a manner as would juftify a gentleman for having recourfe to the only means in his power to efface the affront, perhaps fuch an inftitution would have a more powerful effect in preventing duels, than attaching the punifhment to the challenger or furvivor, who poffibly may be the leaft guilty.

Although the ſurvivor only can be perſonally puniſhed, yet, if he who is killed is clearly proved to have been the cauſe of the duel, by giving the firſt inſult, beſides acquitting the ſurvivor, ſome ſtigma ought to be put, by the ſentence of the court, on the memory of the deceaſed.

If ſuch an inſtitution did not entirely aboliſh the practice of duelling, it would aſſuredly render it leſs frequent.

It would alſo render men more cautious of giving offence, and would bring to public notoriety and ſhame all thoſe peſts of ſociety who are continually involved in quarrels, whether from an overbearing ſpirit to inſult others, or from a childiſh diſpoſition to take offence without cauſe.

I was detained at Munich by Lord P—— longer than I intended. When we ſeparated I went to Dreſden. What happened there will be the ſubject of my next.

Farewell.

J. MORDAUNT.

## LETTER XXV.

*From the Same in Continuation.*

Vevay.

SOON after my arrival at Drefden, Mr. Grindill called on me—the fame that we ufed to fee at lady Deanport's, whofe intimate friend and great advifer he was fuppofed to be. Before her ladyfhip's marriage, he was a conftant hanger on of my lord: the world imagined that it was by Grindill's influence with his lordfhip that the marriage was brought about. However that may be, Mr. Grindill continued upon an intimate footing with both till the death of the latter. Few men could boaft a more extenfive acquaintance than Grindill, among the great and opulent:—he never cultivated any other. In the courfe of this cultivation he diffipated his fortune. Becoming diftreffed in his circumftances, he found that many, who formerly had no objection to

being called his friends, now ſhunned being conſidered even as his acquaintance. His creditors were troubleſome, and he left England.

He made a good deal up to me at my arrival at Dreſden. I certainly never had ſhown any partiality for the acquaintance of Grindill; but in the circumſtances I underſtood he was then in, I did not chooſe to ſhow him ſuch marks of neglect as perhaps I might otherwiſe have done.

I ſhould not, however, have gone ſuch lengths in ſerving him as I did, had I not heard of his acting a very friendly part to a young painter of the name of Evans, then at Dreſden. This young man has great merit in his profeſſion, and is, beſides, of an excellent character. Grindill recommended him to all his acquaintance; and I told him that I would introduce him to the acquaintance of ſome eminent artiſts with whom I was connected, when he ſhould return to London. He thanked me for the honour I intended him, but in a

manner that made me think he was not very ſolicitous that I ſhould take the trouble.—"Do you not imagine," ſaid I, "that their friendſhip could be of ſervice to a young artiſt like you?"

"It certainly would," anſwered he: adding, with a ſmile—"I already have the honour to be known to ſome of them; but I am afraid it is not the artiſts, but the arts, that are friends."

I then aſſured them that I ſhould be happy to ſerve him myſelf when he came to London; and that I ſhould introduce him to thoſe of my friends who were not artiſts.

Grindill's behaviour to this young man, who was poor and friendleſs, gave me a more favourable opinion of Mr. Grindill himſelf than I had before.

He took an opportunity of telling me, "that a relation of his, who had a good eſtate in South-Wales, and whoſe heir-at-law he was, laboured under a diſtemper which nobody though the could ſurvive; that this

relation, he underſtood, was ſurrounded by intereſted people, who might take the advantage of his abſence, and ſuggeſt things to his prejudice; that it was, therefore, of infinite importance to him that he ſhould return immediately to England to cultivate his intereſt with the invalid; but that he had contracted debts at Dreſden, and could not think of leaving it without paying them; that, although he had aſſurances of not being diſturbed, by the generality of his creditors in England, one to whom he owed 500l. ſtood out; and that he was in need of a thouſand pounds, without which he could not leave Dreſden with credit, nor appear with ſafety in England."

On my hinting a little ſurpriſe that his friends lord and lady Deanport did not aſſiſt him in ſuch an emergency, he anſwered—" That lady Deanport was in pecuniary difficulties herſelf; that ſhe had been unfortunate at play; that her huſband had, at his death, left her provided for in a manner far inferior to her expectations; that her ſon, when he

came of age, had not ſupplied the deficiency to her ſatisfaction."—Grindill added, "That her ladyſhip had not allowed her ſon to be croſſed in any thing that depended upon her, during a very long childhood, in the expectation of having the entire management of him, when the law ſhould conſider him as a man: but when that period arrived, finding him leſs tractable than ſhe expected, the moſt amiable of boys, and of youths, became at once, in her eyes, a monſter of ingratitude."

By the way, Sommers, this complete alteration of opinion in parents, reſpecting the characters of their children, I myſelf have obſerved in ſeveral inſtances, and all of them in mothers towards thoſe whom they had moſt indulged.

Mr. Grindill, however, aſſured me, that, through his means, lady Deanport and her ſon came to a more friendly way of thinking before he went abroad, and continued ſo all the time he was on his travels.

I underſtood from him alſo, that lady Dean-

port, who always has ſome project in agitation, was endeavouring to accompliſh a marriage between her ſon and the wealthy Miſs Moyſton. This will give him, ſhe imagines, ſuch an accumulation of riches, that part muſt overflow upon herſelf, and at the ſame time augment his parliamentary influence, ſo as to become beneficial to all the friends of his family, and particularly to Grindill himſelf.

This intelligence was thrown out in different converſations, with the intention, no doubt, of inducing me to agree to the concluding requeſt, that I ſhould advance him the money. What determined me, however, was what Grindill inſiſted leaſt upon; namely, his kindneſs to the young painter, and my plainly ſeeing that no other perſon would lend him if I did not, for the poor devil has not a friend in the world; I furniſhed him, therefore, with what he wanted.

I believe I have drawn all the money I had with Meſſrs. ——. Be ſo good as ſell three

thousand pounds of what I have in the three per cents, and place it in their hands. Do not let old Nichols know any thing of this; he bought it for me a third higher than the present price—it would disturb his sleep for a month.

Ben's illness was so far fortunate that it prevented our setting out in very bad weather. We have had another thunder-storm, not, indeed, so furious as the former, but sufficiently so to make travelling very disagreeable. I have employed most part of the interval in complying with your requisition. Ben is now recovered perfectly. We shall, assuredly, set out to-morrow.

Adieu!

J. MORDAUNT.

## LETTER XXVII.

*From the Same to the Same.*

Frankfort.

FROM the conclufion of my laft, you would naturally imagine that I left Vevay directly; that, however, was not the cafe—I ftayed there three days after the date of that letter.

How then came I not to write?

As I have fo often confeffed to you the real caufe of my having of late become fo very indefatigable a fcribbler, that is a queftion which you may naturally afk: to which, my dear Colonel, I muft give you an anfwer quite the reverfe of what a young woman of Amfterdam made to her mother, who afked her, How fhe came to be with child?—"Becaufe," replied this induftrious girl, "I had nothing elfe to do."

My reafon for not writing to you during

that time, my good friend, was becaufe I had *fomething* elfe to do.

But before I inform you what that was, I beg you may take notice, that though I, a bachelor, and determined for ever to remain fuch, can derive no benefit from the above anecdote, you, a married man, with the profpect of a numerous progeny, may.—Is it not a ferious warning to parents not to permit their daughters to remain a moment in idlenefs, but to take care always to give them fomething to do? You fee, Sommers, I wifh to make my letters moral as well as entertaining.

I now proceed to tell you how I have been employed fince my laft.

Having been affured that the chaife would be ready within three hours, as the weather had become exceedingly fine, immediately after the ftorm, I fauntered a little out of the town. On turning the corner of a hedge, I met two women; one feemed between thirty

and forty years of age, the other not more than three or four-and-twenty, of an elegant figure, and a countenance wonderfully interesting; not from beauty alone—it bore alſo the marks of affliction. Both ſeemed ſurpriſed at the *rencontre*; but in the ſurpriſe of the latter there was a mixture of apprehenſion: obſerving this, I addreſſed her in the moſt reſpectful manner—

" I ſhould be extremely ſorry, madam, if this accidental meeting ſhould give you uneaſineſs; I certainly mean you no harm."

She ſmiled, and replied—

" Excuſe me, ſir, it was mere ſurpriſe;" and then ſeemed eager to walk on.

" I perceive, madam," ſaid I, " that you are a ſtranger here as well as myſelf."

" I am, ſir," replied ſhe.

" I believe," reſumed I, " that I addreſs you in your native language." [I ſpoke to her in French.]

" You do," replied ſhe.—" The time has been," added ſhe, with a ſigh, " when I

thought it an honour to be a French woman."

I ſaw her companion preſs her on the arm, as if to warn her againſt ſuch inſinuations.

"I believe, Chriſtine," ſaid ſhe, "that monſieur is an Engliſhman."

"I am, madam; but not the leſs diſpoſed to render you every ſervice in my power."

"You are very polite, ſir," ſaid ſhe.

"It is not politeneſs, madam,—I am ſincere: nothing would give me more pleaſure than being of uſe to you—try me."

"You are extremely good; but I have nothing to exact."

"I ſaw marks of terror in your countenance, madam, when I firſt preſented myſelf to you: if you apprehend danger from any perſon, I may, perhaps, be of ſervice to you."

"I am much obliged to you, ſir," ſaid ſhe; "but there is no need.—You will excuſe me —we are waited for." So ſaying, ſhe drew away her companion with an air of impatience, as if ſhe dreaded any farther explana-

tion. Without continuing my former courſe, or ſeeming to follow, I walked in a direction which did not make me abſolutely loſe ſight of them, until they entered the town, and then I moved quick enough to ſee the houſe into which they entered.

On my return to the inn I was informed that the chaiſe was ready, but I did not find myſelf at all diſpoſed to ſet out.

When I entered my chamber Ben was packing the trunk.—I aſked " if he had ſeen or heard any thing of a ſtranger of diſtinction who was then in Vevay?"

He ſaid he had not, and continued his work.

" This ſtranger is from France," added I.

" I have heard nothing of him," ſaid he, preſſing down the things in the trunk.

" She is a French woman," ſaid I.

" O! a French *woman*," ſaid he, raiſing his head ſuddenly, and looking me full in the face.

"Yes," refumed I, "a pretty woman."

"Oho! a pretty woman!" re-echoed he.

"Yes, a very pretty woman: you have feen her, perhaps?"

"No, indeed; I have feen or heard nothing of her," faid he, laying the fhirt which he had in his hand on a chair, inftead of putting it into the trunk, which he fhut at the fame time, and rofe to go, without finifhing his work.

"I am not abfolutely certain," faid I, as he went out of the room, "that it will be in my power to leave Vevay to-night."

I heard the rafcal mutter, as he went down ftairs, "I am abfolutely certain that it will *not*."

I called him up a little after, and told him, "that I had accidentally met with two women, one of whom I was convinced was a ftranger, and a perfon of condition; for which reafon I had the greateft curiofity to know fomething more about her.

' You told me before," ſaid he, " that ſhe is very pretty."

I then directed him to procure all the information he could concerning them, without letting it be known that he was employed by me to make the inquiry.

Within a few hours he returned, and told me, " that the people of our inn had heard nothing of them; that ſeveral others, to whom he had ſpoken, were equally ignorant; that he had at laſt found the peaſant at whoſe houſe the women in queſtion lodged, and by the means of a little money had drawn from him—that they had arrived a few days before in a boat from Geneva; that they never went out, except pretty early in the morning; that the youngeſt was a Savoyard lady from Chambery, and the other a Genevoiſe; that they expected an anſwer to a letter written the day of their arrival, and would not leave Vevay until they received it."

This account increaſed my curioſity. The

very private manner in which ſhe had arriv-ed, their concealment, her giving herſelf out as a Savoyard to the people, though ſhe had not attempted to conceal her real country from me, the deep melancholy that appeared in her countenance, her fright at the firſt ſight of me, and, above all, perhaps, her beauty, in-tereſted me ſo much, that I could not think of leaving Vevay without more attempts to be better acquainted with her.

I called in the evening at the houſe in which ſhe lodged. I only ſaw the Gene-voiſe, who informed me that the lady was writing letters, and could not ſee any viſitor. While I was endeavouring to prolong the converſation, the landlady of the houſe came with a meſſage that the lady wanted her. The Genevoiſe did not return; and I went back diſappointed to the inn. I dreamt of her all night. I went early next morning to the place where I had firſt met her, in hopes of the ſame good fortune again. I called at her lodgings, and was again diſappointed in

my hope of ſeeing her. Some time after my return to the inn I ſent her a letter, in which I apologiſed for my importunity, expreſſed anxiety for her ſafety and happineſs, and renewed my offers of ſerving her.

I received a note in anſwer, in which ſhe thanked me, in very polite terms, for my proffered ſervices; but aſſured me that they would be of no uſe to her, and that my perſiſting in them might have the very worſt conſequences to her. Being now fully convinced that ſhe wiſhed me to be gone, I reſolved, though not a little chagrined, to ſet out that very day. On calling for Ben, I was informed that he had walked into the fields with a perſon who had arrived a little before at the inn.

While I was waiting impatiently for Ben's return, the landlord came and told me that a lady wiſhed to ſpeak to me, and immediately introduced the very lady I wiſhed moſt, and expected leaſt, to ſee. With the moſt graceful eaſe, ſhe ſaid—" You muſt be convinced,

ſir, that ſomething ſudden and unlooked-for has determined me to this viſit, after the note I ſent you ſo lately: in two words, it is of more importance than my life to me that I leave this place as ſoon as poſſible.

"I fly from the moſt miſerable of countries, and from the moſt perfidious of mankind! The honeſt man who juſt left the room was privy to my concealment in this town, where I intended to remain until I heard from a friend to whom I have written: but having been appriſed that a boat with ſix men arrived laſt night from the other ſide of the Lake, one of whom is the very wretch from whoſe perſecution I wiſh to fly, I was ſecretly conducted here by your landlord, to which I am indebted for not being already in my perſecutor's power. I have reaſon to fear that I cannot be protected in this ſmall town—that his deſign is to carry me to France or Savoy, where I ſhould be equally at his mercy. I am told that you are to ſet out this day for Hamburg: encouraged by the

generous offer you made yeſterday, I now claim your protection from all attempts of my perſecutor, and beg your aſſiſtance in eſcaping from what I dread more than death. I formerly eſteemed your nation, in ſpite of its enmity to France; I now eſteem it the more, becauſe of its enmity to thoſe who at preſent govern that unhappy country. The villain I wiſh to avoid is countenanced by the moſt powerful of them. I muſt leave this place: I ſhould not be ſafe in any part of Switzerland; but at Frankfort I could venture to remain, until I heard from thoſe under whoſe protection I ought to be."

She might eaſily have ſeen, by my looks, before ſhe had half ended, how very ready I was to ſerve her.

In our ſubſequent converſation it was arranged, that ſhe, with her attendant, ſhould go in the carriage with me; and that Ben, with Camillo, an Italian lad, whom I had engaged in my ſervice at Milan, ſhould follow on horſeback.

As, during our converſation, I frequently looked from the window for Ben, I announced his appearance with joy as ſoon as I ſaw him: cautiouſly peeping behind me, *ſhe* alſo glanced from the window. Ben approached the houſe, accompanied by another man.— She ſtarted ſuddenly aſide, exclaiming, "Good heavens! who do I ſee?" On my begging to know what alarmed her—"Who is that with your ſervant, ſir?" ſaid ſhe.—I told her I did not know.

"Ah! ſir," repeated ſhe, with wildneſs and ſuſpicion, "do you, indeed, not know that man?"

I looked again with earneſtneſs, and recogniſed the features of the very villain whom I had beheld at Paris carrying the pike on which the head of the princeſs of Lamballe was fixed.

"Now I know him," ſaid I; "he is an aſſaſſin."

"How comes your ſervant to be acquainted?"

"That I cannot tell," ſaid I, interrupting her; "but he ſhall inform me inſtantly."

I called Ben before ſhe had time to prevent me, as I believe ſhe would have done; for ſhe was greatly alarmed. I deſired her to ſtep into a cloſet as he entered the room. She underſtands Engliſh; and I wiſhed her to hear what he ſaid, without being ſeen by him.

On my queſtioning him about the fellow he had been walking with, he ſaid "he had never ſeen him before, and never wiſhed to ſee him again."

"Why ſo?" ſaid I.

"Why, if your honour will have it," ſaid he, a little ſulkily, "becauſe he is French; and becauſe the French are a pack that no good is to be got by, whether—they be men or women," added he, after ſome heſitation.

"How came you to be in converſation with him, then?"

"I ſhould never have ſpoken to him, pleaſe your honour, if he had not firſt ſpoken

to me: for though I have learnt to ſpeak French ſince I have been in your ſervice, yet it is a language I do not approve of more than of the people. But he began by aſking about a lady who had fled from her huſband, and was ſuppoſed to be in this neighbourhood, and offered me money in caſe I would aſſiſt in comprehending her for her huſband, which was his maſter. I told him I would have none of his money; that I did not chooſe to be acceſſary to the betraying a woman into the hands of any man from whom ſhe fled. 'You *would*, however,' ſays he, 'if the man was her huſband.'—'No,' ſays I, 'I would not, although he was ten times her huſband.' 'Why ſo?' ſays he.—'Becauſe,' ſays I, 'I loves to do as I would be done by; and if ſo be that I myſelf was flying from my wife, I ſhould not approve of being delivered up to her clutches;' and ſo then I left him, becauſe your honour called."

I could not help ſmiling at the concluſion of Ben's ſpeech, becauſe I know that he is

married to one of the greateſt termagants on earth, to whom he punctually remits a conſiderable ſum out of his wages, though ſhe rendered his life miſerable; for he is one of the beſt-natured fellows alive, in ſpite of his ſurlineſs.

I aſked if he knew where the man he had been converſing with lodged?

He anſwered, that he knew only that it was not at the inn.—"I am glad of it," ſaid he, "becauſe he has the look of a d——d raſcal, which is as bad as a Frenchman, if not worſe; and if," added he, "it be true, which, as your honour knows, is ſaid, that 'like maſter, like man,' then I am ſure the poor woman they are in ſearch of will be much to be pitied, if ever ſhe comes within their power."

I then ordered him to have every thing ready for our departure; and not to be out of the way, as we ſhould ſet out very ſoon.

The lady's alarm, on account of Ben's acquaintance with the Frenchman, was now

diſperſed. I propoſed ſetting out directly: ſhe wiſhed to delay till night, or till there was a certainty of her not being ſeen by thoſe who were in ſearch of her; for, though I aſſured her that it would not be in their power to prevent her going, even were they to ſee her, yet ſhe dreaded the conſequence of any *fracas*, and was anxious to get away ſecretly, and without any oppoſition.

In the courſe of our converſation ſhe told me "that ſhe belonged to a French family of diſtinction, which had been ruined by the revolution: ſome of her near relations had been murdered, and ſome baniſhed: that part of their misfortunes, as well as of hers, were owing to the villain who aſſumed the name of her huſband: but ſhe aſſured me, in the moſt earneſt manner, that he was not, nor ever could be; that there were circumſtances in her own ſtory, which, out of delicacy towards ſome of the latter, ſhe was inclined to conceal, for ſome time at leaſt; but," added

ſhe, ſmiling through her tears, "notwithſtanding that your valet has an ill opinion of the French women as well as men, I am not entirely without hopes that, in aſſiſting me on the preſent occaſion, you will find that you have beſtowed your protection on one not entirely unworthy of it."

I aſſured her, that it was my happineſs and pride to be of the ſmalleſt uſe to her; that I would accompany her to any place where ſhe ſhould think herſelf ſafeſt; that I had no curioſity to be acquainted with any thing ſhe thought proper to conceal: and I began to apologiſe for what Ben had ſaid in her hearing.

"Ah, monſieur!" cried ſhe, "comme j'aime votre Ben, avec ſon 'loves to do as he would be done by.' Il me ſemble qu'il a puiſé ſa morale dans une ſource infiniment plus pure que celle de nos philoſophes. Ah, mon Dieu!" added ſhe, raiſing her eyes, and preſſing her hands together, "la dernière

fois que j'ai entendre prêcher mon pauvre oncle ſur cette maxime divine !"

She ſhed tears ſo abundantly, and was ſo much affected, that no expreſſions could have been of uſe, had I been able to ſpeak. I withdrew; and, after a ſhort interval, ſent the Genevoiſe to her.

When I waited on her again, I found her more compoſed; and informed her, that the fellow ſhe had ſeen with my ſervant had walked to a different part of the town, and had not appeared ſince; that her own ſmall trunk was fixed on the chaiſe; and that, perhaps, this was as favourable a moment as any for ſetting out. The landlord being of the ſame opinion, ſhe conſented, and I ordered the horſes.

I had before deſired Ben to inform me, in caſe the man he had ſpoken with ſhould return again to the inn. I told him alſo, that "I had reaſon to believe the fellow was a murderer; that he was hired by as great a villain as him-

ſelf, to aſſiſt in ſeiſing two innocent women, who were flying from France, and whom I had engaged to protect and carry to ſome place of ſafety; that we would go in the firſt place towards Baſil."

After the two women were ſeated in the carriage, and before I had ſtepped in, three men ruſhed from a neighbouring houſe: he who ſeemed the leader called to the poſtillions to ſtop. While he was running towards the door of the carriage, I ſtood between, my ſword in my hand, and warned him to keep off.

"That lady is my wife," ſaid he.—"No, no, no!" ſhe ſhrieked from the carriage.—"You hear, ſir," ſaid I, puſhing him away. He drew his ſabre, calling at the ſame time to the accomplices to ſtop the horſes. He was ſilenced by a puſh into his cheek, and immediately after I was lucky enough to wound him in the arm, and ſecure his weapon, which I broke, and threw to a diſtance.

The Parifian no fooner faw his principal engaged with me, than he drew a dagger, calling to his companion—" *Tirez, camerade!*" Ben, who is a firft-rate boxer, inftantly ftruck him, with all his force, on the ftomach, faying, at the fame time—" *Tirez you that, camarade!*" The man fell breathlefs on the ground. The third was fo intimidated that he ran away, after drawing his weapon.

I ftepped into the carriage, which directly fet off.

The lady expreffed great apprehenfion that we fhould be purfued. Her concern now feemed to be as much on my account as on her own.

She had feen the man I difarmed bleeding profufely. The wound in his cheek appeared to her frightful: it had confiderably enlarged his mouth, though it put an end to his bawling; and, when the other fell, fhe imagined that Ben had ftabbed him to the heart.

I affured her that there was little danger of our being purfued, and lefs of our being

overtaken; but, were both to happen, neither Ben nor I could run much riſk. I told her that Engliſhmen poſſeſſed the art of bringing men to the ground without abſolutely killing them; and that it was more likely that the villain I had wounded was deſtined to die by the hands of the hangman than of a wound in the arm. I will not trouble you with an account of the difficulties we encountered in our journey to Frankfort; but, ſoon after our arrival here, I became acquainted with ſome circumſtances that made la Marquiſe, for that is the rank of the lady, think it would be ſafer for her to proceed to Hamburg than to remain in that city.

I met here with the Baron de B——, a gentleman in the ſervice of the Prince of Heſſe-Darmſtadt. I had the good fortune to form an acquaintance with the baron, when he was in England with his ſiſter, a young lady, who, to the ſteady good ſenſe of the German character, joins all that is amiable

in French vivacity. I was the lefs furprifed at the accomplifhments of the daughter, after I was introduced to her mother, a lady of a noble family in the duchy of Brunfwic, but more diftinguifhed by elevation of mind and an highly-cultivated underftanding.

As the baron has made the journey lately, I fhall profit by his directions refpecting our route from this place to Zell, where I find the marquife has fome bufinefs to tranfact. That town is not much out of our way to Hamburg.

By the way, Sommers, it will be beft not to mention the name of the marchionefs. When fhe fhall arrive at London herfelf, fhe will give what account fhe thinks proper of our rencounter; but I fhould not like to have it anticipated by any friend of mine. I believe this hint was fuperfluous: I know your difcretion.

Yours,

J. MORDAUNT.

## LETTER XXVIII.

*The Same to the Same.*

Zell.

You remember, Richard, that I was almoſt overcome with *ennui* when I firſt met the marquiſe. No ſuch being can exiſt in the company of this delightful woman.

> The languid ſpright, at ſight of her bright eyes,
> Spreads his blue wings, and from her preſence flies.

Do not imagine that her looks principally attach me. Her face is not regularly beautiful: perhaps it has too much expreſſion for mere beauty. Have you not ſeen women whoſe features were ſaid to be regular and well-proportioned, yet ſo barren of ideas, that they excited none? The countenance of this lady is all mind—it leads the beholder through a variety of pleaſing thought, like Reynold's portrait of Mrs. Siddons, in the

character of the Tragic Muſe: her converſation confirms what her countenance announced. Eagerneſs to overcome every obſtacle that could retard our flight for ſome time ſuperſeded every other reflection; but when ſhe was in ſome meaſure relieved from the apprehenſion of being overtaken, you cannot imagine how very entertaining her converſation became. From time to time, indeed, ſhe fell into fits of ſilence and ſadneſs; but I did not find it very difficult to draw her from them. Her melancholy aroſe from the recollection of paſt events: but cheerfulneſs is the natural habit of her mind, and ſhe gladly liſtened to the ſuggeſtions of hope. When I was fortunate enough to make her forget her misfortunes, her obſervations were as ſprightly as ingenious; but ever and anon ſhe relapſed into ſadneſs, and then it was my cue to wean her out of it by every means I could think of. My ſolicitude for that purpoſe did not eſcape her obſervation; and her gratitude was apparent in her looks ſtill more than her

expreſſions. You ſee plainly that I could not fail being in love; and you think, no doubt, that I had abundant opportunities of making declarations of my paſſion—there you are miſtaken:—I never found her ſeparate from the Genevoiſe, who I now find is a French woman. I, had ſome well-enough-contrived plans for drawing her away: ſhe eluded them all; and was ſure to remain, when the preſence of a third perſon ſeemed to me moſt intolerable. When the lady told me that her attendant was French, ſhe added, with a view, no doubt, to have her conſtantly in her company, that "ſhe was of a decent family, had been well educated, and that ſhe treated her as a companion;" of courſe ſhe was always with us at meals; and they ſlept together. I was perſuaded, however, from ſome obſervations I had made before we left Vevay, that this woman really was in the quality of a ſervant, and that a hint from madame la marquiſe would have produced her abſence as often, and for as long a ſpace

of time, as ſhe pleaſed: I was therefore mortified beyond expreſſion to find that the hint was not given. Though I had not made a direct declaration of love to the lady, the whole of my conduct and behaviour muſt have convinced her of my ſentiments. Any woman may be made to think that a man is fond of her, though he is not; but few women, and fewer French women than others, are ſo dull, as not to perceive the ſymptoms of love in him who is really enamoured with them. I had every reaſon to believe that ſhe had the higheſt eſteem for me; and, had it not been for my finding all my attempts for converſing with her alone baffled, and *that* evidently with her connivance, I ſhould have flattered myſelf that ſome particles of tenderneſs were intermingled with her eſteem.

On one particular occaſion I found her alone: the converſation between us was on general ſubjects. As I expected the maid every moment, for I had laid no ſcheme for keeping her away, I did not at once attempt

to lead it to the moſt intereſting point. The interval, however, becoming much longer than uſual, my diſcourſe, at length, began to tend that way; when madame la marquiſe, as if by accident, ſhoved a box from off the table, which making a noiſe by its fall on the floor, the officious maid immediately entered, and having lifted the box, ſhe calmly ſeated herſelf in the room. I am perſuaded that my looks were expreſſive of diſappointment, vexation, and reproach: I did not utter a ſyllable for a conſiderable time, not even to ſupport the converſation; which ſhe reſumed, and ſuſtained with the greateſt good-humour, and almoſt in the accent of one who begs to be forgiven. I could ſpeak only in ſhort ſentences.—She mentioned ſome Engliſh books that ſhe had read with great pleaſure—of the national character, comparing it with that of her own country at its moſt brilliant period. I at length obſerved, "that the French had one advantage over the Engliſh at all periods; that they could con-

verſe with their moſt eſteemed friends, before indifferent perſons, with the ſame eaſe as if none were preſent, which was what very few Engliſh could."

At this remark ſhe ſmiled; and, after remaining ſilent and thoughtful for ſome time, addreſſing the maid, ſhe ſaid—"You wiſhed to take a walk, Chriſtine; if you pleaſe, you may go now: monſieur has ſomething particular to ſay to me."

No ſooner was the woman gone, than I expreſſed my thanks to the lady for this inſtance of her complaiſance, acknowledging that I was one of thoſe who could not ſpeak, without reſtraint, to a friend, in the preſence of any third perſon; that I had earneſtly wiſhed for an opportunity of laying open my whole heart to her, on a ſubject on which my happineſs depended; and I then declared my paſſion in the moſt impreſſive terms. She made no attempt to interrupt me; but, with a gay air, ſhe replied—"That ſhe knew it was the prevailing opinion among the Eng-

lish, that the French ladies expected such declarations; that what an English woman of character would consider as affrontive, a French woman viewed as a proof of politeness—a becoming homage paid to her charms; and, at the worst, a proposal to be forgiven, though rejected; that she herself happened to be of a different opinion from that imputed to her countrywomen; she could readily excuse me, however, for not knowing her particular way of thinking. But as I had now performed, with all due decorum, the ceremonial which I might suppose French etiquette exacted, she hoped that every thing of the same nature would be dispensed with in future, that she might have the happiness of continuing to view me in the light of a genuine friend, to whom she owed everlasting esteem and gratitude."

This she pronounced in a tone partly jocular and partly serious, but entirely engaging.

I could not help thinking, on the whole, however, that this friendly species of defence

was preparatory to a graceful ſurrender.—I could not conceive that a gay French woman, bred amidſt the gallantries of Paris and Verſailles, would think a combat *à mort* abſolutely neceſſary on the preſent occaſion; but I ſaw that it was highly incumbent to proceed with all poſſible addreſs and ſpirit. I accordingly brought my whole eloquence into play, aided by that degree of action which I thought moſt likely to give it effect: ſhe evidently ſhewed a reluctance to quarrel with me about trifles. I flattered myſelf that victory was at no great diſtance; when ſhe ſuddenly roſe, and ſaid, with earneſtneſs, and ſome ſhare of ſeverity, that ſhe muſt withdraw. When I attempted to remonſtrate againſt it, ſhe repeated, with an air of great firmneſs, "You muſt not oppoſe my withdrawing: but I will meet you again to-morrow, and without any witneſs." Seeing that ſhe was determined, I did not think it prudent to inſiſt farther, I only ſaid, "Or this evening."—"No, not this evening,"

ſaid ſhe; "I am ſomewhat indiſpoſed."—"Indiſpoſed!" cried I, with an alarmed voice—"Are you unwell?"

"It is not much," ſaid ſhe: "I will aſſuredly meet you alone to-morrow."

I did not well know what conſtruction to put on her conduct: I ſhould have been ſtill more concerned at the thoughts of her being ſuddenly ſeized with ſome bodily indiſpoſition, if I had remarked any of that languor in her countenance which attends ſuch illneſs; but I never ſaw her look with greater firmneſs and animation than when ſhe left me. In the evening I had ſome converſation with the maid, who, I obſerved, ſat not, as uſual, in the room with her miſtreſs, but in one adjoining. I aſked if the lady was indiſpoſed and gone to bed? She anſwered, "that ſhe rather thought that ſomething had vexed la marquiſe, becauſe ſhe had not even reclined on the bed, as was her cuſtom during any ſlight indiſpoſition, but ſeemed uncommonly

ly thoughtful, and expreſſed a wiſh to be alone."

You ſhall have the ſequel in my next.

Yours ever,

J. MORDAUNT.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

THE TAYLOR INSTITUTION ... 'S ... HALL

## LETTER XXIX.

*The Same in Continuation.*

Frankfort.

THE following morning, a little before our uſual hour of breakfaſting, the marchioneſs ſent me word that ſhe was inclined to breakfaſt in her bed-chamber, but that ſhe would meet me an hour after in the parlour. I was there conſiderably before that time was expired: ſhe entered the room about the hour appointed. There was a ſolemnity in her manner that I had never obſerved before. To the uſual inquiries ſhe anſwered only by bowing her head. She then expreſſed a deſire to be allowed to ſpeak, without interruption, until ſhe had finiſhed all ſhe wiſhed to ſay. I promiſed to be ſilent; and ſhe expreſſed herſelf in the following terms:—

"Independent of the important obligations which I lie under to you, for which I

ſhall ever feel the higheſt gratitude, I have obſerved qualities in you, ſir, which muſt command the eſteem of every one, and might win the affection of any woman whoſe heart was diſengaged. Though I did not think myſelf at liberty to acquaint you with all the particulars of my ſtory, I *did* inform you, that I was a woman of family, a married woman, and I never gave you reaſon to believe that I was not a virtuous one. I was willing to impute your addreſſes yeſterday to the general impreſſion which, I have been told, prevails in your country reſpecting gallantry in France. I endeavoured to convince you of your miſtake; notwithſtanding which your behaviour was ſuch as no modeſt woman could permit, and as would have prevented me from ever deſiring again to ſee any other man who had behaved in the ſame manner. To you, ſir, I wiſhed to explain myſelf farther, becauſe I freely acknowledge that it would be moſt painful to me to withdraw my

esteem and friendship from one who has laid me under such weighty obligations.

"Be assured that you are in an error with regard to the ladies of my country. Though endowed with more vivacity than some of their neighbours, they equally know to distinguish gaiety from vice. I myself was educated in virtuous principles, under the eye of the best and most amiable of her sex.—O! my beloved, my lamented mother, never shall the maxims which you taught and practised be erased from the memory of your unhappy daughter!"

Here her voice failed; she burst into tears, and she continued sobbing for a considerable time. I was as unable to speak as she was. Having dried up her tears, with an air of dignified composure, she resumed—"I have to inform you, sir, that I am not only a married woman, but the wife of a man of honour; a man whom I always esteemed and loved, and whose misfortunes render him dearer to me than ever; one who, in the days

of our profperity, returned my love with equal affection, and has ever honoured me with his entire confidence. At this moment, fir, he is fully informed of my efcape from Vevay by your means, that I have travelled and lodged at inns with you: I have even defcribed you to him with the partiality which is natural for a grateful heart to feel for a benefactor, yet I am confident that he does not harbour one fentiment of jealoufy. Even a woman who had little regard for the virtue of chaftity would be fhocked at the idea of being unfaithful to fuch a man; and were I capable of fuch wickednefs the whole world would deteft me—you yourfelf would defpife me. But if I could be made certain of the world's remaining in ignorance, and of your continued regard, ftill I fhould be odious in my own eyes. The fervice you rendered me would appear to me a curfe inftead of a benefit, becaufe, in refcuing me from oppreffion, it had led to my feduction into vice."

Here ſhe pauſed. She ſeemed greatly diſturbed. As for me I was quite confounded. I did not ſee the objects before my eyes diſtinctly—they ſeemed to move in a circle. I had experienced ſomething of the ſame kind, during two or three ſeconds, after receiving a blow on the head, in a ſkirmiſh near Mantua. The difference was, that, after the confuſion occaſioned by the blow, no ſenſe of ſhame took place; whereas I never was ſo completely out of countenance in my life as in the preſent inſtance; I had neither power nor inclination to interrupt her ſilence.—She herſelf reſumed.

"I am duly ſenſible, ſir, of what I owe you—I ſhall be ever grateful: but, after what paſſed yeſterday, we muſt ſeparate—I can no longer remain in your company. I intended, as you know, to paſs over to England; I retain the ſame deſign ſtill; but I ſhall remain at this place until I hear of your arrival at Hamburg, and of your having ſailed from thence."

I could be ſilent no longer.—I began by

expreffing forrow for having offended her—I declared it fhould be the laft time. The embarraffment that muft have been evident in my apology had a more powerful effect, perhaps, than if it had been better arranged and more eloquent. She faw that I was fincere. I defired, with earneftnefs, that I might have the honour of accompanying her to England. When I had prevailed on her to agree to this, I faid, "that if fhe had any fcruples at my proceeding with her to London, that I fhould leave her before fhe entered it, and call on her the day after to affift in directing her to proper lodgings, and in whatever elfe I could be of ufe; and it needed not appear that I had accompanied her during any part of the journey."

She replied, "that it certainly was of importance not only to *be* innocent, but alfo to *appear* fo; that the one, however, was infinitely of more importance than the other; that the firft alfo was in every one's power, whereas the fecond was not; that fhe was aware that her journey from Vevay to Lon-

don, in the company of a man of my appearance, would expoſe her to the attacks of malignity; but that having already informed her huſband of it, ſhe was indifferent who elſe knew it; that ſhe had ſome acquaintance in London, among whom there were ſeveral natives of her own country; but that the perſon on whoſe protection ſhe chiefly relied was an Engliſh lady, one of the worthieſt of her ſex, who had been the friend of her mother; that her firſt care, after ſhe ſhould arrive in London, would be to wait on her; and that ſhe would be directed by her advice in ſubſequent meaſures."

Being unwilling that my brother ſhould hear that I had come over in company with a foreign lady, before I ſhould have an opportunity of explaining the matter to him, I expreſſed a wiſh that ſhe would not mention my name to any of her Engliſh acquaintance.

To this ſhe aſſented.

I then hinted " that London was ſo vaſt a city, that ſhe might, perhaps, have a difficulty in finding the lady."

To this ſhe ſaid, "that the lady in queſtion was of a rank in life that precluded any difficulty of that nature."

I own I had ſome curioſity to know who this woman is; but ſhe declined naming her, and I thought it would be unbecoming to put a ſingle queſtion on the ſubject.

Now, Sommers, I am perſuaded that the iſſue of this buſineſs is very different from what you expected. My firſt meeting with this lady, our eſcape, and being preſſed ſo long together in the ſame carriage, announced another cataſtrophe to the adventure. After Virgil ſays

> "Speluncam Dido, dux et Trojanus, eandem
> Deveniunt,"———

no reader can imagine that ſhe is to go out preciſely the ſame as ſhe went in: as little could it have been foreſeen, that a young, handſome, gay French woman (for, though under the gloom of misfortune, madame de ——— is naturally of a gay diſpoſition), could have cleared her way through the labyrinth in which ſhe wandered with me.

Do you aſk, Has ſhe entirely cleared her way? I anſwer, *Entirely*, and for ever. Were we in the reign of Jupiter, and I a believing Pagan, I ſhould as ſoon attempt to ſeduce a Veſtal, while ſhe was feeding the ſacred fire, as I would now renew my former addreſſes to madame de ——.

Do not think that it is merely by the force of her remonſtrance that ſhe has brought me to this determination? Very ſublime ſpeeches have been addreſſed to me by other ladies in ſimilar ſituations, without altering my proceedings; becauſe, in the midſt of their heroics, I plainly ſaw that *leſs* was meant than met the ear. On ſuch occaſions it often happens that ſome part of the defendant's behaviour inſpires the aſſailant with hope, and betrays a ſecret wiſh to throw upon him as much of the guilt as poſſible, without the intention of being herſelf finally deprived of the pleaſure.

Nothing of this nature appeared in the conduct of madame de ——: her whole behaviour was uniformly and unaffectedly modeſt.

She ſincerely loves her huſband, and as ſincerely eſteems her own honour. To have allured her from the courſe in which alone ſhe can have peace of mind, had that been in my power, which it was not, would have given me, as well as her, laſting remorſe.—Do not ſmile, and attempt to quote caſes in which I have not been ſo ſcrupulous. Though you are acquainted with my whole ſecret hiſtory, you can quote no caſe *exactly* in point. Obſerve that I do not attempt to juſtify myſelf in every inſtance that you can adduce: all I aſſert is, that there is an eſſential difference between prevailing on a woman to give up a jewel on which ſhe puts but a moderate value, and for which ſhe, however erroneouſly, thinks ſhe receives an equivalent, and ſeducing another to part with what ſhe eſteems invaluable, and the loſs of which depreſſes her mind with endleſs ſorrow.

You will poſſibly imagine that, in my conduct to the marquiſe, I did not obſerve the doctrine that, if I remember right, I endeavoured to eſtabliſh in my letter reſpecting

Travers and the lady at Liſbon—namely, that *a man of ſenſe*, though unreſtrained by principle, will not attempt the ſeduction of a woman of unblemiſhed character without ſome encouragement on her part, or his thinking he has ſeen ſome degree of levity in her behaviour.

This doctrine I ſtill adhere to, let it bear ever ſo hard againſt my own claim to the title of a man of ſenſe: but I muſt at the ſame time ſay, that the doctrine was founded on obſervations made on Britiſh manners. I never thought it equally applicable in ſome other countries, and as little ſo in France as in any part of the continent of Europe. If a man makes love to a married Engliſh woman, ſhe will think herſelf obliged to manifeſt anger in the firſt place, even although ſhe is diſpoſed to comply in a decent time; whereas a married French woman, in the ſame ſituation, will not think it at all neceſſary to diſplay anger, even although ſhe be fully reſolved never to break her marriage vow.

This circumſtance ſhows, at leaſt, that gallantry of this nature is conſidered with more indulgence in the one country than the other. I knew that madame la Marquiſe had lived in the moſt faſhionable circles at Paris, and I did not know what effect example might have had on her mind. I am now aſhamed at my own want of penetration, in not having ſeen, from the whole of her conduct, from the moment I firſt met with her, that ſhe was a woman of dignity of mind and incorruptible virtue.

But what you will think as ſingular as any circumſtance of this eventful hiſtory is, that although I admire the beauty of this woman as much as ever, her conduct has extinguiſhed within my breaſt every ſentiment regarding her, but thoſe of reſpect, eſteem, and friendſhip, with an earneſt wiſh to promote her happineſs and that of her huſband.

My obſervations on life convince me that the heart paſſes more naturally from friendſhip to love, than from love to friendſhip;

but this applies only to ſucceſsful love, where ſatiety may have taken place, which can never happen in my intercourſe with this lady.

I have written to Travers to take the ſame furniſhed houſe I was in when laſt at London; or, if that cannot be had, one in the ſame quarter. I am not fond of remaining long at an hotel, and ſtill leſs of living entirely at my brother's. I love him moſt affectionately, and would do any thing to oblige him, except marrying. Beſides his being apt to harp a little too much on that diſcordant ſtring, his houſe is frequented by a ſet of people who paſs under the denomination of 'the beſt kind of people in the world,' and are, notwithſtanding, exceedingly tireſome. My brother, though his health is delicate, though he thinks it worſe than it is, and though he ſeldom goes abroad, yet he *lives*, to uſe the common phraſe for keeping an excellent table, as well as any man in England. Though he is a man of great good ſenſe, he is one of ſtill greater good-nature: his houſe is open to a number

of thoſe ſame *beſt kind of people in the world*—you are ſure of having four or five of them at dinner every day. What they are called the beſt kind of people for I never could imagine. To praiſe the wine, and aſſent to whatever is ſaid, is, no doubt, a proper and becoming behaviour at à nobleman's table; but the converſation of thoſe who do nothing elſe, one ſhould think, would become wearisome at laſt. Were I in my brother's ſituation, I ſhould endeavour to oblige ſuch people in ſome other way. He endeavours to oblige them in ſome other way, and in that way alſo; and ſo proves his benevolence to be greater than that of

Your friend,

J. MORDAUNT.

## LETTER XXX.

*From the Same to the Same.*

MY DEAR SOMMERS, Hamburg.

I MIGHT have been with you by the time you will receive this, had I not been tempted to remain two days for the conveniency of a paſſage in Captain ——'s frigate, which he offered me in the frankeſt manner. He ſeems to poſſeſs all the good ſenſe, benevolence, and military ardour, that I ſo much admired in his brother, with whom I was ſo intimate at Corſica; to which he joins much original humour. When I mentioned the marchioneſs, he ſaid, " that a paſſage in his frigate, inſtead of going in the packet, was of more importance to her than to me; becauſe the chance of her being taken by any French cruiſers would be leſs: and that, even with regard to myſelf, I ought not

to conſider the event of being taken by the French in the ſame light now as formerly, when priſoners of war were certain of being treated with humanity, and often with politeneſs; that the reverſe was the caſe now. He ſpoke with great indignation of the inſults which General O'H—a and Sir S—y S—h had undergone: to palliate which, the directory had accuſed the Britiſh government of cruelty to its priſoners; a calumny that was not credited, even in France, and is contradicted by the united voice of the priſoners themſelves. Captain —— declared, at the ſame time, that if he ſhould have the good fortune to come in ſight of an enemy's frigate, during the paſſage, we might rely on being entertained with a chaſe, and probably an engagement, before he could land us: this, he knew, would be an additional motive with me for giving him the pleaſure of my company;" adding, "that it would be ſo alſo to the French lady, if ſhe happened to be of the ſame diſpoſition with a

countrywoman of his, of very high rank, who, with her hufband and fome other company, came on board his frigate, when he was cruifing of Cherbourg, from another veffel, in which they had been failing for pleafure, but to which they were prevented from returning, for two days, by the violence of the weather. During this interval, there was at one time reafon to expect that they would have an engagement with a French frigate of equal force. This lady, fo far from betraying any fear, when fhe faw the crew in high fpirits from the hope of a victory, expreffed as much fatisfaction as any of them, faying—" She wifhed to have the pleafure of feeing French colours ftrike to the Britifh; which, though it often happened, fhe had never witneffed, except at the theatres."

This town is at prefent fwarming with ftrangers; French, in particular, abound, and form a ftriking contraft with the natives: two meagre emigrants might, by a good carver, be eafily cut out of one well-fed burgher of

Hamburg. Sour-crout and ſmoked-beef are undoubtedly the moſt nouriſhing of all food. How the French were ever able to get the better, in the field, of the portly Germans, I do not comprehend; yet, notwithſtanding their full living, the Hamburgers look as ſerious and ſad as if they were under the terror of a revolutionary tribunal; whereas the emigrants friſk about, as gay and elaſtic as ſquirrels in a cheſnut-grove.

There is nothing for which the French were ever ſo greatly to be envied as their good ſpirits, and the cheerfulneſs they diſplay under misfortune; and they never had ſuch an opportunity of manifeſting this enviable quality as ſince their revolution. The inhabitants of every country of Europe have reaſon to complain of its conſequences, ſurely, in a much leſs degree than the French emigrants; yet I have found the moſt cheerful and agreeable ſociety among them, in every country through which I have paſſed.

I am ſorry to hear that the dread of invaſion

ſtill depreſſes the ſpirits of any friend of England. The brilliant ſtate of our navy alone ought to remove every fear of that nature. France, under no form of government, and by no efforts, can create a navy equal to that of Great-Britain; and now, when the whole iſland is armed, and in the way of being well-diſciplined, that navy may be employed in every quarter of the globe. The idea of an invaſion of England, in its preſent condition, fully armed, and unanimous againſt the public enemy, muſt be more terrible to the invaders than to the invaded. For my own part, I am a little aſhamed to be out of the iſland, when ſuch a thing is in contemplation; and nothing would have kept me abroad ſo long, except my fear of diſobliging my brother, on a ſubject which I find intereſts more now than ever. His ill health has at laſt determined him to renounce all thoughts of marriage; which makes him wonderfully anxious that I ſhould ſubmit my neck to the yoke without loſs of time: to encourage me to this, he either perſonally, or by proxy, has

taken the trouble, as I do very much ſuſpect, to court for me. I am given to underſtand, as I formerly hinted to you, that I have a very advantageous match, as they call it, in my power. The rank and fortune of the damſel are vaunted: neither are my lures. Indeed I know not what is—

> "Non ſum qualis eram bonæ
> Sub regno Cynaræ *;"——

that is, I am not ſuch a child as I was when I firſt met that jade the Comteſſina. I never can be fonder of a woman than I was of her; and what a pretty ſituation ſhould I be in at preſent had I married her: this thought has occurred to me a thouſand times ſince. By your aſſiſtance, my good friend, I eſcaped from her ſnares: this reflection, joined to the experience I have ſince had of my own mutability, inſpires me with as great a reluctance to matrimony as my brother can poſſibly have: yet I have received various letters from him of late, urging me to this meaſure in the moſt earneſt terms; ſtating the advantages that will reſult to myſelf, the com-

* Horace.

fort it will be to him to know that his title and eſtate are ſecured to the family, and to deſcend to my poſterity.—He is more careful of my poſterity, you ſee, than I am myſelf. He hates the perſon to whom his title and eſtate would go, failing his own and my children; and cannot bear the thought of their being tranſmitted to him or his deſcendents: this, I am convinced, more than any other conſideration, moves him to preſs me ſo earneſtly. Am I to give up the freedom I love, and wear fetters all my life, to prevent an event which gives me no concern, merely becauſe the chance of it fills another perſon with uneaſineſs. Since he has ſo great a dread of ſuch a cataſtrophe, I wiſh to the Lord he would take the trouble of ſecuring againſt it, by begetting his own heirs. If he did, you will tell me that I ſhould be cut from the view of ever poſſeſſing his title and eſtate. I do aſſure you, Sommers, *that* idea gives me no pain; I am perſuaded of nothing more fully, than that more riches would not in-

creaſe my happineſs; and, as for the peerage, if ever I ſhall have the good fortune to perform ſervices to my country, worthy of ſuch an honour, I ſhould receive it from his majeſty with gratitude and gladneſs: but a peerage, obtained by the death of my brother, would fill me with ſorrow—and one conferred for no other merit than that of commanding a few votes for a miniſter could not in the leaſt gratify my vanity. You perceive, therefore, that I have no inducement to change my condition, unleſs to gratify my brother. I ſhould think that inducement ſufficient, if I did not conſider his motive as a little whimſical, and if what he requeſts did not overſet all my notions of happineſs. As for the particular lady he has in his eye, I am ſtill in the dark; he has certainly given no hint to any of my relations, otherwiſe I ſhould have received it among my laſt diſpatches: ſome of them are the moſt communicative people I ever had any experience of. My aunt, Lady Suſan, could not have omitted

an article of ſo much importance: ſhe writes to me all ſhe knows, often more than I wiſh to know, and a great deal of what ſhe knows nothing. The lady his lordſhip has choſen for me is comprehended in the laſt article: I have not the leaſt curioſity to be better informed, being fully reſolved to remain the moſt obedient humble ſervant of the whole ſex. I have too much affection for the ſweet creatures ever to marry any of them: not that I do not envy many who do, particularly yourſelf. I am fully convinced, from your account of your Juliet, and my knowledge of your character, that you are one of the happieſt men of my acquaintance. Long may it be ſo, my dear Sommers. You were always a ſteady fellow; but what has a wavering animal like me to do with ſuch a laſting buſineſs as matrimony. No; any thing to oblige you but that, my dear brother: in this reſolution, at leaſt, I ſhall be invariable. Let this, however, remain a ſecret between you and me, Colonel; for, though I ſhall endea-

vour to wave, evade, and procraſtinate my brother's favourite plan of matrimoniſing me, I will not afflict him with the idea that it never ſhall take place. I have ſtill hopes that his own health will be ſo much re-eſtabliſhed, as to induce him to follow the advice he gives me.

I ſhall inform you of my arrival in London; and, as ſoon as the marchioneſs ſhall be ſettled in ſomewhat of a comfortable ſtyle, I will endeavour to perſuade Travers to accompany me to Hampſhire. When I ſhall have ſucceeded in tranquilliſing my brother's mind on the grand point, I will return to the capital, endeavour to be of what farther ſervice to the marchioneſs may be in my power, and then ſet out for your happy retreat. I wiſh to know, with all her love, whether your Juliet has more friendſhip for her huſband than I have for my old ſchoolfellow?

Adieu!

J, MORDAUNT.

## LETTER XXXI.

*From the Same to the Same.*

London.

WE arrived on Tuefday, without having been ftopped by a fingle highwayman between Portfmouth and London. The marchionefs thought this a piece of wonderful good luck; having imbibed the fame idea with moft foreigners, that it is two to one in favour of a perfon's being robbed, before he travels fifty miles, in England: this they find to be a miftake; but I have heard many of them, who, while they acknowledged it, declared, at the fame time, that the innkeeepers, in a great meafure, fupplied the omiffions of the highwaymen.

Travers had called twice: the fecond time he left a note, to inform me that he had fecured my old lodgings; fo I flept there the

first night, leaving the marchioness and her maid at the hotel.

When I waited on her next day, I found madame de ——, a relation of hers, with her. She seems a very agreeable woman, and will be of great utility to the marchioness, having been a considerable time in England, and speaking the language with wonderful correctness, for one of her country. Hitherto the French, in general, have taken less trouble than any nation to acquire the languages of other countries. All Europe has reason to lament the cause of such numbers of them being now under a greater necessity, than the people of any other nation, to obtain that acquirement.

Madame de ——, who is a widow, invited her friend to live with her: this was declined; but a lodging was found to the marchioness's taste in the same street. She has already been visited by some of the most respectable of the French at present in London. But she has now told me, that the person in this

country on whofe friendfhip fhe has the greateft reliance is lady Diana Franklin, who, when fhe was laft at Paris, lived in great intimacy with the marchionefs's mother, for whom fhe had the greateft regard, and with whom fhe afterwards kept a friendly correfpondence, until all correfpondence of that nature was interrupted between the two nations.

I have had the pleafure of being in company, two or three times, with lady Diana: fhe is affuredly the very flower of old maids; a clafs to which fhe is thought not only nominally, but effentially, to belong; and that from choice, having been powerfully folicited to enter into another. I never knew a woman more univerfally well fpoken of by all, but thofe of whom nobody fpeaks well; unlefs it be occafionally by lady Diana herfelf, who often finds fomething good to fay of the very worft.

The marchionefs was greatly difappointed on being informed that lady Diana was in Denfhire, and not expected to return very

ſoon. She has however written to that lady. She waits alſo with impatience for a letter from her huſband, by which her future proceedings will be regulated. Before ſhe can receive that, I expect to return from my brother's; until which time I have reminded her that ſhe is not to mention my name, either in her letters to lady Diana, or in diſcourſe to any perſon in London. I ſhould be ſorry it was at all known that I came in her company before I have fully explained all the circumſtances to my brother.

I find that I ſhall not be able to go to Roſemount ſo very ſoon as I expected, Travers having entangled me in a buſineſs of his, which it is needleſs to mention.

You ſhall hear from me when I ſet out.

Meanwhile I am, &c.

J. MORDAUNT.

## LETTER XXXII.

*Lady* DIANA FRANKLIN *to Miſs* HORATIA CLIFFORD.

MY DEAR HORATIA.. Plimpton.

I HAVE juſt received a letter from madame la marquiſe de ——, dated London. How happy I am that ſhe has made her eſcape from that country of horrors! You have often heard me ſpeak of the civilities I received from this lady's mother, when I was laſt at Paris. Accuſtomed from her youth to the ſplendor of a court, and living in intimacy with people in power, ſhe not only united eaſe and affability to dignity of manner, but alſo retained a ſenſibility of heart to all the calls of private friendſhip. She was at once a woman of wit, and of great good nature.

It is a common notion, that thoſe two

qualities are ſeldom united. I never was entirely of that opinion, and leſs ſo ſince I became acquainted with you, my dear, than ever. But whether the notion is well-founded in general, or not, I am ſure that the marchioneſs poſſeſſed both thoſe qualities in an eminent degree. Her good-nature never for a moment forſook her, and wit ſeemed always to lie in her way, without her ever going in ſearch of it.

Her chief care, when I knew her, was to cultivate the mind of her daughter, in which ſhe had as eaſy a taſk as thoſe whoſe buſineſs it was to give grace to her perſon, both being admirably formed for doing honour to her inſtructors. This accompliſhed young woman was ſoon after married to the marquis of ——, a man of character, greatly approved of by her mother. He emigrated early in the revolution, and was in the army of the prince of Condé. The mother and daughter were both impriſoned during the tyranny of Robeſpierre. I heard, with much ſorrow, that the former

fell a victim to the cruelty of that monster; and I was afterwards informed that the daughter had been liberated; by what means I know not, nor have I ever received certain intelligence concerning her since. I regret exceedingly my not being in London at present; and that my poor friend, Mrs. Denham, is in such a state, that it would be cruel in me to leave her. What can be a stronger proof of this than my not flying directly to London to meet the daughter of my friend, a stranger, perhaps in pecuniary distress?

In your last you inform me that you intend to take your leave of Mrs. Sommers very soon; that you can no longer evade the repeated invitations of your aunt; and that you will set out for the capital at the beginning of next month, and remain with her till my arrival.

I hope it will not be very inconvenient for you, my dear, to go directly on receiving this. Who else can I entrust with the delicate commission I wish to be carried to the marchioness?

You are not a great deal younger than herſelf: your manners are ſo very—I will not ſay what your manners are—but I am ſure you will gain her confidence. I incloſe a draught on my banker. I once intended to have ſent it in the letter addreſſed to herſelf, but ſhe might have thought it too free. Her father had a great deal of pride.—You will manage it with more delicacy—you will ſee the proper time of making her the offer.—Let her know how often you have heard me ſpeak of the obligations I lie under to her mother. In my letter to her, I inform her that, notwithſtanding the great diſtance of our ages, you are my confidential friend.—I ſay I was the friend of your mother as much as of hers; and I hint diſtantly at the commiſſion with which I have entruſted you. She may think it ſtrange that I do not go directly to London—I dare ſay ſhe expected this—it was moſt natural that ſhe ſhould.—Pray, my dear, explain this.

Mrs. Denham is really very ill—weak in mind as well as body: ſhe has no friend near

her but myſelf. Were I to leave her at preſent, I do believe it would entirely break her heart.

I am convinced that Mrs. Sommers will not endeavour to keep you an hour after you tell her how very earneſt I am that you ſhould ſet out for London directly; but I need not add that you ought not to give any hint of *one part* of my commiſſion.—I flatter myſelf that your next letter will be dated London.—Do not trouble yourſelf to write till you get there, and have ſeen the marchioneſs.

I remain, my dear Horatia,

Yours, moſt affectionately,

D. FRANKLIN.

## LETTER XXXIII.

### *Miſs* HORATIA CLIFFORD *to Lady* DIANA FRANKLIN.

As ſoon as I received your letter, my dear lady Diana, I mentioned the contents to Mrs. Sommers, and told her that I ſhould ſet out for London very early next morning. I had before agreed to remain with them a week longer. If I am not exceſſively deceived, the thought of my unexpected departure gave uneaſineſs to both the colonel and her: neither, however, oppoſed my going; they were ſenſible that no entreaties would have prevailed on me to ſtay. The colonel is as devoid of affectation as his wife: and you have ſaid that you never knew any one more free from it than Juliet. They are a very happy couple: they ſeem to me to ſtand in need of no ſociety but that of each other. How different from the ſituation of ſome of

our married acquaintance, who are exceeding hoſpitable, not from fondneſs of the company of their gueſts, but from wearineſs of their own.

You remember our viſit to your relations, Mr. and Mrs. Frothley, ſix weeks after their marriage. When you ſpoke of returning to town, I ſhall never forget how very earneſtly we were preſſed to ſtay another day—"Only one other day," ſaid Mrs. Frothley."—"You ſurely will not be ſo cruel," added her huſband, "to refuſe us one ſingle day." We remained accordingly; but you were afraid that we ſhould be preſſed as much to ſtay a ſecond and a third day: but, to your aſtoniſhment, we were allowed to go the next morning, without either huſband or wife expreſſing a wiſh for our ſtay. Mrs. Frothley's confidential friend, Mrs. Pierce, explained this to me. They expected no company on the day we were ſo much preſſed to ſtay, and dreaded being left together; they knew of a relief the day after, and therefore made no oppoſition to our going.

It is different, thank heaven! with my friend Juliet and her huſband; and it is my happineſs to believe they were ſorry for my departure—not *becauſe*, but *notwithſtanding*, they were to be left alone.

London.

I wrote the above at an inn on my way to town, where I arrived laſt night. As it was not late, and I was no way fatigued, I had ſome inclination to have waited directly on the marchioneſs. My aunt exclaimed ſo much againſt it, that I was obliged to yield the point.—I went immediately after breakfaſt this morning, and have juſt returned: ſhe is, indeed, a charming woman. As ſoon as ſhe had read your letter, which I gave the maid to deliver, I heard her coming down ſtairs with rapidity. She has an engaging eaſe of manner that I never ſaw ſurpaſſed. Yet our converſation was at firſt a little ceremonious—it ſoon became affectionate.

"You are a near relation of lady Diana?"

"No relation; but ſhe honours me with her friendſhip."

"That is ſtill better.—How fortunate for ſo young a lady to have ſo valuable a friend!"

"I conſider it as the greateſt happineſs of my life."

"You have reaſon," ſaid ſhe.—"That dear lady had much friendſhip for my mother."

[Here ſhe was ſome time unable to continue; at laſt, wiping her eyes, ſhe added]

"And, for her ſake, I find ſhe has likewiſe ſome for me."

"Her ladyſhip regrets exceedingly," ſaid I, "that ſhe is abſent from town at a time when her preſence might be uſeful to you—I hope you will permit me to ſupply her place as much as is in my power."

"You are very good."

"Independent of the pleaſure I ſhould have," reſumed I, "of being at all ſerviceable to you on your own account, I know that it will be the moſt effectual means I can adopt of obliging one whom it is the ſtudy and

pride of my life to oblige; one who has behaved to me like a ſecond mother."

"Ah, my God! Has mademoiſelle loſt her firſt?"

[She ſaw me afflicted, and ſhe apologiſed for recalling afflictive ideas to my mind.]

"It is to lady Diana's friendſhip for my departed mother," ſaid I, "that I am indebted for her partiality to me."—"Her concern for me," cried ſhe, "is from the ſame cauſe."

[This ſimilarity ſeemed a new link to our beginning friendſhip: ſhe looked at me, as I thought, with increaſed affection.]

"Where did your mother die?"

"In my arms," I anſwered.

[She ſeemed greatly moved—She ſtood with her eyes fixed on me, yet with a wildneſs of gaze, as if her mind was occupied with ſomething different from what her eyes beheld—She then exclaimed, with a voice of anguiſh]

"And mine by the hands of murderers—on a ſcaffold!" She ſhrieked.

[She ſunk on the couch, and continued ſobbing, with her handkerchief preſſed to her face. I wiſhed to ſay ſomething conſolatory, but could not. After a conſiderable interval ſhe became more compoſed, and, with a look of tenderneſs, ſhe reſumed]

" Do you not intend ſoon, my dear lady, to viſit your friend in the country ?"

" Lady Diana is at preſent with a friend in diſtreſs, who cannot receive company, but whom ſhe expects to be able to leave ſoon; and I certainly ſhall not quit London till ſhe arrives."

" Alas ! the happineſs of that good lady's life is likely to be much interrupted by the diſtreſſes of others."

" The greateſt happineſs of her life conſiſts in relieving the diſtreſſed."

" It is a great bleſſing to have the power of ſuch enjoyment," ſaid ſhe.

" It is, perhaps, as great a bleſſing to have a taſte for ſuch enjoyment," added I.

"True," rejoined ſhe. "For though thoſe who want the power are apt to exclaim againſt many who have it, becauſe they are deficient in the inclination, there is much reaſon to fear that many more of theſe very exclaimers would be ſtill more deficient in the inclination, were the power given to themſelves."

"It may be ſo," ſaid I; "but it cannot be ſo fully proved until the trial is made."

"My God!" ſaid ſhe, with emotion, "has not the trial been made in my miſerable country. How many wretches, formerly in indigence, are now in affluence! But where is their deſire of doing good? What is become of their vaunted benevolence? How do they relieve the poor, except by luxuries, greater perhaps, and certainly groſſer, than thoſe they exclaimed againſt, when they were themſelves in a ſtate of poverty?"

"I am convinced," ſaid I, "that there

are few ſituations in which a truly-humane and benevolent mind will not find the power of doing good offices."

"You are right," added ſhe; "and you may depend upon it, that thoſe who, while in confined circumſtances, give no proof of a benevolent diſpoſition, except declarations how generous they would be if they were rich, will give as few if they ever ſhould become rich. I have heard much good," continued ſhe, "of the Engliſh ladies—Pray, are there many like your friend?"

"It would be fortunate for England that the number was ſtill greater."

"Ay," rejoined ſhe, "or for any other country. France was formerly diſtinguiſhed for amiable and accompliſhed women, who gave the ſtamp of elegance, decorum, and even taſte, to ſociety; women, whoſe company was courted by the moſt enlightened men of the age in which they lived.—My God! what an alteration! The French were formerly thought to carry cheerfulneſs into every ſociety, now

they ſpread ſadneſs wherever they go: they were formerly accuſed of too great levity—Gracious Heaven! how infinitely preferable was it to the atrocity that has been ingrafted on the national character ſince."

[Imagining that although her recent misfortunes made her ſpeak with bitterneſs of her country, yet that ſhe would rather be pleaſed to hear it mentioned with reſpect by a ſtranger, I ſaid:]

"The character of a great nation, ſuch as France, is not to be changed by the crimes of a few men, however atrocious."

"Alas!" exclaimed ſhe, my dear Miſs Clifford, France, from the happieſt country, has become the moſt wretched. The manners of its inhabitants, from being amiable, have become diſguſting. Robeſpierre had communicated his ſpirit to many before he expired: the venom of that ſerpent ſtill ferments in the nation, and threatens to infect all Europe.—Be aſſured that the national character is perverted."

I certainly have no inclination to palliate the crimes that have been committed in France ſince the revolution; but I can make a diſtinction between thoſe men who acted from honeſt motives, and thoſe who were impelled by ambition, ſelf-intereſt, or revenge: I perceived, however, that ſhe could not bear ſuch diſcrimination; her mind being fixed on the horrid reſult, ſhe diſregarded the motives of thoſe who began the revolution, and held the memory of all who had at any period promoted it in the utmoſt deteſtation. I immediately dropped the ſubject.

Although I ſhowed more moderation, I do not pretend to more candor than the marchioneſs poſſeſſes. The oppoſite light in which the ſame object appears oftener proceeds from a difference of ſituation, than a difference of character, in the ſpectators. She has been a poſitive and perſonal ſufferer by the revolution: I certainly have alſo experienced very uneaſy ſenſations from ſympathy with the

unfortunate; but—my God! what a difference!

I had been watching an opportunity of giving the draft; and when I thought a proper one had presented itself, I said, "that, from the present situation of her country, and the manner in which she had been obliged to quit it, lady Diana was certain that her affairs could not be well arranged, and had, therefore, desired me to leave the paper, which I directly laid on the table, and was then hurrying away."

She begged of me to stop; and having glanced at the draft, she said—"I expected something of this nature, from an expression in lady Diana's letter: but I have no occasion at present, my dear; I have already a considerable credit with a banker in London; I am far more fortunate than many of my countrymen. I will inform lady Diana of all these particulars: but, in the mean time, you must take back this; lady Diana shall keep it until

I really need it—but that will not be very ſoon; for I am rich enough to live a long time in London in the ſtyle I intend to live."

I began to expreſs how very much it would oblige you if ſhe would allow me to leave the draft.

"I would do much to oblige ſo very generous and ſo amiable a lady, my dear: but it would not oblige her except it obliged me; and at preſent I aſſure you it would not; ſo you muſt take the paper with you. I am fully ſenſible of lady Diana's friendſhip, of which I mean to avail myſelf in other reſpects."

Fully convinced that any further attempt would be fruitleſs, I did as ſhe deſired.

A lady and gentleman of her own country calling ſoon after, I took my leave of the marchioneſs.

My aunt means to wait on her with me to-morrow; and you may rely upon every

thing being done, to render her ſituation comfortable, that is in my power.

I beg to be kindly remembered to Mrs. Denham: and I remain,

Moſt affectionately,

Yours,

H. CLIFFORD.

## LETTER XXXIV.

*Miſs* HORATIA CLIFFORD *to Lady* DIANA FRANKLIN.

London.

I SHOULD have had a ſtrong ſenſe of gratitude towards you, my dear lady Diana, although you had never done me any other favour than that of making me acquainted with the marchioneſs. I grow fonder of her every day; and what you will think more ſurpriſing, my aunt ſeems to be as fond of her as I am. I had ſome fears, before they met, that this would not have been the caſe. She always had a prejudice againſt foreigners, to whatever country they belonged: this prejudice is now ſtronger than ever; becauſe, ſhe ſays, they all put her in mind of the French. My uncle, who is the moſt candid man alive, ſometimes rallies her on this head. Yeſterday we had two perſons at dinner who

were much of my aunt's way of thinking; one a country ſquire, from the biſhoprick of Durham, the other a merchant from the city. The converſation had continued, for ſome time, on the ſuperiority of this iſland in all reſpects, climate among the reſt, over every other part of the globe. My uncle, though he has a very favourable opinion of both his country and countrymen, thinking their ſuperiority had been carried a great deal too high, was ſilent.

"Have you nothing to ſay in favour of Old England, Mr. Darnley?" ſaid my aunt.

"What need is there of ſaying more, my dear," anſwered he, "after it has been clearly proved, that, were it not for Old England, the reſt of the world would not have been worth creating!"

"Well, well," reſumed ſhe, "you may laugh at my preference as much as you pleaſe, Mr. Darnley; but I would be glad to ſee any country that can be compared to England."

"It will be very difficult to gratify you in that, my dear," anſwered he; "eſpecially if you adhere to your reſolution of never going out of England."

"Then," ſaid ſhe, "I ſhall remain ungratified; for, in ſpite of all their fine deſcriptions, I am reſolved to go to none of their foreign countries, particularly not to France."

Notwithſtanding her prejudice, the engaging manners of the marchioneſs have won the heart of my aunt. She behaves to her in the kindeſt manner poſſible. She has dined with us frequently; and my aunt never fails to put me in mind to invite the marchioneſs's company as often as I go to call on her, which is generally once every day.

I hinted, in a note laſt week, that the marchioneſs had expreſſed an inclination to communicate the moſt intereſting particulars of her ſtory to me.

As my aunt ſeldom drives out in a morning, and I have her chariot entirely at my

command, I have carried the marchioneſs to many of thoſe places, near London, which excite the curioſity of ſtrangers. On our return from one of thoſe, I reminded her of her promiſe; and ſhe told me, that if I would accept of part of her fricaſſée, and paſs the evening at her lodgings, ſhe would fulfil the promiſe of which I had ſo often reminded her.

Having obtained my aunt's leave, I dined with the marchioneſs that very day. She ordered herſelf to be denied, and favoured me with the narrative, which I have ſince written, to the beſt of my recollection, and ſhall ſend you by your footman William, who is to ſet out for Devonſhire the day after to-morrow.

The reaſon of your having received only one ſhort note from me, during ſo long an interval, is, that my ſpare time has been occupied in tranſcribing that narrative. Much of its force is loſt in my tranſlation; yet, had I been able to communicate it to you in the

very language of the marchioneſs, ſtill you would loſe the graces of her voice and manner. Acquainted as I am, however, my dear lady Diana, with your ſenſibility, I am apt to think it better, on the whole, that ſome of the circumſtances are conveyed to you thus weakened, than with the pathetic poignancy they were impreſſed on me.

The marchioneſs has been ſo warmly ſolicited, by a lady of rank, to paſs ſome time at Richmond, that ſhe went there yeſterday, and is at preſent with a pretty numerous ſociety of her own country-people. You may direct to her there till I inform you of her return to town.

H. C.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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